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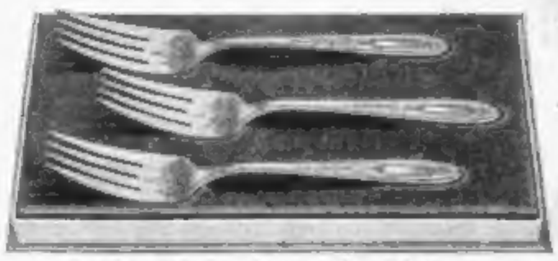

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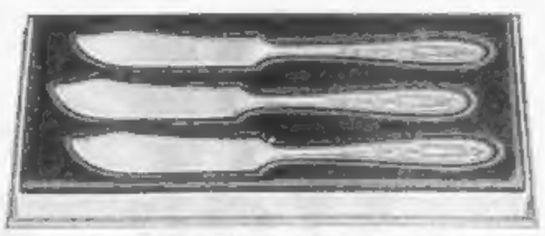

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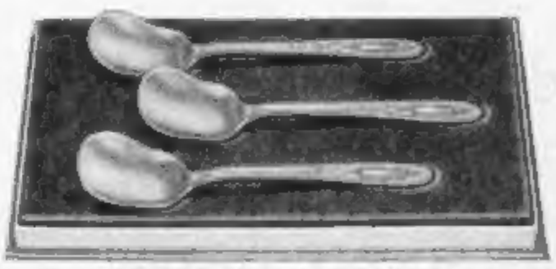

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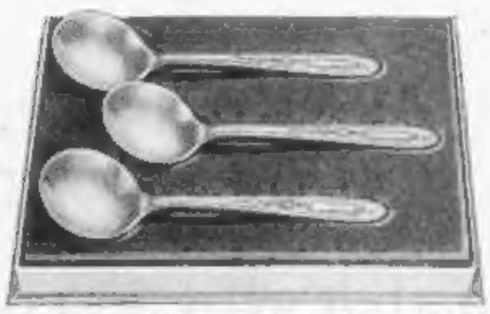

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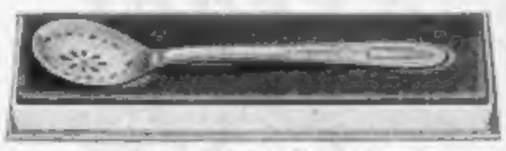

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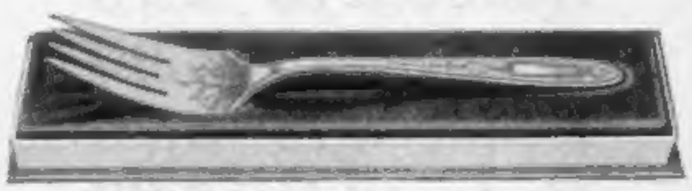

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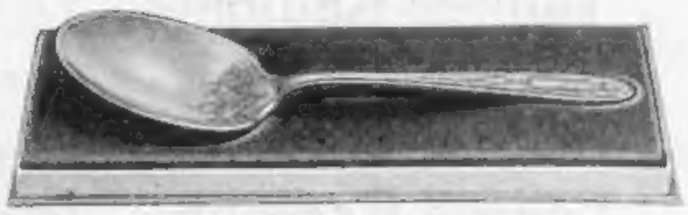

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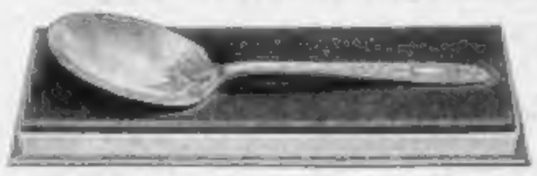

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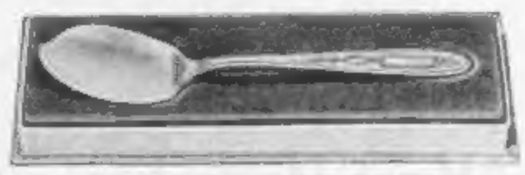

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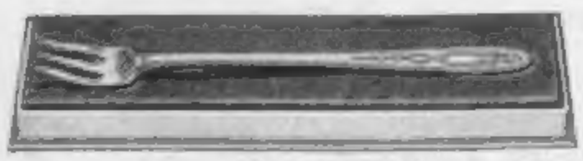

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THE ISLANDERS

By Josephine Daskam Bacon

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

"It's Only About a Mile," He Called Back Cheerfully

DOCTOR PRESTON sat comfortably in his office with his feet on the desk and his coat unbuttoned. In his right hand he held a cigarette, which he inhaled appreciatively from time to time, in happy freedom from any worry as to the awful results of this practice, so firmly impressed upon his terrorized patients; in the other hand he held a volume dealing with the unmatched exploits of the late Mr. Sherlock Holmes. Grappling with this volume may have represented the hour of concentrated mental effort required of all his clientele by Dr. Woodward J. Preston. Again, the state of his nervous system may not have necessitated such regimen; at any rate, he read.

The bullet head of the darky who acted as his major-domo peered around the open office door.

"Gen'leman says he got a 'pointment 'bout this time, doctah," he murmured, and a young man in extremely well-cut morning clothes pushed past the guardian of professional privacy and bustled in. "Well, well, well!" he observed cheerfully. "Buried in work, I see! Gosh, how you doctors slave! Terrible, terrible!"

Snatching the volume from Doctor Preston's insecure grip he read loudly from it: "'Could anything, my dear Watson, be clearer?' You want to look out, Woody, my boy, or you'll be getting brain fever one of these days! Go slow! Pull up!"

"It's one thing you certainly won't get," Doctor Preston replied briefly, "because you haven't any brains to get it with.

"What do you think you're here for anyway?"

"Always the same cordial old soul," said his visitor affectionately; "so winning! It's easy to see where your success comes from—bedside manner! How do you do it? Honestly, Woody, how do you do it?"

"Oh, shut up!" said Doctor Preston. "What do you want?"

The young man flicked a speck of lint from his beautiful morning coat.

"I want to be of service," he said meekly; "only that, doctor, believe me. Did you or did you not ask me to look in when I was at leisure, and consult with you about your front railing? Being, unfortunately, entirely at leisure, owing to the complete hold-up of labor and building materials, which seems likely to last till I am in a position to design my own coffin—as to which I should hesitate to ask for any contractor's bids—I came."

"Oh, I see. Well, that's all right. Don't bend that book back, Poss; it isn't mine. The railing's out there."

"So I observed as I lurched over it," replied Mr. Postlethwaite cheerfully. "Nice little mantrap, isn't it? I just saved myself."

"It's these darned old houses—they're all sunk below the street level, you see."

"I see that, all right. We took that up with the building regulations three years ago. But what can you expect in this town?"

"I suppose another brass rail would do?"

"Or a nice little wrought-iron grille. I put one in across the areaway for the Wertheim house."

"I don't doubt you did—but this is no Wertheim proposition, you know!"

Mr. Postlethwaite sat down in the brown leather armchair consecrated to patients and lit a cigarette from a thin silver case.

"Look here, Woody, my boy," he began genially. "I've thought of something which may not have occurred to you. Strange as it may seem, and all that. As an architect, you know, I can design you a railing or anything you want, and glad to. But as a friend, do you think you're wise?"

"What do you mean?"

Postlethwaite chuckled delightfully.

"Why, it's like this," he explained. "What'll you do when it is built up? It's perfectly clear to me, now that I've seen the whole layout, so to speak, that you're building up your practice on that railing—they fall in, and you patch 'em up! How about it?"

Doctor Preston reached for a paperweight, miscalculated, lost his balance, gave it up and settled himself again.

"Oh, wake up!" he said disgustedly. "You're way behind the times. I did that, of course, for the first few years, but I made enough on those jobs to leave me free now for my real graft—nerve specialist, you know. So, as I don't want to bother with surgery any more, I sent for you!"

"I see," said Postlethwaite appreciatively; "and does you credit, too, Woody. But another idea occurred to me: Anybody that saves himself from that darned railing is bound to be a complete nervous wreck anyhow when he staggers in here; so you'll get 'em going and coming—see? Better leave it, old man, really."

Doctor Preston laughed unwillingly and rose slowly from his deep chair.

"You certainly are an ass, all right," he said. "Come out and get some lunch, since you've wasted my entire morning."

Reaching the office again well ahead of time for a three-o'clock appointment, of greater interest to him than his easy-going stroll would indicate, he was met at the door of the reception room by a perturbed and perspiring darky.

"Lady in there, doctah; she's all right now, I guess. I brung her some water, but she wouldn't take none."

Preston's hand went involuntarily to his little engagement diary, but the man shook his head.

"Oh, she didn' have no 'pointment, doctah; she sort o' fell down. Nor she wasn' comin' to see you, exackly, neither. She claims she was standin' up belong side of that kind o' railin' outside there ——"

"Oh, Lord!" Doctor Preston groaned viciously.

"Yes, doctah, so I tole her. She judged she just about bruk her laig, but seems to me more like she kin' o' fainted over. She's comin' roun' all right, I guess, doctah."

Woodward walked briskly into the room. A woman drooped across the low desk chair, half hanging over one arm. As his quick step sounded on the hard floor she slipped a little lower over the side of the chair and he heard her irregular sobbing breaths.

"I am sorry you had an accident," he said, so impersonally as to give the impression of curtness. "Where are you hurt?"

"Ev-everywhere," she gasped. "I—I think I must have ——"

"Let's see," he interrupted, lifting her up in the chair quickly. She was thin and fairly light. "Does this hurt?"

"Oh—oh!" she cried, but he stood her on her feet and held her there.

"Legs all right? Ankles?"

"I—I don't —— Let me sit down —— I—I can't stand up! I can't!"

"I see."

He helped her back into the chair smoothly. She stared at him, terrified, the pupils of her large brown eyes dilated wide, her lips, which were full and drooping, trembling and parted.

"It all turned black and I fell—I don't know how I got here!" she panted, and began to tremble.

"I see. Wait a minute. You'll soon feel better," he said, and went to a little cupboard, where he mixed something in a glass.

"Here you are. Drink this."

"I—I don't want it, th-thanks. Oh—it was so dreadful to fall like that! Take it away, pl-please!"

"I didn't ask you if you wanted it, you know. I told you to drink it. Take it immediately, please."

Her eyes widened farther; she stared at him through tears.

"At once, please!"

She put out her hand doubtfully and, sobbing, drained the glass.

"That's better. Now lie back and relax yourself. Did you fall over the railing into the little court?"

"Why—why, yes."

"How did you land? On your head?"

"I—I—how could I know? I fainted. The colored man helped me. I was down there. I c-caught at the railing ——"

"You caught at it, yes, but you fell up there, on the street level."

"Oh, no, I ——"

"You fell up there. If you had landed down here, your head would have been badly bruised. Were you facing forward?"

"Yes," she answered sullenly, "I was."

"Then of course your face would have been cut and bleeding. Your hat would have been crushed. You got a fright and a shock, that's all. Were you coming in here?"

"No," she answered quietly, now no longer sobbing, but speaking low; "no, I was just standing."

"Standing still?"

"I was thinking," she said impatiently; "sometimes I do that. Did you never think of something suddenly and you fix your eyes on something—anything—and you can't seem to take them away?"

"I see. Did you ever fall like that before?"

Her eyelids drooped, she looked drowsy.

"I don't know. I may have."

He sat quietly, looking thoughtfully at her. She appeared to be about twenty-five. A dark handsome girl, in a petulant way, too sallow for real beauty. Her hair was almost black, very thick and straight. Her street costume, too heavy for the sudden warm weather, was rich and dull colored, with cunning touches of Oriental blues and greens.

The silence grew from seconds into minutes. In repose her face was sad, with full scornful eyelids. She breathed quietly.

"If you feel recovered now, shall I call a taxi for you? You'd better not walk, perhaps," Preston suggested.

The girl blinked and straightened herself.

"Oh, yes. That would be very kind of you," she answered instantly. "I'm afraid I've been a great deal of trouble."

"A doctor expects that," he answered simply. "I had just been consulting an architect about that railing, as a matter of fact. It's a nuisance and unsafe."

He stood in the window as the darky bowed her into the taxicab, and drummed on the sill, with pursed lips. She walked lightly and stepped up easily into the cab, glancing back toward the house as she entered it.

"Humph!" he muttered. "I thought so! You'd better watch out, young woman!"

"She all right, goin' by herself like that, doctah?" the darky queried.

Woodward pursed his lips together and nodded.

"Oh, yes. She's all right, Henry," he answered. "Be sure the gentleman from Chicago isn't kept waiting when he comes."

II

THREE weeks later, on one of the first nights of a hot listless May, he swung himself to the last platform of the Century Limited Express, just saving his heavy bag, as he fell into the indulgent porter's arms.

"Take yo' time, suh, take yo' time," the old man warned him with a genial chuckle.

Woodward smiled back at him. His dark ironic face always softened to children and servants, though women found a tonic bitterness there.

He thrust a little green slip into the waiting chocolate hand.

"I suppose the car's made up by now, uncle?" he said, yawning. "I'm dead tired."

"She sut'n'ly is, suh—you's the las' man aboard. Upper Eight, suh? Right this way."

Woodward poked his way between the bulging green curtains; but for the clanking rattle of the train the car was as silent as a cemetery.

He parted the curtains of his berth, climbed up the wooden steps, sat on the edge of the bunk and yawned again. With head bent forward uncomfortably, he stared vaguely at his feet, dangling like a child's over the curtains below him, realized suddenly that he had not taken off his shoes, and sighed.

"Gosh, what a fool!" he muttered.

The porter had scurried off with the steps and he hung stupidly in space, like a broken-necked doll, too tired to call the man back, too disgusted with his own absent-mindedness to decide upon even a comfortable course of action.

"Oh, well," he murmured, and awkwardly drawing his feet up and in he unlaced his boots, writhed out of his coat and waistcoat, tore off his collar, and yielded for a moment to the temptation of the plump pillow. In three seconds he was sound asleep, the outer blanket clutched under his chin. A great dreamless pit of slumber received him; waves of utter sleep engulfed him; hours or eternities—it was all one to him.

But in the midst of them, out of the blissful blotted dark of them, something called to him, troubled him, beat like a drum at the doors of his brain. Something was waking him, though he fought it and refused it; something was worrying, annoying him, summoning his mind to mount up from that dark soothing pit of sleep, and take the tiller again and steer.

Grumbling, scowling, he struggled awake. What was that noise? What was that animal in the berth—a dog, barking? A cat, snarling?

"Down! Get down!" he whispered, and beat down with his hand.

The motion woke him suddenly and he listened, quite himself now. There was certainly a noise; it had not been a dream. For a moment he hesitated, and then it was clear. The sound came from below him—a curious gasping, gurgling.

"Man's having a nightmare!" he announced to himself briefly.

Without a shadow of hesitation he leaned over the side of his berth, thrust his fist under the edge of the one below him, and struck the polished wood smartly. Then craning his neck over he parted the curtains and spoke distinctly through them:

"Wake up, there! Wake up!"

There was a moment's silence, and then a strange guttural whine, like the string of a violoncello rubbed backward, began.

Woodward scowled and knocked again.

"Wake up, man, wake up!" he called.

The whining dropped a third lower and grew into a terrifying, monotonous snarl.

"This won't do," said Woodward, and slipping out of the berth he hung by his hands and dropped lightly to the floor. Parting the curtains firmly he felt about for a moment and seized the man's shoulder.

"Turn over," he said, low but very distinctly. "Try to turn over. There!"

The horrid noise stopped suddenly.

At the same moment Woodward pulled back his hand.

"Oh, Lord!" he gasped, and looked hastily up and down the dim swaying car.

Not a stir, not a sound from all its hurrying, clanking length. He set his teeth and pushed the curtains farther apart, at a choking, drowning moan from within them.

"Wake up, madam. It's all right! There, there!" he repeated soothingly.

"I am Sorry You Had an Accident," He Said, So Impersonally as to Give the Impression of Curtness

Two strong hands clutched his hand and dragged at him; the woman began to sob.

"You are in your berth. It's all right. You are in a train. I am the doctor," he said slowly and firmly. "Are you better now?"

"The dog!" she panted from the dark. "The dog! He—he ——"

"Yes,, yes, he's gone," Woodward assured her. "Sit up now and turn on your light. You know where it is? In the corner. Let me go now. I'll come back."

He glanced anxiously about, but they might have been alone in a graveyard. As she stirred and pulled herself up he drew his hand away quickly and hurried down to the smoking room, where the old porter drowsed on the sofa.

"Hop along, uncle, and take a glass of water to the lady in Lower Eight," he said. "She's having a bad nightmare."

The old fellow stared at him.

"Soothe her down and see if she wants anything and—look here, shut my berth up, can you, and give her more air? She'll be having another on us."

"Oh, I don' hardly guess that'll be called for, suh," the man began, but Woodward checked him curtly.

"I'm a doctor, uncle, and I tell you those attacks are very dangerous sometimes—nasty and dangerous. You do as I tell you. I'll sleep here. Hurry up now. I'm here if you need me. Bring my coat and waistcoat and the bag and shoes. There's no need for waking anybody up—understand?"

Mumbling to himself the darky bustled off with a glass of water. Returning with an armful of Woodward's belongings he repeated that the lady was crying, but seemed well otherwise.

"S'pos'n' I was to git that ladies' maid," he began, but Woodward stopped him.

"No maid for her, uncle," he said. "She'd get worse and cry all night. You're the best one for her. Now get out—I want to get some sleep."

He breakfasted next morning with his Western patient and her husband, and chatted with them in their drawing-room. Only on leaving the train with the crowd did he glance hastily at the woman the old porter pointed out to him officiously.

"She's very desirin' ter speak ter yuh, doctah, an' make her compliments, an' I was ter tell yuh 'Thank yuh.'"

"That's all right, uncle. I have to go. I'm glad she's all right."

"That dark young lady, doctah, with the green feather in her hat ——"

"Yes, yes; I see. It's all right."

He hurried after his Chicagoans and the old porter bustled back disconsolate to the young woman on the edge of the crowd.

"I'm very sorry, miss, but he was very p'rempt'ry, the doctah was. Thanks very much, miss."

Woodward was gone.

III

A FORTNIGHT later he was standing on the pavement with Postlethwaite, viewing the new iron grille through a reflective cloud of cigarette smoke.

"Gives a real distinction to the whole front, doesn't it?" the architect suggested admiringly. "I'm putting one like it round my uncle's areaway, I was so pleased with it. I put a post and a handrail there, though, for the steps. Oh, that reminds me, Woody. I wanted to—er—consult you a little about a sort of cousin of mine. I asked my aunt if it would be according to Hoyle and all that for me to, and she said go ahead if I knew you and you were really good for anything. I s'pose you are?"

"I'm very good indeed," Woodward answered gravely. "Why is he a sort of cousin?"

"It isn't a he, it's a she. That's your specialty, isn't it?"

"Unfortunately, yes. Shall we come in?"

"She's an awfully bright girl," said Postlethwaite, looking frankly at his friend from the patient's chair, "and we've known each other since we went to dancing school at Dodsworth's. She's not my real cousin. Aunt Emily's her guardian. Judy's her sister-in-law's child, and her father and mother died in the first influenza epidemic—when was it?—twenty years ago. Aunt Em was crazy about her, and we're cousins through Aunt Em. But it's Uncle Joe that's my kin."

"I see," said Woodward.

"She was always as clever as they make 'em; sang and talked French and danced—say, Woody, that girl can take off any dancer you ever saw."

"I know. They always can."

"What do you mean? Who can?"

"The girls whose aunts consult me," Woodward answered briefly.

"For the Lord's sake!" Postlethwaite stared at him, round-eyed. "You don't say! Well, anyway, Judy can be a winner—when she darn pleases. Boys used to be crazy about her."

"I know. They always are."

Woodward's tone was brief and bored. His friend wriggled uncomfortably.

"I say," he suggested, "I didn't mean anything ——"

"I understood perfectly what you meant. What seems to be the matter? Is she getting too much for her relatives?"

"She certainly is," Postlethwaite agreed devoutly. "She's scaring 'em stiff." He drew in a mouthful of smoke pensively. "Fainting!" he burst out. "Don't tell me! It's my belief, Woody, she faints to get what she wants!"

"Very probably she does," Woodward replied placidly.

"She never fainted when I was around," Postlethwaite added in injured tones. "She's the only girl I ever knew that could skate in low shoes ——"

"They're usually very strong," said Woodward.

"You know, you give me the creeps," Postlethwaite protested. "Judith's not an ordinary girl, let me tell you ——"

"They never are," the doctor interrupted placidly.

"Oh, get out! Anyway, the point is she's coming it a little bit too strong. It's got to stop—if she can stop it; and I believe—well, I don't know what I do believe! Uncle Joe doesn't either. He used to think she was shamming, but since this last affair ——"

"Affair with a man?"

"Goodness, no! This falling-down business. It seems she fell over one of these low area places—just like yours, for that matter—and had one of these faints of hers, and had to be brought to, and everything; and Uncle Joe says that maybe we don't know, and in that case ——"

"Your uncle's quite right," Woodward said decidedly. "You don't know anything about it. Your judgment is more than likely to be wrong. Surely you've taken advice before this?"

"Oh, yes. Old Raines, the family doctor, has been on the job for a year; and he put her on a diet, you know, and she won't keep it. They tried this osteopath business. Then Aunt Em got hold of a Christian Science woman and she gave Judy a lot of little paper books and used to talk to her. At first it seemed to do some good, and then she got it into her head she could cure Uncle Joe's asthma ——"

"The Christian Science woman?"

"No, Judy herself! What do you think of that? Of course the old gentleman was furious, and rowed the woman, and they had a free-for-all fight, and that was off!"

Woodward laughed shortly.

"Why not try Stanchon?"

"Well, they did."

The young man's face hardened slightly.

"Well?"

"Oh, there's no good going into that. Aunt Em didn't care for him."

"Didn't care for his diagnosis, you mean?"

"Oh, more or less. What do you think of him yourself?"

"He's admitted to be our greatest neurologist."

"Maybe he was, twenty or thirty years ago."

"He's an old man, true; but he's seen a lot more than I have, Poss."

"Oh, well. Anyhow he scared Aunt Em stiff, talking about epilepsy ——"

"Did he call your cousin an epileptic?"

"The same thing. He said she had epileptiform dreams."

"It's not the same thing at all."

(Continued on Page 82)

THE NAVAL RESERVE—

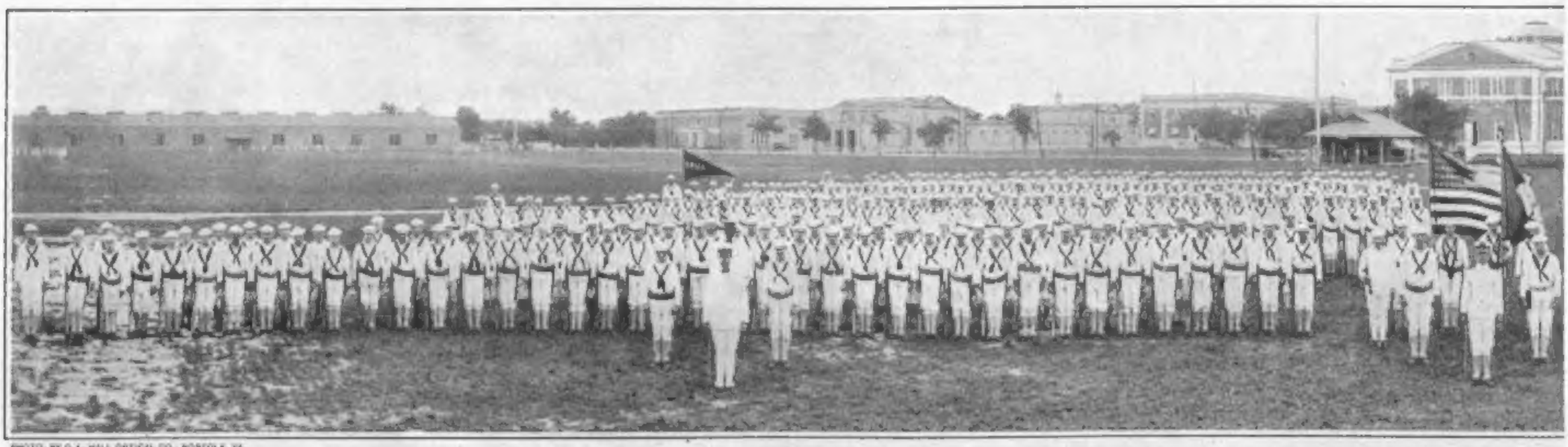


PHOTO. BY G. L. HALL OPTICAL CO., NORFOLK, VA.

Boys of the Naval Training Summer Camp at Hampton Roads, Va., in August, 1920.—"Our Youths Had

By Josephus Daniels

Former Secretary of the Navy

IF I WERE asked what is the main lesson America taught itself and the world in the crucial years of 1917–18 the answer would be, the ability to mobilize itself quickly and efficiently as a powerful fighting agency. In the first months of the World War, when the United States maintained official neutrality, Germany did not properly appraise the potential military strength of the 100,000,000 people of this country. The Germans had so long believed in the invincibility of military men trained in the goose step that they had come to have contempt for civilian fighters, scouting the possibility that they could meet veterans in battle with even a chance of victory. They thought only their long training, their perfected machine, could produce men capable of good fighting. They knew to a man—and far better than most Americans—through their network of secret service, how many trained or partly trained soldiers and sailors there were in America. And they doubted whether we could, in time, transport and put into the battle line even that comparatively small force.

Where the Germans Miscalculated

IF THEY had known what fighters American boys could become in a few months, or what an inexhaustible reserve of strength this country had in resourceful and quick-to-learn man power, would they have defied President Wilson's warning against unrestricted submarine warfare? To be sure, in addition to their knowledge that our trained force did not exceed 271,000, an Army of 200,000—133,000 in the regular service, 67,000 in the National Guard—a Navy of 59,000 and 12,000 in the Marine Corps, they knew also to a certainty the exact tonnage of our shipping. They knew, too, how small was the number of men in the merchant-marine service, and they were convinced of America's inability to do much on the sea. They did not believe enough ships could be secured, or enough men to man them, to transport overseas even 500,000, much less 2,000,000 soldiers. It was a monumental job, and their disbelief in its possibility seemed to have a sound basis. Moreover, they had such absolute faith in the ability of their submarines to sink transports that, even if we could obtain the ships to carry troops, they thought they could send them to the bottom of the sea.

Logically they could prove these propositions by German reasoning or any past experience in warfare. They were absolutely right in their estimates, judged by military treatises and most wars. But they overlooked one important fact which overturned every calculation: That was the American genius, its initiative and resource, its intrepid courage and successful dash, its ability to learn a hard job quickly when mind and body are consecrated to the task. These are the bases of America's strength and invincibility. Lack of military training is never an asset in war, and it was costly to us. But recognition of its need by the 4,500,000 men under arms gave an eagerness to master the new trade which worked miracles.

Given a nation with legions of shock troops against a like number of quickly and therefore only partly trained civilian soldiers, and every military man will tell you that the regulars will win in a walk. And they are right logically, and right absolutely in the short run. But they forget one thing: Spirit triumphs!

In speaking to the graduates of the naval academy in the midst of war I pointed out that the Germans were not fighting men and armies alone; that they were battling against principles; they were fighting against spirit; and I used these words of prophecy which were shortly fulfilled: "Soon they will be broken, and they will have learned that the world is ruled not by the law of force but by the force of law."

Ours was not a warlike nation, but our youths had the courage, the stamina and the intelligence which enabled them quickly to learn the arts of war. We did more than fight with armies. We fought with even greater weapons, imponderable though they were, and because of them Germany could never win. Indeed, she could not have won, even if her armies had marched simultaneously down the streets of Paris and London, for America had called into life forces that not all the cannon in the world could equal—those elements of justice and right and liberty that soon rose and overwhelmed the Prussian spirit which still worshiped the gospel of might.

Confident that the regulars would be equal to the trained troops of the Germans and that the reserves would soon learn sufficiently the arts of war to do the particular duty which would be assigned them, we thought all during the war that the only thing that counted was not what the Germans did, but what we did. We knew they might bend our lines. We knew, indeed, that at some points the trained troops with long service might even break our lines, but we knew—and the events proved we were right—that they could not break our spirit. With heads up and hearts unbowed, we felt from the moment General Pershing reached Paris that the end was certain. We said then that the enemy would shatter against our spirit like waves against our imperishable rocks, until his strength and his fury would vanish against our unconquerable resolve.

The Recruit and the Regular

THAT spirit was translated into military efficiency. Men who a few months before had been tilling the soil or practicing their professions or working in factories were transmuted, by hard study and rigorous self-denial and the spirit to win or die, into chivalric crusaders against whom not even the legions of Cæsar or Napoleon or the Kaiser could prevail.

Spirit and will find ways or make them. The raw recruit of to-day who knows he is fighting for a righteous cause has a mind so quickened that he will learn in a few months what it required years for the professional soldier to master. Moreover, he has an initiative in such war as was waged in France as the regular never dreamed of attaining. He sometimes rushes in where the old-timer—he is no angel—would fear to tread, for daring and dash and disregard of prudence sometimes mean the unnecessary loss of life.

That is one side, and a serious side, of the picture. There is another side: It is that no war was ever won by the counsel of prudence and prudence and prudence. That counsel has lost more wars than it has won. The doctrine of a "fleet in being" is dangerous to naval victories. It is impossible to imagine Nelson or John Paul Jones or Farragut or Dewey being enamored by stressing the importance of a fleet in being. That is a sound principle in peace. In war the business of a navy is to run proper risks to destroy

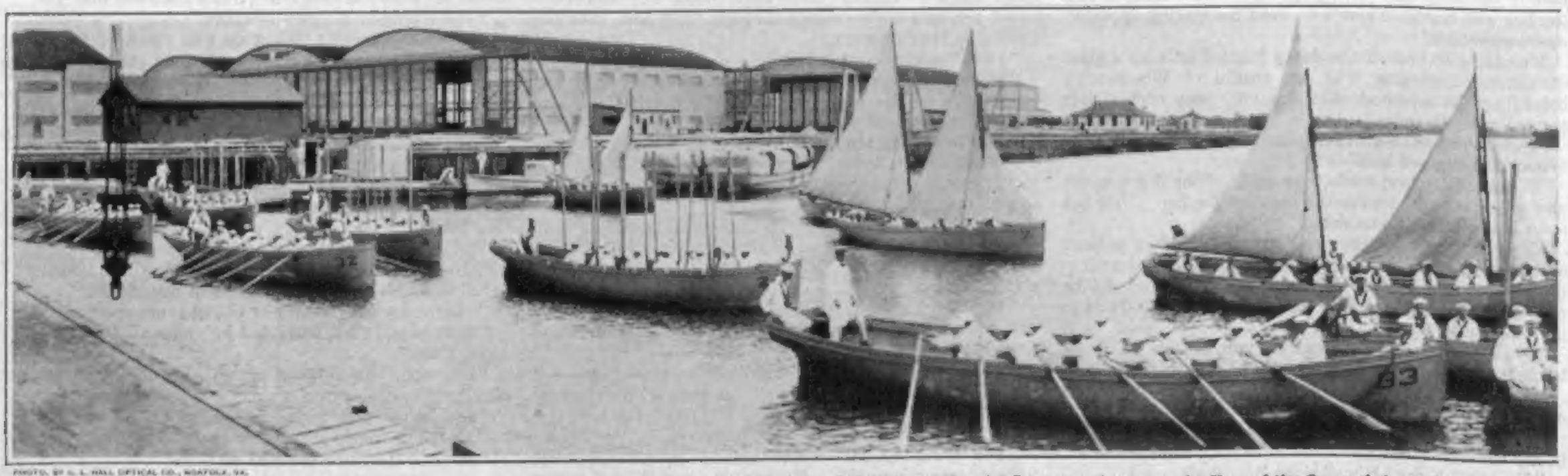


PHOTO. BY G. L. HALL OPTICAL CO., NORFOLK, VA.

Twenty-one Boatloads of Hopeful Farragute Learning the Uses of the Oar and the Sail During Their

A Great National Asset

the Courage, the Stamina and the Intelligence Which Enabled Them Quickly to Learn the Arts of War"

the enemy's fleet and thereby make it impossible for it to possess a fleet in being.

To be sure, lack of preparedness is criminal, dependence upon ignorance is a sin, and failure to plan for battle shows lack of generalship. These are essential for leadership and direction; but in both Army and Navy the last war taught that, given able and trained military leaders, quick-witted youths eager to learn, boys from schools and factories and farms and offices could be quickly converted into excellent soldiers.

A plebe at Annapolis, asked in an examination to give the causes of the loss of the Spanish Armada, gave this Solomonic answer: "The Spanish Armada was lost for the lack of three ships—Leadership, Marksmanship, Seamanship." I told the able professor of English at the naval academy that a boy who could make so brilliant a get-away as that on an examination had the ability to go on his own so well that he deserved the highest mark. I shall watch his career, because he will be equal to any emergency. Observe, he placed leadership first. Given real leadership, the sort which combines the ability to inspire confidence and enthusiasm and willingness of his men to follow him to the gates of hell if ordered, with mastery of the military profession, and you have the basis of a victorious army if half of it is made up of new recruits of the sort who are resolved to win or die. It was this spirit of leadership and followship—why should not this word be coined if it is not already in the dictionary?—which gave vitality and vigor and victory to American men in our Army and Navy after Congress declared war.

The Stimulus of Wartime

I KNOW I am on dangerous and debatable ground when I make this statement of the value of reserves. I would not have dared make it with confidence before 1917–18.

"I never argue agin a success," said Josh Billings.

What men have done they can be depended upon to do again.

I congratulate America that faith in the readiness and fitness of its civilian youth for war has been proved. Never again will men dare ridicule the volunteer, the reserve, the soldier or sailor who in a national crisis lays aside civilian pursuits to shoulder his gun or take his place in the turret. The splendid body of young men from civil life, who quickly adapted themselves to military service, astonished the old-timers, who believed that long service in peace was absolutely necessary to make one efficient in war.

On every ship in the Navy were found young men who had had no former training, learning the duties of naval service wonderfully well and in a surprisingly short time. The reason is not far to seek. They were moved by a zeal and patriotism which quickened their ability to learn. The ambitious young man who responded to the call to the colors in 1917–18 mastered military knowledge so rapidly as to astonish the country and the naval officers. The best of these men were placed in command of smaller naval craft, and the commendation of older officers was hearty and enthusiastic.

"I never believed it possible," said one of the hardest old-time admirals in our Navy, "for young men from civil life to learn so much and be so competent in so short a time. When you poured them in on us to train I felt almost hopeless as the first batch of new boys came on board. They were so ignorant of naval matters that they talked of going downstairs instead of going below. The only way I was heartened was by the spirit they manifested. I had been accustomed for more than a quarter of a century before the war to train recruits who came on shipboard with little or no knowledge. The boys who came were different. In peace the newly enlisted men felt no compulsion of haste in mastering their job, and there was little incentive to stimulate them if they were ambitious to win commissions. But with the war on, I assure you that within a month after these new recruits had been on board most of them had learned as much as the average man learned in a year in ordinary times. The war spirit, the desire to get across, the zeal to win, the ambition to do something worth while drove most of them to study and work which gave me a new appreciation of what an American lad can do in an emergency."

U. S. NAVY PHOTO.

"Eagle" Boat Assigned to Naval Reserve

Training and More Training

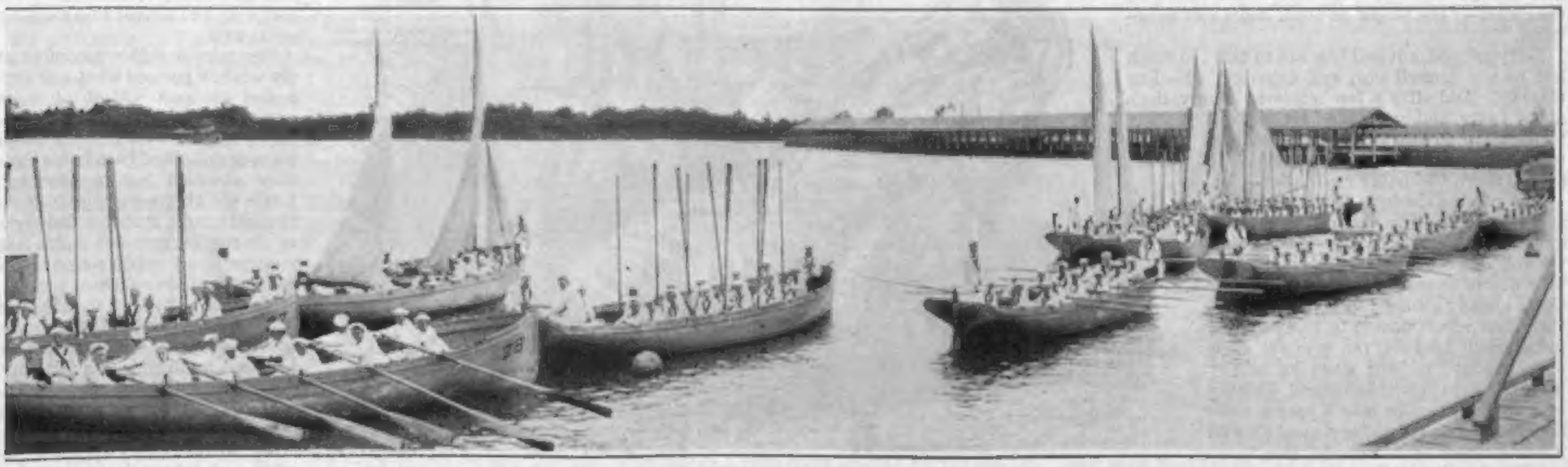
NO REPUBLIC wishes to maintain in time of peace a navy large enough for the demands of war. It must do so or in a crisis recruit its naval force from civil life. Most of the new officers who entered the Navy for the war came from the ranks and from civilian life.

Though the country rejoices that so many young men have shown the qualities for military leadership, there is nowhere any thought that amateurs are the equal of regulars, that natural aptitude takes the place of drill or that enthusiasm can ever displace the study and practice which alone make the well-rounded military officer. Our main dependence for leadership must be upon men who have made a profession of arms. American faith in training officers for the Navy is seen in doubling the capacity of the naval academy at Annapolis and in providing post-graduate instruction for its graduates.

Our main reliance for military direction must always be upon training and training—and more training. The more officers are trained the stronger the Navy, for in the last analysis it is in the trained personnel rather than in the material that the strength of the Navy is to be found.

Now and then a young man of military genius defies all rules and rises to high command without the slow processes of experience. There are no regulations for a genius. Like a meteor, he defies limitations which govern lesser stars. But only one genius comes in a war, while many men of average ability rise to command by the genius of hard work. There is no easy and short road to command at sea. The few who entered

(Continued on Page 64)



Training Course at the 1920 Summer School Camp, Naval Operating Base, Hampton Roads, Virginia

K I K

By GEORGE PATTULLO

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

"I Wouldn't Marry Doc Rainey if He Was the Last Man on Earth"

AIN'T you afraid you'll wear them pants out in that chair, Doc?" inquired Reece Saunders as he helped himself to a cigar from the case and flipped a nickel into the saucer to pay for it.

Doc Rainey slowly removed his gaze from the town square to eye the blighter.

"Whose pants are they?" he retorted sulkily. Then he started to get up, only to sink back with a groan. Reece wanted to know what he was laughing at.

"My foot," he said, closing his eyes in the exquisite agony of it. "I swan, it feels like it was plumb full of needles!"

"Stomp on it."

The druggist tried, but abandoned the attempt with a grimace. By this time he had thought of a comeback, however.

"If you would sit down more you might look like something, Reece. What makes you so dog-gone bow-laigged, anyhow?"

"Well," said Mr. Saunders reflectively as he lighted up, "some folks think it's because I done rode that gray mule too much when I was just a kid, you might say. But they're wrong. The real reason is I got caught in a terrible hard rain and then dried out in the sun, and they went and warped on me." And he went on about his business.

Doc gave this information due consideration, sat down again and resumed his survey of the square. The window was set level with the sidewalk, and as the Palace occupied a corner, he could command two sides of the county courthouse, several blocks of retail stores, the rival pharmacy, the Kandy Kitchen and half the length of the principal residential street, and no human being could enter or leave the post office without coming under his eye. Without budging a foot Doc could keep tabs on practically the whole life of the community. He was ideally located.

In a few minutes the screen door swung violently back and Lefty Irwin breezed in with a bundle of newspapers under his arm.

"How many to-night, Useless?"

"Oh, about eight'll do, I reckon. Leave 'em on the counter and I'll pay you to-morrow," answered Doc mildly. "And say"—as Lefty was counting off the copies—"the hinges on them doors cost something."

Lefty grinned, advised him not to talk too much lest he tire himself out, and departed, whistling cheerily. And after a few muttered observations about Lefty, and announcement of a determination to cut out further dealings with a lot of these here fresh Alecks, Doc settled down to further meditation.

The evening shadows were lengthening and the mellow light induced a soft languor. In flivvers and wagons the country folk were faring homeward after a long day of dawdling and barter. A few lights already gleamed in the stores, and the voices which floated to Doc sounded unnaturally loud in the grateful stillness. About the hour when he usually began to debate within himself whether he would light up or take it easy a while longer, the door banged again and Charlie Kincaid strode in. "Howdy, Doc."

"Howdy, Charlie."

"Say, I want to get some more of that dope you gimme for chiggers. They were like to drive me crazy last night, Doc. I hardly closed my eyes."

Doc glanced at him sympathetically, but did not move.

"Is that so?" he said. "That's sure enough too bad, Charlie. Second bottle from the left on the top shelf. Help yourself."

Which was ever Doc's way. Half the time he did not bother to rise from his chair when the customer happened to be a male and an acquaintance, but contented himself with indicating where the desired medicament could be found. This habit may not have had a thing to do with it of course, but little Willie Jackson grew into a very hairy boy after using only one bottle of cough medicine which Doc told him he would find third from the right on the second shelf. Mrs. Jackson threatened to sue Doc, and there was a deal of talk about it, but nothing ever came of the controversy.

Kincaid found the dope for chiggers and tendered a bill in payment, but discovering that he could not make change without recourse to the cash register the druggist languidly told him to let it ride and pay the next time he came in.

"I reckon I'd best light up," muttered Doc as the door closed on this customer, and he reluctantly proceeded to do so. "Life is just one round of toil."

He was in the back portion of the store drawing on his coat preparatory to going to supper when he heard someone enter.

"What the tarnation kept you so late, kid? Don't you reckon I ever eat?" he bellowed; but it was not the little colored boy who delivered prescriptions and relieved him at meal times.

"Oh, howdy do? I didn't know it was you," he exclaimed, hurrying forward as he recognized Nadine Allen. Doc removed his hat, placed both hands punctiliously on the counter and leaned forward eagerly to learn what she wanted.

Nadine wanted two one-cent stamps.

"Anything else?" he inquired in a sugary voice as he handed them to her.

"That's all. It saves me standing in line at the post office," she explained.

"Sure!" replied the druggist. "Come in again."

Nadine thanked him, gathered up her stamps and a small package, took a vanity case from her purse to powder her nose, nodded brightly at Doc and started for the door. There could be no denying that Nadine was a knock-out. She couldn't saunter downtown without leaving every male biped simply pop-eyed. The Widow Frizell's boy, Junior, aged fourteen, was in the habit of writing her anonymous love letters ending with two rows of crosses, and she occasioned Gran'pa Grady so many cricks in the neck that he began to wonder whether old age could be sneaking up on him at ninety-three.

Doc Grunted and Sort of Crumpled, Sagging Down, His Head Forward on His Chest

"Say, Nadine," Doc called after her, "got a date for the Elks' ball yet?"

"I'm going with Henery Dawes."

"Oh," Doc remarked, and seemed to exhaust the subject. She disappeared, and gloom reigned once more over the Palace.

"Henery Dawes, hey?" sneered Doc, returning to his seat in the window corner. "It beats me what anybody can see in that big stiff."

Curiously enough, he could discern nothing in Lon Shortridge that would make him tolerable to a nice girl either, although he and Lon had been fairly close friends up to the time the latter took to wearing a trail across the Allen lawn. Everybody in town knew why. Ever since Nadine's return from school in Missouri the druggist had been her most devoted admirer, but his devotion got him nowhere, perhaps because it was negative and inarticulate. Whereas others imparted some jazz to their work and kept Nadine amused, the best Doc could do was to stare at her with that sick-calf expression common to the lovelorn. It is true that he sent her the finest sample boxes of candy the Palace boasted and treated her to a picture show whenever Nadine would go with him, but it was conceded by the wiseacres that Doc did not stand the ghost of a chance. In fact, Nadine did her best to dodge his attentions.

His handicap was the eternal one of diffident men—he placed the object of his affections on a pedestal. No woman really likes that eminence outside of books. It is too much bother to live up to, and no misguided wight employing such methods can hope to compete with a two-fisted, come-on-here type of lover.

"Well, how is Doc?" the girls would inquire of Nadine when they got together at the Merry Maidens' Reading Club.

"Oh, shucks! How should I know?"

"Didn't he drop round after church Sunday night? Go on! He did too! I declare, Nadine, you want to treat him better or it's like you'll lose him one of these days."

"Anybody's welcome to him for all of me. Why don't you grab him yourself? I wouldn't marry Doc Rainey if he was the last man on earth."

Nadine was very emphatic about it. Her mother did not share her objections.

"He's twice the man some of those others are," urged the good lady. "I tell you, you could go a long ways and do worse, Nadine. Besides, he can afford a home. He's got that business and those farms his father left him."

Nadine gave a little shiver, which made her mother snappish. "What on earth have you got against Percy Rainey, anyhow?" she demanded.

"Nothing. Nothing at all. That's just the trouble. He hasn't got any gumption. He's a—he's just a softy!"

Of course persons of experience seldom attach any importance to such expressions of attitude, because girls so frequently marry the big hulks they start out by deriding; but, nevertheless, the prospect appeared dark for Doc, and in a dim way he was beginning to realize it. He would sit by the hour in the window of his drug store and brood, trying to figure out how a fine girl like Nadine could tolerate the rough stuff he had seen some of her admirers pull.

"There ain't one of 'em worth hangin'," he told himself bitterly, and Doc was probably right. No man ever had a rival who wasn't a scoundrel.

Few who saw Doc glooming at the window guessed what was harassing his soul. Most of them ascribed his dejection to laziness. When he pulled his hat down over his eyes and tilted back in his chair they surmised he was sleeping. Little did they guess the burning thoughts under that rounded dome as his somber gaze rested for long minutes at a time on a spot in the pavement of the square.

He was seated in this fashion one brilliant September morning when Gander Moss shambled in, his head and hands twitching and his face a waxlike gray. Gander was what is technically known as a snowbird. The whole town knew his tragic weakness and the full story of his fall, yet they treated him kindly, for nowhere can you find such tolerance of backsliding

in native sons and such condemnation of the least fault in strangers as in small communities. So, although Gander's clothes were ragged and he always appeared to shrink away when meeting people face to face, nobody ever failed to give him cordial greeting, not even grim Deacon Tuttle, president of the First State Bank.

"Hello, Gander," said Rainey with languid good nature. "What's on your mind?"

Gander twitched a couple of times and then began to tremble.

"Say, Doc," he whispered shakily, "cain't you do anything for me this mornin'?"

"No, I can't!" The druggist's tone was unusually emphatic.

"But I just got to have it, that's all! Look the shape I'm in!"

"Well, why don't you go back to where you generally get it, then?" Doc retorted.

"They won't give me no more."

"And you won't get any here neither. That's all I got to say. So drag it!"

A devil blazed up in Gander's eyes for a moment, and his whole body grew taut, but the rush of purpose died as quickly as it was born. He became abject again.

"All right. But you'll be sorry for doin' me this way, Doc," he whined, and slunk out of the store.

The incident worried Rainey all during the noon hour, for none knew better than he what poor Gander must have suffered. He decided that he had been unnecessarily harsh, and by the time he returned from Mrs. Drake's boarding house he was in half a mind to fix him up; but Moss did not reappear as he expected. Doc made himself comfortable in his chair, pulled his hat over his eyes and settled down for a nap.

It was a warm, drowsy day. The heat waves shimmered in the square, which was devoid of movement or life. Lone Oak was still lingering over its dinner or taking its usual siesta. A bee hummed soothingly outside the screen door. A mule team tied to the railing in front of the courthouse dozed, with drooping flanks and sagging ears.

Presently Doc's head went back against the wall, his mouth opened and from the parted lips came a gentle purring sound.

He went to sleep at 1:05. At 1:10 an unkempt figure slouched past the window and paused irresolutely, gazing in. A moment and Gander Moss noiselessly opened the screen door. He tiptoed along the counter, keeping as far away from the druggist as possible. Rainey stirred uneasily, brushing at a fly which hovered above his upper lip. The movement brought Gander up short. He stared at Doc, his form tense for what might happen; and as luck would have it, Rainey moved again, muttering incoherently.

The snowbird was too desperate to take chances. He made two soundless steps forward and whacked Doc on the cranium with a piece of lead pipe, and Doc grunted and sort of crumpled, sagging down, his head forward on his chest.

Nobody had seen the attack, nobody was in sight. Gander ran sobbingly toward the rear of the store and rifled a drawer of the stuff he craved. Then he bolted out of the back door, fled down a lane into Crockett Street and disappeared.

Less than a minute later young Willie Jackson happened to stroll past, his hands deep in his trousers pockets, his bare feet unerringly leading him in quest of deviltry. He espied Doc asleep in the chair, and sneaking in he wrote with a piece of charcoal or some kind of smudge on the white wall above his head—K I K.

He had got that far when a shiver passed over the druggist's inert form, and Willie fled. Not long afterwards Doc sighed, opened his eyes, sat upright with a jerk. Ordinarily he would have stretched and yawned and proceeded to come alive with due deliberation; but now he pulled out his watch with an impatient gesture.

"I reckon I'd best go fix up those prescriptions," he announced, and rose briskly from his chair.

A wavy mirror hung above the sink, and as he drained a graduate of water to quench his thirst Doc caught a view of his upturned face that gave him pause.

"Well, I swan!" he exclaimed, removing his hat for a closer inspection. On his forehead was a swelling the size of a fat walnut. It was already turning blue.

"As big as an aigg!" he exclaimed. "And I didn't feel a thing! How come, I wonder?"

Greatly mystified, he felt of the lump and examined it critically from various angles.

"Well, I feel fine anyhow," he remarked, not without satisfaction, and proceeded to paint it with iodine.

That done, he walked to the front of the store to stare at the chair in which he had been sitting in the hope it might offer a clew and, of course, he discovered Willie Jackson's cryptic sign on the wall.

"This Bachelor Life Suits Me Fine. So You Just Forget What I Said"

"K I K," he spelled out, frowning, and wondered still more

Who on earth nursed so deep a grudge against him? Doc could think of no real enemy—certainly not one who would attack a man in his sleep. If they wanted to rob—instantly alert, he commenced a hurried inspection of the cash register and his supply of whisky. Nothing had been stolen so far as he could see; nothing seemed even to have been disturbed; cash and stock remained intact.

"Besides," he reasoned, "a dog-gone thief'd never leave his brand behind him." And again he studied the weird writing on the wall.

It had all the aspects of a Black Hand job. Unless the perpetrator had been inspired by a diabolical lust for vengeance the thing seemed to lack motive, so he finally came to the conclusion that some unknown enemy had walloped him.

This was also the prevailing opinion of the square when the news swept round it that somebody had beaned Doc Rainey while he slept. Lone Oak cackled gleefully over the jest. The idea of a man being slugged on the head in broad daylight hard enough to raise a large lump without his knowing who did it, or even feeling the impact, tickled their risibilities. They came by the score to examine the sign on the wall and debate its significance.

A large majority favored the theory that it was the work of a secret society like the Black Hand or the Ku-Klux Klan. A few scouted this notion as far-fetched; but one and all were agreed that Doc had an enemy who had taken this method of getting even.

The sheriff and the town marshal operated on this theory, and speedily lost interest in running down the assailant when they learned that nothing had been stolen.

"I reckon we'd best leave her as she lays," the sheriff decided in sincere friendship for Rainey. "You never know what a man is up to, and maybe if we caught this guy a lot would come out that Doc'd be sorry for."

"Sure!" assented the marshal. "But what sort of animal do you reckon this K I K is?"

In the long run that was the feature of the mystery which baffled Lone Oak the most and lingered in their minds. How could they know that K I K was merely Willie Jackson's way of spelling "kick" and he had intended to add "me" when a movement on Doc's part disturbed him?

Developments of another sort soon diverted Lone Oak's interest, however, and set the town agog. Lefty Irwin was responsible for the initial one. Dropping in at the Palace to learn the details at the source, Lefty opened the conversation with his customary breeziness.

"Hello, Useless!" he cried. "I hear somebody bent a crowbar over your dome and near woke you up. How about it?"

Doc was taking a swig out of a bottle at the moment, a rare indulgence for him. He carefully replaced the bottle on the shelf and wiped his lips with the back of his hand.

"Where do you get that stuff, anyhow, kid?" he demanded in a harsh tone. "You don't want to get so fresh around here or maybe I'll have to paddle you."

Lefty gaped. Never in his life had he heard Rainey talk in this fashion to anybody.

"Why, Useless, that hooch ——" he began, and got no farther, for the druggist swarmed all over him. A short snarling struggle, accompanied by a crash of chairs and jangle of broken glass, and Lefty shot through the door like a streak of lightning, landing full length on the sidewalk, where he lay as though stunned.

Doc straightened his tie and turned back to the counter. His manner was composed, but a demon glared from his eyes. Perhaps that was why Charlie Kincaid and Henry Dawes, who had crossed over from the People's Grocery to poke a little fun at Doc, spoke him with fair words instead, inquiring sympathetically after his hurt. The town was soon humming with the news. Had Deacon Tuttle himself hurled a fellow director of the bank into the public square they could not have been more dumfounded.

"What? Percy Rainey did that?" cried Nadine when the rector's wife told her about it. "I'll never believe it."

But that was nothing to the shock occasioned by subsequent events. For before another sun had set the cocks of Lone Oak to crowing, Doc had shattered every preconceived idea of his character and started a thousand tongues to clacking at the very mention of his name.

Instead of following his usual schedule of closing the Palace at ten o'clock and going straight to bed, he locked up at eight and didn't go home at all. There were rumors of a lurid session in the Loyal Brotherhood of Owls' nest above the First State Bank, it being freely asserted that a week's supply of mellow corn whisky from the famous cellars of T-bone Dill, synthetically laid down in 1921, had been exhausted before dawn.

(Continued on Page 113)

PSYCHO-ANNE

By CORINNE LOWE

ILLUSTRATED BY NANCY FAY

IF ON this particular May morning the Pied Piper had undertaken the practice of his profession in New York City, Anne would have been his first client. Nor would that fact have established the supremacy of the Piper's talents. For Anne was ten, she had been alone in the studio for an hour, and she was ready to follow anyone who called her.

The studio where she was confined was on a narrow one-block street in lower New York which we shall call Kempton Mews. It and a small room in the rear formed the second story of one of those old stables which confront a new stucco apartment house on the northern side of the thoroughfare. In these rooms Anne's father, Mr. Kenilworth Dempsey, a regular contributor to various irregular publications, had chosen to stall his Pegasus.

At the time when this story opens Anne had already experimented with the obvious possibilities of recreation in the studio. One saw that now she was on the brink of darker adventures, that at any moment the roving hazel eyes would fix upon some prohibited object as the medium for self-expression. This moment was not, in fact, long delayed. With a sudden swoop in which every bit of her—gingham dress, tousled hair and the long legs covered by faded and torn stockings—was involved she pounced upon a box underneath an easel. From it she took a brush selected entirely with reference to bulk. Upon this she squeezed from one of the tubes scattered about a dusty typewriter on the center table a great deal of ocher paint. Swiftly then she looked about for destinations.

"Well," She Said After a Moment's Silence, "I'm Not Going to Nag You Any More About It"

The first thing upon which her gaze fell was a book crowning an eminence of garments heaped upon a near-by chaise longue. Anne could not understand the words on the cover, and for this reason it is safe to argue that her acceptance of the author's text was due to some prompt and serviceable psychic current. Sabotage Justified! With ruthless rhythms of ocher she proceeded at once to destroy the bit of private property bearing this title.

But your true craftsman demands greater resistance than was offered by the smooth pages of the book. What could supply her with a more hearty challenge? Only an instant did she have to wonder. Darting over to the omelet pan, which disputed table space with the dusty typewriter and the unwashed breakfast dishes, she fell upon this object with Titanic outlay of paint and of facial energy. At last, indeed, her zeal swept aside the brush. Bold, impatient strokes of five fingers now led her over the ranges of hardened milk and egg which opposed her progress. When she was finished the scenery of the unwashed pan, both hills and plains, presented a uniform solidity of tint.

Michelangelo, surveying the completed Sistine Chapel, could not have experienced any more stirring emotion than did Anne at this point. Gradually, however, the artist's festering sense of the discrepancy between vision and achievement drew her small mouth, opened a minute before to display a jubilant gleam of scalloped front teeth, down at the corners. One could see that a fervor to destroy her inadequate expression now possessed her completely. The element of destruction which she chose was fire. She would melt her handiwork on the gas range. But just as she was about to turn on the flame something distracted her. Forgetting all about her defective composition she jerked up a freshly filled pipe of tobacco lying on the stove and stuck it into her mouth. In spite of the fact that all her previous nicotine practice had come through the cigarette stubs always showered over the studio, there was nothing amateur either in this gesture or in the ones that followed the application of the match.

For almost a minute the sense of virtuosity seemed to content her. But there was something about this child that would always prevent her from using a temporary triumph as a permanent cushion. Not for her any soft reclining upon past achievement! It was therefore to be expected that very soon her eyes would begin to wander beyond the accomplished garlands of smoke.

The widening of her horizon was almost immediate. Inspiration always came on a lope to Anne, and now it sent her toward a door at the far end of the studio. Throwing this open she stood for a moment gazing down at an object on a couch. The object was a two-year-old boy and so perfect were the contours of that little terra-cotta body that as he lay here in his deep sleep he looked as if he had been modeled by a Della Robbia.

"Here!" shouted Anne at the top of her lungs.

The object thus addressed never moved; and seeing his unresponsiveness to this approach Anne moved over to a place beside him. Very gently then she inserted one paint-stained finger into the bare flesh of his side. Still the long silky flues of the sleeper's black lashes did not lift. Thereupon Anne deepened her pressure. Indeed if the small body under her touch had been vocal she would have been sure to produce a deep singing tone. By and by she became so fascinated with her processes of reveille that she forgot all about the reveille itself. And it was almost regretfully that she saw the boy open his big brown eyes.

After he once opened those eyes he wasted no time. He began to cry. Neither did Anne waste her time. Without any preliminary she stuck the lighted pipe into his mouth. In vain her victim spat and kicked and yelped. Anne held the foreign substance firmly in that wide and windy aperture.

At last, however, she became disheartened. "Here," said she sulkily, taking the pipe from the obdurate oval, "how do you ever expect to learn anything when you won't try anything?"

Slowly she rose to her feet and looked down upon him. There was a certain grandeur about that look—it was so exactly that of the bold and reckless frontiersman surveying some inhabitant of the hinterland. But Anne was not built for contemplation of any type, and a few minutes later she was running down a dark flight of stairs to the street below.

That street was now full of spring, the wonderful city spring, which, having so few instruments upon which to play, sounds its note all the more poignantly for lack of a fitting keyboard. The morning sun of May smote upon the one string of color in the Mews—the red geraniums of the window boxes in the gray-stucco apartment house—until they rang. Tenderly as upon the netted boughs of the country it glistened upon the pavements, damp from last night's rain, and from the yellow spokes of a car standing in front of the stucco building drew answering shafts of radiance.

Through the light fine air there came to Anne as she stepped out into the street the first chords of the Marseillaise. A hand organ playing right around the corner there on Fifth Avenue! At the sound the child's thin dark face lighted into a smile. To anyone looking at her then this smile would have been full of touching revelations. It showed how rarely amusement was ever offered Anne.

If that wheezy organ had been indeed the Pied Piper of whom we have spoken, her abandonment could not have been more complete. At full speed she started toward Fifth Avenue. So fast were the long legs taking her that she was halfway down the block when a shrill cry arrested her:

"Say, come over here once!"

The call was from someone just coming out of the lordly apartment house. The someone represented four feet of plotted elegance. It wore a gray broadcloth coat with squirrel collar and cuffs, a gray broadcloth tam-o'-shanter, and the hand holding a large red hoop was gloved.

Anne was familiar with such apparitions. Nevertheless, they always awed her a trifle. This was shown by the feeling of superiority which she summoned immediately upon sight of another child dressed like this. A real sense of superiority does not have to be summoned.

"You come over here," she retorted haughtily.

After a moment's hesitation the trig little girl obeyed her. Anne watched scornfully the way the shiny new rubbers picked their path over the sun-gilded rivulets in the street, and then she asked abruptly, "What do you want?"

The stranger never took her eyes from Anne's unbrushed hair and paint-stained gingham frock.

"What's your name?" she asked at last.

"Anne."

"Anne what?"

"Why, just Anne."

"But your last name—what's your last name?"

Anne stared at her haughtily. "I have not decided yet," she retorted.

"Decided!" gasped her interlocutor, wrinkling up her fat little nose so that the freckles ran together. "Why, you don't decide that. God gives you your last name."

"He does not!" retorted Anne indignantly.

"He does, too; so He does."

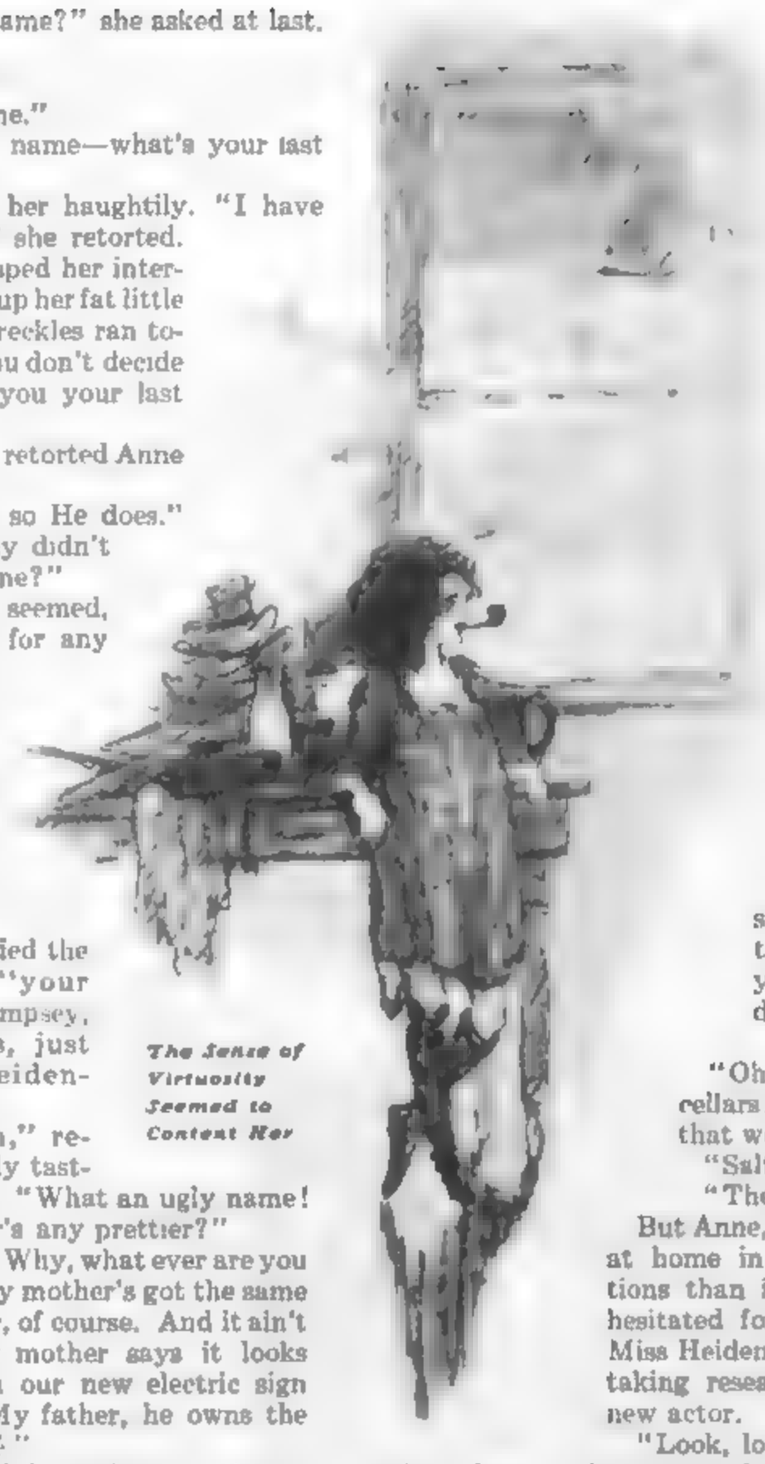
"Well then, why didn't He give Himself one?"

The other, so it seemed, was not prepared for any theological dispute. So she shifted to mundane sequences.

"But what's your father's name?"

"Kenilworth Dempsey."

"Well then," cried the other shrilly, "your name must be Dempsey, the same as his, just like mine's Heidenbaugh."



The Sense of Virtuosity Seemed to Content Her

"Heidenbaugh," repeated Anne, wryly tasting each syllable. "What an ugly name! Isn't your mother's any prettier?"

"My mother's! Why, what ever are you talking about? My mother's got the same name as my father, of course. And it ain't ugly, either. My mother says it looks simply elegant on our new electric sign on Broadway. My father, he owns the Heidenbaugh Café."

The last facts did not impress Anne so much as her informant had hoped. Without any delay she returned to the main issue.

"Well," she announced smugly, "my mother's got a name of her own, and it's a beautiful name too. She's Miss Susan Herringforth."

"Miss!" echoed Miss Heidenbaugh in a tone of horror. "Why, who ever heard of a mother being a miss? They're all missuses. If they weren't how could you tell them from ladies that hadn't any husband?"

"They're not all missuses, either," cried Anne angrily. "I guess there's Johnny Peale, that I play with. Isn't his mother Miss Grace Tuthall?"

Miss Heidenbaugh rubbed one thoughtful gloved finger over her hoop. "I don't care," she announced at last, "I think it's very deceitful pretending to be something you're not, like that. And anyways, why should any lady be so stuck up about being a miss? They're all that to start with. If your mother wanted to go on being one why did she ever marry?"

Anne looked a trifle blank at the last question. Then digging desperately into the mine of home conversation she struck the most familiar vein:

"Because she wanted to—why, she wanted to show her own individuality."

The sun and the last word wrinkled up Miss Heidenbaugh's flexible nose into the deepest folds it had yet accomplished.

"What's an indi—indi——" she admitted at last.

An expression of triumph crept into Anne's eyes. She herself did not follow her mental processes closely, but we in the parquet may surmise that the other's confessed ignorance of such a vital theme did much to establish that sense of superiority which she had been trying to maintain in the face of obvious differences of costume.

"Heavens!" she commented crushingly. "And doesn't your mother even have one of those?"

"Of course she's got one!" replied the other hotly. "Of course she's got one! We've got everything that money can buy—papa said so only yesterday. What is it—some kind of a dress?"

"No, you silly, it isn't."

"Oh, I know now! It's solid silver. Saltcellars! I knew I had heard my mother say that word—indi—indi——"

"Saltcellars! Who ever heard of such a thing?"

"Then if you're so smart tell me what is one?"

But Anne, like many other brilliant folks, was more at home in repudiating other people's definitions than in forming those of her own. She hesitated for a moment, and in that moment Miss Heidenbaugh was diverted from her painstaking research by the sudden appearance of a new actor.

"Look, look!" she screamed.

Anne turned around. Toddling down the street toward them at a gait unimpeded by any more draperies than he had worn in the room was the object of a recent unsuccessful experiment.

"Damn!" exclaimed Anne. "I must have left the door open. Here," she yelled at the advancing figure, "you go right back this minute!"

The terra-cotta cherub was, however, no more susceptible to this suggestion than he had been to the one regarding nicotine.

"Wandowalk, wandowalk," he crooned, running his conversational beads so close together that you never once glimpsed the thread, and as he came up to the two little girls he placed one chubby paw between Anne's unfriendly fingers.

"Oh, very well then, come on," said his sister crossly, and she dragged him away in the direction of Fifth Avenue

For one second her inquisitor was too rigid for protest. With wide-open mouth and gloved hand on her hoop she stared after the two odd figures. Then on a sudden every tradition of her ten years was released in one great explosion of energy. She tore after the two wanderers and jerked Anne backward by the arm.

"Stop!" she cried. "You're not going to take him out with nothing on but *that?*"

The pronoun which she uttered in this horrified way related to a costume that, although conservative enough in the torrid zone, is always elevated to a news item in less clement climes. The cherub's attire consisted, in fact, of a rough piece of cloth dyed henna color and very much localized in application.

Taken by surprise at this protest Anne at first merely opened her mouth to show the scallops of her two big front teeth. It was some time before she could find her voice

"What ever do you mean? He never wears anything but that. It's his Javanese chiton. Put clothes on that perfect little body! Why, that would be an outrage!"

Numbly Miss Heidenbaugh released Anne's arm. So perfectly had the latter echoed some familiar sentiment of her own studio home that the daughter of the café proprietor quailed before the majesty of art's pronouncement.

"But," she urged quite gently, "the people will all turn around and look at him if he goes out like that." The pause following this remark showed an auditor so unmoved by the prophecy that Miss Heidenbaugh immediately took another tack. "Say," she said suddenly, "do you know what I'll do? If you go back and put some clothes on him I'll take you up to my father's café."

"What's it got in it?" asked Anne suspiciously.

"Oh, everything—two check girls and a table with fruit, and waiters, and things to eat."

From this reply it was quite evident that the little girl in broadcloth had mastered the modern order of importance in restaurant circles.

"But Here hasn't any clothes," replied Anne rather gloomily. "That's all he ever wears."

At the second word the little girl from across the way pricked up her ears.

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The Policeman Had Brought Them Straight to His Uptown Cafe, Where Some of His Very Swellest Customers Had Just Been Seated

Bear Times and the Employe Stockholder

By JAMES H. COLLINS

DECORATIONS BY L. A. SHAFER

HOW railroad employes might control the railroads of this country without legislation or politics has been pointed out by Professor King—the classic King on Wealth. It could be done very easily through Wall Street. By putting one-tenth of their wages into railroad stocks employes would secure a controlling interest in twelve to fifteen years.

On the same plan the United States Steel Corporation could be controlled by its employes within eight years. The steel corporation's employes have actually begun, for the majority of its stockholders are now employes. Recently the total number of individual stockholders passed the 100,000 mark, a goal toward which the management was working in connection with the company's twentieth anniversary. An offer of stock to employes put it over—66,311 of them took 167,263 shares last year. Probably the most widely distributed American security is Bell telephone stock, of which there are 135,000 individual shareholders. One shareholder out of every four is a telephone employe, and one telephone employe out of every four is a shareholder. The average holding of all shareholders is $300, while the average employe holding is $400—a result that has been attained in only four years.

When the Lehigh Valley Railroad went back to private management last year one of the first things President Loomis did was to issue a pamphlet telling employes outstanding facts about the company's finances and operating problems. Putting a clear picture before them would, he believed, restore the teamwork between men and officers which made the organization a happy family *before* the road was taken over by the Government. Among other things, he showed them the earning power of the company's stock. At that time a fifty-dollar share could be bought in the open market for forty-three dollars. With 7 per cent dividends, it paid better than 8 per cent on the investment. This aroused more interest than any other statement in his pamphlet. So many employes wanted to own stock in the company they worked for that arrangements were made to sell them shares on the installment plan. Within six months one employe in every twenty had subscribed to stock, and 6 per cent of the road's stockholders were employes.

Employes of a big Chicago department store own $2,500,000 worth of its stock.

An Ohio steel mill was recently reorganized. One-half of its $200,000 treasury stock was set aside for employes.

Wall Street in Overalls

AFTER trying bonus, premium and other wage systems unsuccessfully, a Middle Western worsted mill adopted a plan for selling stock to its employes about six years ago. To-day 80 per cent of its rank and file employes are shareholders; 75 per cent of the rank and file of an equipment company are shareholders; 90 per cent of the factory force in a big shoe plant own stock in the company.

Wall Street does not always wear side whiskers and spats. You may run onto it in overalls, stringing telephone wire, operating a blast furnace or riding box cars in the hump yard. Two-thirds of last year's employe subscribers to United States steel earned between $800 and $2500 a year, and before war prices raised wages employes earning less than $800 bought 8000 to 10,000 shares of stock yearly.

These are nervous times for people who invest in securities, even when purchased outright. For Wall Street's whole list—stocks and bonds alike—has lost value the past year. People who can hold on will suffer only a paper loss on gilt-edge stuff, for it is bound to come back. But those forced to sell through need of cash have lost real money.

How are all these employe stockholders weathering the storm?

Last year the steel corporation sold its common stock to employes at $106 a share. This year it was offered at eighty-one dollars. That is representative of practically every gilt-edge security in the market.

What is the employe stockholder's reaction to that sort of situation?

"You will find it a mighty interesting subject to investigate," said a New York investment banker. "Hard times certainly apply the acid test to such schemes."

He is a pessimist on the subject, and suggested that an investigation ought to cover some of the disadvantages of such plans as he saw them.

"A wage earner's investment in stock of the company he works for probably represents all his savings," said this banker. "He may be buying a home, but this stock investment is his emergency fund. Suppose he needs cash to tide him over unemployment in hard times. That is just the time when his stock is at lowest market value, and if he has to sell out his savings shrink. There have been cases where employes learn to speculate on margins through the purchase of stock in the concern for which they work. Owning either one or two shares, they will get the ticker habit. Then there is a certain amount of coercion. Higher executives may not know it, but down among the foremen it is natural to want to make a good showing for one's department, and wage earners who are really not able to buy stock subscribe for fear of losing their jobs. They fear that if anyone is laid off the employe who doesn't own stock will go first. How many employes really go through with the stock-buying propositions? Employers believe that it increases efficiency, but I doubt it."

Continuing, he held that wage earners' savings should be invested in something less subject to speculative fluctuations. Let them put their money in savings banks and the banks be the buffers for stock-market flurries, spreading the money over a wide range of securities.

There has also been some opposition to such plans by labor leaders, who criticize them as paternalistic; or where the company selling stock to employes adds a bonus on each dollar invested—a feature embodied in many plans—maintaining that the bonus is simply money that the employe earned, anyway, which should be paid to all employes equally in the form of wages.

A month's scouting among and correspondence with a score or more corporations that sell their own stock to employes brought out a mass of information. To the investment banker's criticisms was added another:

In most cases stock sold to employes carries the voting privilege. The time might never come when employes voting together could control the corporation they work for. But suppose they organized as a troublesome minority, what then?

These stock-selling plans are diversified. There is one Western railroad company whose employes have formed a coöperative association themselves to purchase shares of the company's stock on the installment plan. The company has nothing whatever to do with it. Then come the plans where a corporation buys stock for employes in the open market, at the market price, and carries it until paid for on the installment plan. Then there are corporations that sell stock on a yearly plan at a fixed yearly price; others that sell below the market price; others again that pay a bonus to employes periodically for each share of stock which they have kept after completing their payments; and still others that add a bonus for each dollar an employe invests in stock.

Guarding Employes Against Loss

THE Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, for example, after a broad study of all the schemes and experiences of other corporations, recently adopted a plan whereby the company sells shares of its common stock to any employe up to 20 per cent of his earnings and adds fifty cents to every dollar that he invests in stock. This plan meets a definite demand of employes for such investment, and its bonus feature is typical of many such plans in protecting employes against market depreciation in the value of their holdings. The present price of this stock is around 135.

Employes buy at a price fixed the first of each year. If that price were 150 the fifty-cent bonus added to each dollar paid by the employe would create a margin against depreciation, whereas every rise in the market value of the stock would be clear gain.

Thousands of shares of employe-held stock are those of corporations in industries that have suffered severely during the period of readjustment. Automobile and tire companies are good examples. There has been much unemployment in those industries, and the need for falling back upon such reserve funds as employes possess. Yet sales of employe stockholdings to realize cash are reported as surprisingly small, and where employes have taken advantage of the liquidation features of the various plans they have lost nothing.

"The general depression has affected us," says the manager of an automobile company's stock plan. "We have been compelled to lay off some men who were

stockholders in the corporation. A few of them bought their holdings at a price which would compel them to take a loss if they sold it at the present market value. In such cases we have paid back in full whatever they have paid for uncompleted purchases. The company bears 50 per cent of the cost of stock. Even if an employe owning stock outright were compelled to sell at the present time the stock must have depreciated to less than half of his purchase price before he really loses any cash. Twenty-two per cent of our employes have purchased stock, and the company has paid 50 per cent on the cost of more than 12,000 shares for employes. Something for nothing? No, payment for continuous service, which the company recognizes as something valuable to itself as well as the employe."

Such bonuses protect employe shareholders against loss should it be necessary to sell in slack times. They are also planned in some cases to discourage the sale of stock in a bull market, being paid on condition that employes keep their shares after they have been acquired.

But even where stock is sold at approximately the market price losses in a bear market may be only apparent. Since 1903 the steel corporation has been selling stock to employes at a price fixed each January. The highest price ever paid by employes was $107 a share in 1917, and the lowest fifty dollars a share in 1909. This year's price of eighty-one dollars might suggest a startling loss on stock purchased by steel workers at $106 last year, and it is—on paper. But an employe who has bought stock every year since this plan was adopted would find that the cost to him of shares over the eighteen-year period is a trifle under eighty dollars. This is not the first financial storm through which steel workers have passed, for the company's common stock has ranged during that time from less than ten dollars a share to $136.

The Acid Test of Hard Times

BUT those are Wall Street prices, and as many a corporation executive is too absorbed in his work to pay any attention to Wall Street quotations on the shares of his own company from day to day, so stock-owning employes pay little attention to the market.

Wall Street's knowledge of stocks is distant, superficial, based on rumor as often as not. Its prices rise and fall because it has heard that maybe something is going to happen. Wall Street's detachment makes it nervous. But to the employe the company he works for is a very different thing. He is right on the spot every day, would find out long before Wall Street if anything were going wrong, and knows by everyday experience, in his department of the business at least, that things are running about right. So he is seldom nervous. He may take an interest in quotations occasionally, but he takes more interest in the company. This is an outstanding fact in all the information the writer was able to gather—implicit confidence in the company the shareholding employe works for.

"Most of our employe stockholders whom it was necessary to lay off during the slack period of the past six months have kept their stock," says the president of a rubber-tire company. "The fact that the present market value of our stock is below the price at which employes purchased it has not seemed to affect their attitude at all. We have received many requests from employes for assistance in securing more stock, not only taking advantage of the market, but to show their confidence in the company. There have been several cases where men have come from the factory to the treasurer in a quiet way and offered to loan all or part of their savings in case the company needed money. Our plan goes considerable lengths in protecting employes against loss in such times as these. Anyone leaving our employ received all his payments on uncompleted stock purchases, with interest. We have had comparatively few cancellations. Employes who need money on shares paid for and acquired can borrow from us to 90 per cent of the amount paid for their stock."

"It is indeed true," says the president of an equipment company, "that the acid test for stock ownership and profit-sharing plans of employers come with hard times. The opponents of such plans quite properly emphasize this objectionable feature. Advocates of such plans cannot deny this disadvantage, and can only take steps that plans be framed in such a way as to minimize the disadvantage, and have so many advantages as to outweigh it in the final balance. That is what we endeavor to do in our plan. Our stock was sold at less than the ruling market prices. Strong inducements were made to prevent the employe from realizing profits on his purchase by selling on a rising market, and in the same way to discourage selling in a depressed market. This is done through extra disbursements or bonuses which are paid on employe-held stock over and above other capital stock, provided the stock is still held by the subscribing employe. Such disbursements have been so liberal in prosperous years that even a forced sale on a depressed market would leave the employe with profit on the entire transaction."

The Western railroad whose employes formed their own association to purchase company shares developed their plan at a time when the road was paying dividends and the stock was not far below par. Since then dividends have ceased and market values fallen. Instead of selling out, however, members of the association are carrying their plan along, confident in the soundness of the company and that the future will justify their investment. Incidentally they are taking advantage of the opportunity to buy stock at lower prices in the open market.

One of the agricultural-implement corporations reports that employes who have purchased stock from the company on the installment plan are interested in the drop in open-market value in terms of opportunity instead of apprehension. Taking advantage of favorable prices, they are increasing their holdings by direct open-market purchases. This company had a 2 per cent stock dividend in January under which a holder of fifty shares got an additional share of stock free. Employes with small holdings of from one to ten shares received fractional shares of stock. Many of them dug down in their pockets and produced the money to turn such fractions into full shares. Last year this company's common stock rose to 145 during a Wall Street flurry, but few employes were tempted to sell their holdings. Several hundred share-holding employes have been laid off, but there have been few loans made on their stock, and fewer sales.

Another agricultural-implement company reports that practically all sales of employes' stock are for the purpose of purchasing a home or making some similar investment. This company has had ten years' experience with its plan, and finds that in periods of depression about half the employes who are laid off, though seldom selling stock which they have paid for and own outright, will cancel subscriptions to stock that is being paid for. The amount of money paid in, with 6 per cent interest, makes a nest egg at a time when they need it.

Bell Telephone stock has sold as high as 135 the past five years, but employes purchasing it at different prices established each year have usually got it below the market, and in no year has it cost them more than $111 a share. The stock itself pays 8 per cent dividends and is about to pay 9. Dividends are credited to the employe's account while he is paying installments as though the stock already belonged to him outright. The company charges him 6 per cent interest on his unpaid balance. This really reduces the cost below the price at which he gets it.

Watching Dividends and Not the Market

"WE FIND that the dividend of eight dollars a year on each share is the outstanding factor with our employes," said an officer of this company. "Very few of them watch stock quotations. After stock is in their possession, occasionally they will sell on a market advance; but the average holdings being four shares, the profit on a market rise is small. For the same reason there is little worry when stocks take a tumble in Wall Street. Our people know the company, the plant and management, and the absolute necessity of our service to the public. The spirit of the service creates confidence. Let me show you something."

He led the way downstairs to the enormous lobby, where a twenty-foot Christmas tree, decorated with colored electric lights, was surrounded by 1500 employes—men and women, boys and girls—having a Christmas sing. Some days later, in midholiday week, the writer looked in again and found them all up on the roof holding a dance in a big penthouse, with a Santa Claus, a jazz band, cakes and cider, and an occasional short speech from some official expressing good will and good wishes for the New Year. This spirit finds expression in telephone-employe journals, published in many cities—first-rate magazines, giving personal and company news, as well as technical articles showing telephone progress.

In one respect critics of these stock-selling plans are right. Promiscuous sale to employes of many industrial stocks would involve risk or loss, because the enterprises are not the sort considered gilt-edged by investors.

Almost invariably the corporation having such a plan is the leader in its industry, with great resources behind itssecurities. Or it is a local concern notable for conservatism and able management, often well seasoned by age. With most of these corporations dividends are as regular as the seasons. Their shares rise and fall in Wall Street, but more as a matter of fluctuation in general business conditions than of any serious change in their policies or activities.

To sell employes stock in less stable concerns would be an abuse of confidence, and good business sense would discourage the investment of all an employe's surplus in the company for which he works. Changesinmanagement, the times, the character of an

(Continued on Page 91)

Rendall Sat With His Eyes Glued Upon the Famous Trojan Hurler

THE HOLDOUT

By Lawrence Perry

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

IT WAS not often that Otto Summerman, president and ostensible owner of the Trojans Ball Club, heard from Thomas Loring, of the International Banking and Trust Corporation, who was the real owner of the Trojans. The club was a money-making outfit, and had been for some years back. When it wasn't figuring as a world's-series contender it finished the league season close enough to the leaders to satisfy the fans and give them confidence in the theory of better luck next year.

So Loring, who made it a rule never to bother much with factors who were producing for him, had let Summerman pretty well alone. If he ever went to ball games Otto didn't know about it, although from occasional letters received or a hint dropped at infrequent conferences downtown in the towering International Building, Otto had reason to believe that the old man would have been able to tell which was Babe Ruth and which was Ty Cobb had he met the two stars in company.

When the Trojans returned from their last swing around the Western circuit in the middle of September Summerman found on his desk at the club offices a note from Loring requesting him to come downtown at his earliest convenience. Summerman went at once.

Loring sat behind a great rosewood desk in an office wainscoted with California redwood. He gestured as Summerman's round red face, topped with a thin Teutonic pompadour, which began low upon the forehead, appeared in the doorway.

"Come in, Summerman, and sit down. Take a cigar there." As the baseball man abstracted one from the box and settled himself in a leather chair Thomas Loring pushed a button. "Tell Mr. Rendall to come in," he said to the negro attendant, who had a desk in the anteroom. "Just a minute, Summerman."

Loring picked up a letter, while Summerman sat puffing his cigar, speculating as to what the old man intended pulling. He fancied he had an idea. The Trojans had been beaten out of the pennant on the Western trip and would be lucky to finish second. Well, he was ready with his alibis. He had enough of them to choke a horse. His indignation as he rehearsed them in his mind grew steadily, so that finally his mood placed him beyond the power of any reproaches that Loring might bring to serve other than throw him into a rage.

When the door opened and Rendall entered with brisk step Loring turned upon Summerman an amiable face.

"Mr. Summerman, I want you to meet Mr. Jack Rendall. Did you ever hear of him?"

"Heard of him, Mr. Loring? Sure I heard of him! You're the pitcher of the Haletons—what do they call 'em? The varsity, Mr. Rendall, ain't it? I heard good report of you from Slim Connor, one of my scouts." He turned to Loring. "We keep in touch with the good ones wherever they come, Mr. Loring. Mr. Rendall, let me see—you told Connor you was not thinking about baseball; you was thinking about college. Out in Chinchinetti, where you comes from, Pat Moran told me you said the same thing."

"Yes, that's exactly what I said, Mr. Summerman."

Instinctively Rendall's eyes flashed toward Loring, perhaps seeking some signs of approval. But the man's face was expressionless.

Summerman meanwhile studied the boy with drafty pig eyes, reading the unmistakable signs of his six feet of stature, his square, intelligent face, his long arms and fine-looking hands.

"We could make you a nice offer, Mr. Rendall." The voice was smooth, velvety. "Say a five-hundred-dollar bonus for signing a fifteen-hundred-dollar con——"

"Just a second, Summerman. Rendall is employed in my foreign department, and in another week he goes back to college."

The baseball man glanced perplexedly from one to the other.

"I see—yes."

"Yes, Summerman. I just wanted you to meet Jack Rendall—wanted him to know you."

"Yes, sir. Glad to know him. Some day I been very glad to have Mr. Rendall take lunch with me, or something."

"All right, maybe he will." Loring gestured. "That's all, Jack, thank you."

"Yes, sir." Rendall, who had been studying his employer covertly, hesitated, turned to go and then finally at the doorsill he halted and faced about. "Mr. Loring, will you send for me as soon as you are at leisure? I have something in which you might be interested."

"All right, my boy, come back in fifteen minutes."

"Thank you, sir."

Loring turned to the other man as the door closed.

"What do you think of him, Summerman?"

"I never seen him work, Mr. Loring. But reports on him is good—fine. He looks like the goods."

"He is the goods, Summerman. They say the boy is the best college pitcher in twenty-five years. I'm no college man, but that means something. At least so they all tell me. I don't know a whole lot about baseball ——"

"No, sir."

"But maybe I know something you don't know, which is that if you're going to run a baseball club at a continued profit you have to keep your eye on the sources of material."

"You mean players?" Summerman took his cigar from his mouth, flushing. "Who is there, Mr. Loring, that keeps their eyes open better than I do?"

"Summerman, there was an article in one of the papers Sunday which said that you relied on buying made stars rather than developing young players. The chap who wrote that hit the nail on the head. Of course I've no complaint when you get your money's worth. But this season you've let the club in for sixty thousand dollars cash, three outfielders, all of whom hit between .270 and .280, and a promising pitcher in return for two stars who haven't earned their salt."

"Mr. Loring ——" Summerman struggled to his feet.

"Oh, sit down, Summerman! You play according to a system, and sometimes the system goes wrong—I understand that. I don't say your system's all wrong; not a bit. But when it does go wrong it's a bad investment, no matter how many alibis you have."

"Well, if you ——"

"Wait a minute! I'm just showing you how to vary the system once in a while. It's only a fool who plays everything on one string all his life. Now, Rendall—do you know what I did with him, Summerman?"

The man shook his head sullenly.

"When he was a sophomore I heard about him. I knew some day we might need a real pitcher, so I offered him a summer job in my company. He's been with me three years."

"I can't start a charity for players, Mr. Loring."

"He's no charity. He's a bright young man, Summerman. He's paid his way. But the point is that I've been stall-feeding him for three years, and next June the Trojans are going to have a brand new eighteen-carat pitcher cheap. Catch it? Lord knows we need one! Curtis is going back fast—he won't last. Rendall will fit in as quickly as Mathewson did when he came out of college."

"Well, I'll be glad to try him."

"I know you will," was the dry reply. "Now here's my point—look ahead. When you see something really worth while, let me know. I'll take care of him, just as I have Jack Rendall. But no flivvers, Summerman."

"All right, Mr. Loring. When I get something good I let you know. Is there anything else?"

"No, nothing, except that when the Trojans come back from Texas early next spring I want the team to stop off at Haleton and play a game. Tell McArthur to arrange it. There'll be no trouble, I guess, so long as we're willing to make a visit."

"No, I guess not." Summerman arose, shook Loring's hand solemnly and walked out.

"Mr. Loring," began Rendall when summoned into the great man's presence a few minutes later, "I went up to Cokedale to see that steel-mill team of yours play last Saturday, as you asked me to."

"Oh, yes, Rendall. Let's see—what was it I wanted you to do?"

"You wanted me to see if Dorgan and Miller amounted to much as big-league prospects. They don't."

Rendall had a crisp manner of speech and at every word perfect white teeth flashed. Loring was smiling.

"Sit down, Jack. You may have wondered why I should be interested in big-league prospects. Well, between you and me, I own the Trojans."

The man chuckled at Rendall's surprised countenance.

"Yes, between you and me, I own 'em. My amusement—same as that steel mill. Have to have something. Well, we'll talk about baseball at some future time—just wanted you to know. So you don't think much of the Elite Mills battery?"

"No, sir. Dorgan's fast, but that's all he has. Miller's a good catcher, sir, but he can't hit."

"Who'd they play?"

"The Acme Steel Corporation's team. That's what I wanted to talk to you about, sir."

"They had something, eh?"

"No, sir; I didn't mean baseball."

"All right, what did you mean?" Loring's voice betrayed waning interest.

"Why, the president of the Acme company, Caleb McCracken, came down to see the game. He's an old Haleton man. I got to talking with him and he seemed to take a fancy to me."

"Yes?" Loring's eyes were fixed upon the young man.

"After the game he took me in his car and we went over to Crestville. I stayed all night with him, and next day we went out and saw his mills; and then I went through the company's mines, which were close by."

"I see."

"Mr. McCracken's an old man and sick of business, Mr. Loring. Wants to get out of steel."

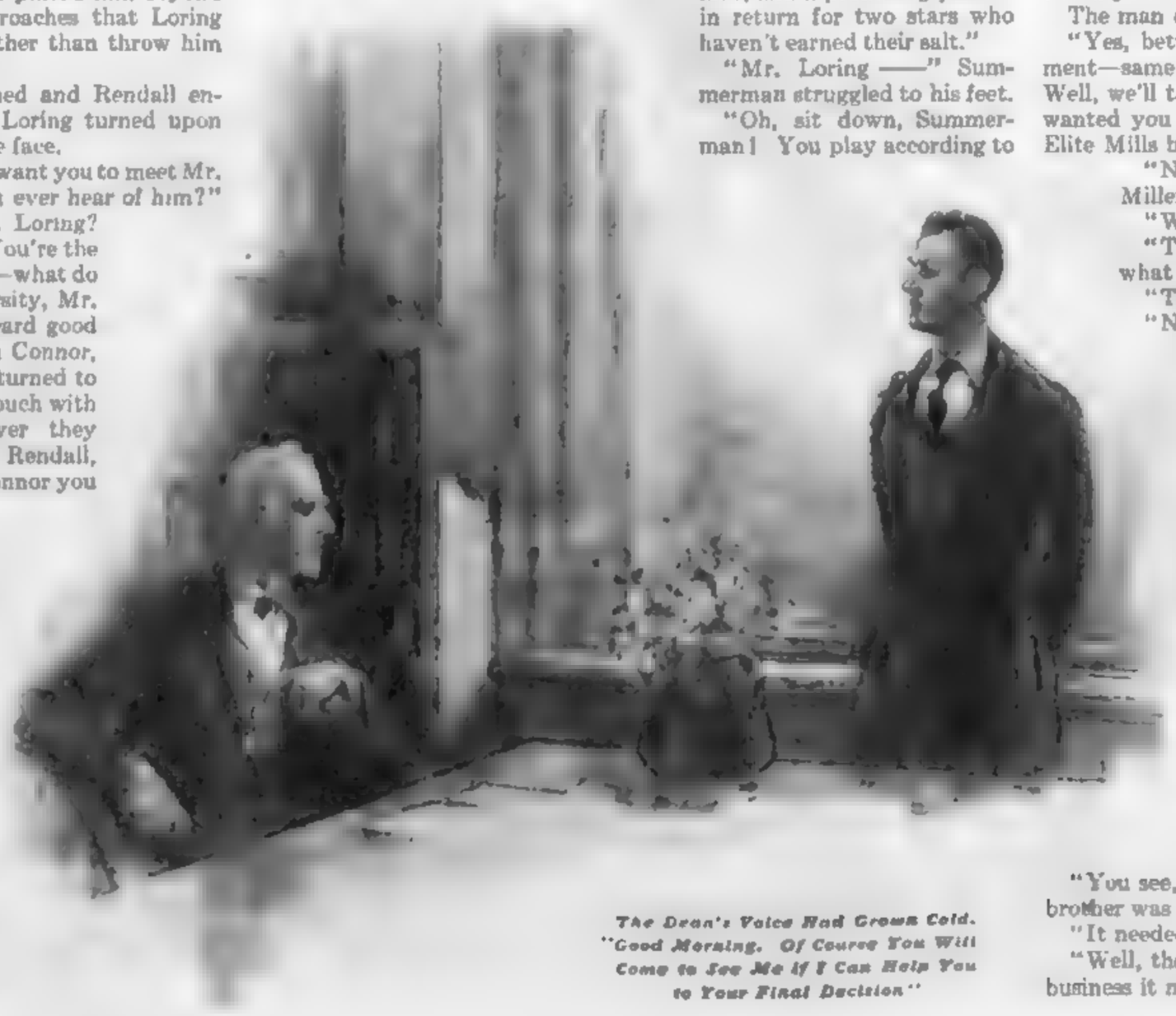
Loring languidly lighted a cigar.

"Is that so?"

"You see, he lost his brother last year, and I guess his brother was pretty much the livewire of the concern."

"It needed more than that."

"Well, the plant is run down, sort of. Isn't doing the business it might."



The Dean's Voice Had Grown Cold. "Good Morning. Of Course You Will Come to See Me if I Can Help You to Your Final Decision"

"In these times, Rendall!"

"Well, I mean generally. His sales department is dead."

"You told him that?"

"Well, sir, I—I intimated it; that is, I told him what I should do if I were in his place."

"Go on."

"His mines are great. You know I've specialized in metallurgical engineering at college. Struck me as a great thing to have mines right at the mills."

"It is, Rendall, it is great, and unusual, too."

"Yes, sir. So here's what struck me: One of the engineers at the Elite Mills told me that our mine won't last more than nine more years."

"What struck you, Rendall?"

"Why, Mr. McCracken would be willing to sell and get out of business. I thought it would be great for the mill you control if you'd buy the Acme—if only to own the Acme's mine."

Loring arose, walked to the window and stood for a moment studying the roofs of neighboring skyscrapers.

"Did you speak of this to him?"

"Why, I—I—yes, I spoke of it. I said I'd put the thing up to you, and that you would probably be glad to take an option."

"For Your Own Good I Hope They Knock You Out of the Box"

"So that's what you said! Our engineer told you that the Acme mine wouldn't last more than nine years, did he? Rendall, let me give you a little talk on the steel business."

"Yes, sir."

"In the first place, then, nine years is a pretty long while for a mine to run, provided your stock has got market value and you keep it so—some job, these days—until in, say, four or five years you sell out."

"Well, of course, sir, if ——"

"Wait a minute, Rendall. That's one angle. Now again, conditions in the steel industry might be entirely reversed in nine years. Why should I buy a decrepit old property?"

"The mine isn't decrepit, Mr. Loring."

"This is a period of overproduction in steel. We haven't been depending upon our mine to keep us going. If we did we'd be operating on the basis of certain conditions that existed when you were quite a small child."

Loring laid his cigar upon a corner of the desk.

"Young man, we always have metallurgical specialists scouting for new property for us. Some we have options on; others we can get options on when we want them."

"Did the specialists ever investigate this mine, sir?"

"Well, can't say offhand. Probably did. If so, the reports weren't sufficiently interesting to attract my mining factors."

Rendall sprang to his feet, flushed, eager.

"Well, then, Mr. Loring, I have it on your experts. That Acme mine is one of the best of its size in the country. My father was a mining superintendent before he died, and I was brought up in the iron country. So I had a practical knowledge before I went to college."

"All right, Jack, that's fine. You go on back to college, and when you graduate next June you and I'll have a little talk about things. Meantime, thank you for your interest. If I have a change of heart I'll let you know."

"Yes, sir."

Rendall rose disconsolately and walked out of the room.

II

THE Trojans blew into Haleton University en route from the South early in April—a fine, stalwart, sunbrowned set of athletes collected from all parts of the country. There were young men from the Southern mountains, lithe and rangy, with clear, sharpshooter eyes; there were players from the Southwest, with swarthy faces and badger haircuts; there were tall, silent New Englanders and loquacious representatives of the West Coast. In all, the club was a national melting pot, or catchall, as you please, such as only a big-league outfit can show.

One or two of them were pretty nearly illiterate; several were holders of college diplomas; the majority were of the average of intelligence which might be expected of young men of whatever calling who have gone to work before they could claim eligibility for a high-school curriculum. But over and above all they bore the big-league mark, the mark of men who are in high degree manually proficient, who are physically strong and alert, who think quickly in emergency, who are game, who have seen much of the country and met many sorts of people. They had an almost overpowering pride of calling, a conversational patter all their own and a flair for dress usually acquired which marked in prevailing mode a nice medium between the young Wall Street broker and the film star.

Their attitude toward the beautiful university of Haleton was one of unobtrusive condescension, although Rendall thought he detected the spuriousness of it when he overheard big Jeff Trenholm, the catcher, admonish a little young rookie of promising ability that if he forgot his newly acquired manners and tried his sword-swallowing act at table with the Haleton team the knife would be shoved down his throat in a manner not agreeable. For with a poetic sense of the deference due an outfit so exalted as the Trojans the graduate manager of Haleton had arranged for the two teams to lunch together at the training table.

Summerman, who had come down from the city to meet the team, sat at the head between the two captains, and Rendall found himself placed at the side of a player who had been one of the greatest moundmen in the country, a college product. As baseball players go, he was an old man—he had passed his thirty-fifth birthday—but he revealed no signs of his advanced age. True, his face had lines, but the faces of even the younger men were for the most part streaked and seamed. His eyes were clear, his color perfect and every move was graceful. Though he was below the pinnacle of his fame, he was still effective.

"I didn't have a very good season down South," he said. "Worked in only two or three games. Didn't have much—nothing. Can't quite make it out. Usually start in all right from the first. Felt all right, but no snap."

"Will you pitch to-day, Mr. Curtis?"

"Think I shall. Asked Stengrue to let me have a workout. It's warmer to-day than it's been down South. How does your team hit?"

"It'll be the best hitting team we've had in ten years, I think. Two outfielders batted for .350 on their freshman team, the catcher hit .400 on the varsity last year and two infielders are over .280."

"That so?"

"Well, college ball, you know."

"Sure, I know."

Curtis seemed a quiet, unaffected sort of man. Rendall liked him a lot and was moved to make conversation.

"You're a college man, aren't you, Mr. Curtis?"

"Yes."

"What do you think about the game as a career?"

"Oh, it's a living, like anything else."

"I mean for a college man."

"You're a pitcher, aren't you, Rendall?"

Rendall nodded, making no other reply. He did not feel at all rebuffed, since the leaguer's manner implied nothing of the sort. None the less, it was clear that Curtis didn't wish to talk along that line. Rendall regretted this, since it had become increasingly apparent to him that Thomas Loring might wish him to join the Trojans upon graduation. It was not that he had said anything definite, but his hints none the less had been plain enough. At first Rendall had not relished the idea, although he had held no pronounced convictions one way or the other; but later the idea in some of its aspects had begun to appeal to him.

First of all he felt he owed something to Loring, but chiefly there was his mother at work in an office in order that she might be self-supporting while her son worked his way through the university. The more he had thought, the more the prospects for a rather large, quick and easily and agreeably earned income struck him as an opportunity providentially risen upon his horizon. Of course he would take no small sum. Loring, in all probability, would not expect him to. Then if he failed he would have his bonus and first year's salary, anyway. But his mind held no thought of failure. He believed he had it in him to make good. He glanced at Curtis.

"Yes, I'm the team's first-string pitcher," he said. "I've been wanting to ask you, Mr. Curtis, is that Mary Ann ball of yours a real patented thing, or is it a newspaper name for something that every good pitcher can throw—a little better, maybe, but still the same thing?"

"No, it's my own."

"It's a sort of an in-drop, isn't it?"

"Sort of, yes."

The boy's eyes glistened.

"How do you throw it? I'd like to learn that."

"Oh, just that way." Curtis flipped his hand swiftly.

"Well"—Rendall laughed—"that doesn't tell me much. Don't you ——"

He checked himself abruptly, catching Curtis' frown and realizing upon the moment of speech that such things as Mary Anns and the like are the bread and butter of big-league moundmen, who in the very nature of things would not be likely to reveal the secret of their wares to rivals, either established or potential.

"How long have you been in the big league, Mr. Curtis? Ten years, isn't it?"

Again there was a pause, but at length the man replied after Rendall had fancied that he would not:

"No, eleven years. This will be my twelfth."

Rendall whistled.

"I'm living on borrowed time," added Curtis with a touch of gloom in the sentence.

"Depends on how a man lives and keeps himself, I guess," observed Rendall cheerfully.

"I guess so."

The great pitcher did not seem interested in the trend of conversation. Rendall conceived the idea that he was not a happy man, despite his nation-wide fame, the adulation of thousands and his fine salary. A constraint fell upon him, and Curtis made no effort to pick up the burden of conversation. (Continued on Page 49)

"Let Me Finish, Mr. Loring! I'm Talking Now!"

VENGEANCE IS MINE

By RITA WEIMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

IN THE front part of Madame Delys' shop, which smiled upon Fifth Avenue with the invitation of a coquette displaying her charms, manikins paraded. They trailed across the mauve velvet carpet with furs worth a fortune wrapped round their boneless forms, with feathers dripping over correct black or red or golden coiffures, with looks of utter weariness surmounting brocade and satin evening cloaks. The women who sat mentally putting themselves into the same cloaks and hats and wraps without the slightest realization of difference in avoirdupois looked slightly less bored but equally disinterested. Parading before them, those girls might have been so many mechanical dolls, the richness of the wares displayed just so much tarlatan.

Only one of them all appeared to evince the slightest enthusiasm. She was young, with sharp eyes and a keen mouth, in spite of dimples at either corner, and she was buying with the reckless disregard of one whose own bank account is not to be depleted by the purchases. Little toques and broad-rimmed shade hats were tossed with a nod to the saleswoman as she sat before a mirror, piquant face tilted to one side.

At the back of the shop, tucked away in a cagelike alcove so that those about to buy might not be reminded of anything unpleasant in the way of charge accounts or money, sat the keeper of the books. She, too, was young and her eyes were sharp, but it was a different sort of youth and the sharpness of the eyes was the hardening that follows tears rather than the thrust of cupidity. Her little room was on a line with the mirror from which the piquant face gazed, and she counted the hats that were bought, as the knitters of the French Revolution counted a stitch with the falling of each head. In her eyes was the same look those women must have worn—stony, triumphant, demanding payment in full from an enemy. For a long time she sat without moving, intent upon the other woman, her arm flung across the book whose pages held more than one secret in its careful columns, on whose blue-lined surface was written, not in words but figures, more than one tragedy as yet unread.

It was because the girl whose arm lay across it had read one of the stories those columns covered that her eyes glittered as they looked into the mirrored face. It was because the copy of a certain letter dictated as a result of one page's mounting figures had fallen into her hands that she breathed quickly and a smile without any humor in it settled upon her face.

The letter was quite simple:

NEW YORK, Nov. 30, 1920.

MR. CHESTER BLAKELY,
—— Broadway, New York.

Dear Sir: The enclosed account, which has been running since January 1, 1920, has been repeatedly called to the attention of Miss Forrester. She refers us direct to you. As our books must be balanced by the first of the year, we regret the necessity of demanding an immediate settlement.

Very truly yours,
DELYS.

The account ran far into the thousands, for wraps and hats purchased by the little lady who was just now busily engaged in purchasing more. The smile without any humor in it deepened as the girl in the cagelike alcove reread the letter, made a neat copy of the bill, and put both into her pocketbook.

Anyone glancing in as he passed would have seen the shadow of former beauty on a face drawn tense. All the muscles were tightened. There was neither softness nor mobility to the white skin. The mouth was thin as if from constant pressing together of the lips. The hair, looking singularly severe against the whiteness of the skin, was dark brown, from which the ripples had been brushed smooth. The hands were too thin and the graceful curves of femininity had disappeared from a body now straight as a boy's. But the tragedy of Ann Graham's dead beauty lay in her eyes. They were large and dark as the sky at night, and should have been luminous. But their gift of tears and laughter had been spent. They saw only hard facts, took count of no possibilities but the grim ones of a fate that had not been fair. As her hands placed the pocketbook in her hand bag and closed the latter with a decisive click, those eyes were bright with triumph, arresting with the might of their determination.

She Sprang Up, at Bay, and Passion Tore Through Her Lips. "You Can't Stop Me!" She Cried

Her big moment had come! The moment for which she had worked and striven and sacrificed all else that it might be hers! The moment toward which she had builded as a man builds his house, first a structure of steel and then stone on stone carefully, that there might be no chance of destruction.

Two little slips of paper, and her account would be settled with one who as far back as six years ago she had sworn should pay her in full. Well, he would now! Six years of waiting and planning had found fulfillment. Six years of misery concentrated on this end! Six years of loneliness! And to-day her thin hand held his fate just as six years before he had held hers, crushed it, tossed it aside carelessly, and left her life dead.

Miss Forrester completed her selection, decided cunningly that she would take the hats with her, pulled a fur turban far down over one eye and made her way to a waiting taxi, followed by a small boy weighted with boxes.

The girl in the alcove let her own gaze come back to her books. But for the rest of the afternoon she saw the figures through a mist, wrote them down on the bills she was making out as automatically as if her hand moved by wires.

At 5:30 she put on ulster and hat, buttoned the imitation-fur collar close about her throat, and with the throng of workers stepped into that mystic hour of winter twilight when New York veils her face for the night and lights spring into being as if touched to life by a magician's hand.

Ann Graham's step was springy. Her body burned. Her hands were icy. She felt the breathless excitement of hope realized, of prayers about to be answered which she had been afraid were uttered in vain. As she sped up the avenue tears were in her eyes, tears that merely lay upon the surface without softening them. Her lips trembled though she tried hard to control them. She felt as if her thoughts must be written across her face so that every passer-by might read. But those who noticed her at all in that outpouring throng saw nothing more than the straight figure of a white-faced girl hurrying uptown. Only to ourselves does tragedy seem to have set its brand upon us.

She crossed Fifty-ninth Street and started up the long stretch that borders the park. Stark trees, mellowed against the mauve and violet and dusky blue of the sky, pointed upward. Here and there the sparkle of an early star came and went. The faint crescent of a new moon was already riding high. But Ann saw none of the soft beauty beyond her. She saw nothing of the present. It was the past on which her consuming thoughts dwelt, the past for which she was now about to strike back.

And as if that past were present she lived in it once more. Ann Graham, the prettiest girl of a small-town community, guarded by New England parents, brought up austerely in an austere environment, but whose quick blood made her heart sing with the joy of living, made her eyes dance with it, made the color come and go like the ebb and flow of sunlit waters. Ann, starting early for school because round the corner a boy would be waiting to take the books from her arm and link his own into it. The walk across the fields instead of by the straight road because it would take longer. The wait after school to meet each other once more. Childish games and pranks that covered the years of boy and girlhood, and finally for Ann, already the belle of the town, no other but Chester Blakely in the wide world. The others crowded the parlor of her house or whittled sticks on the front porch, but her eyes shone for just one, and the small-town community knew and accepted it.

The long carefree days of summer picnicking and canoeing, with the boy's eyes of adoration just beginning to make the girl's eyes fall. And then the night before his departure for a near-by college. A full moon and a little canoe on a silken river. The soft swish as they darted into a cove and banked the boat. The climb to a spot between trees interlaced, the long silence as they looked out at the beauties God had given them, all for their own. Silence, fraught with perfume and dreams, Nature handing to two young things her richness of hope and promise. The girl, gazing star-eyed out to the river, her profile silvered against the dark trunk of a tree. The boy's lips coming reverently to her forehead, then traveling to eyes and cheek, and suddenly the crush of his arms about her. His whispered: "Ann, Ann darling! I love you—I love you! You will wait for me? You won't let anyone take my place while I'm away? Say you won't! Tell me you love me—that you're going to belong to me always." Her soft, warm lips answering his, unashamed of the intensity of young love, her two arms round his neck.

And with that kiss the boy and girl had become man and woman.

It all passed before her now like the flashback of a cinema. The lips that had given their warmth as for all time curled with scorn for the girl whose faith had been so simple, whose love had been the one thing in her life, who had sung her joy to the high heavens.

She saw once more the pride with which her dark head with its ripple of glossy curls had tossed up as she told one after another of her mother's friends and her own that she and Ches were engaged and going to be married as soon as he was out of college. She saw herself embroidering dainty linens, with happiness and plans in every stitch. She saw Ann Graham, with cheeks of rose, opening a bank account with her small savings against the day when there would be a home to furnish. She had wanted to be Ches' partner in everything, not a hindrance to him. She lived again through the romance of his vacation days, the impetuous ardor of courtship, pledges redemanded and respoken, now a livid scar upon her soul. And her head went back and she laughed, a long laugh ugly to hear. Four years of it! Years of waiting and planning and saving! Years when she had shut out everything else from her life! Years in which her very soul had been his!

And the day when he had left for New York just before their wedding, to visit an uncle who offered him a chance in business there! Her happiness at the prospect it held out—what a joke that had been! She saw herself once more with face strained to the car window from which Ches gazed down, and through the tears of several months' separation her eyes shining with hope for him. Her hands reaching up for that final grasp of his, her mouth lifted for a final kiss, the race beside the train as she tried laughingly not to lose sight of him.

For all to see on that lifted face was the light of the woman who had given all she had to give, whose love flamed, a sacred thing to which she was on her knees. For all to read who stood on the station platform was the open book of a girl's young life consecrated to the one being swept out of it.

And then her letters, thrilling with anticipation! They two in the great city, making their life together! They two pushing him to the heights of success where he belonged! They two with a great love that would make even the big metropolis seem small!

She looked across the park, with two daggers in her eyes. They saw, not the shadowy trees and glimmering lights of the city of dreams, but recurring as it had, an ever-present nightmare in the years past, the vision of a girl thrusting a little finger under the flap of a letter, tearing it all zigzag in her eagerness, and spreading the white pages to read:

Dear Ann: I know you will think me a coward, but this is the only way I can bring myself to tell you the truth. I've tried to fight it out, to make myself go back and face you, but I can't. There's no other way but this. Ann, I can't marry you. I don't love you. It was a boy-and-girl fancy and I've grown away from it. I've grown to care for someone else. In the few months I've been here she has come to mean everything to me, and I know you are too fine to want to force me into marrying you ——

For an instant the girl hurrying up Fifth Avenue became once more that vital young creature huddled in an arm-chair with an open letter in her hand. For an instant she stood stock-still, breast heaving, reading again through the night those words that flung her like some cumbersome thing out of the path of love. For an instant she caught hold of the low stone wall and stood swaying. And then she looked down as the vital young creature of her vision toppled out of the chair and lay with life broken at her feet.

With her was the old throbbing of misery and shame—the fury of the woman scorned nursed in her breast for six years. They had been years empty save for the determination to face the man she had once loved, and settle accounts. That had been her goal, the idol she had set up to take the place of the one he had sent crashing.

At first there had been no bitterness—just the utter collapse of despair and humiliation; a little face sunk into the depths of a pillow no whiter than it was, staring blankly with wonder that life should have taken away the only thing that counted. Long nights of sleeplessness, broken only by sobs, the ashamed longing for arms that had ceased to want her, the tortured reliving of happiness that would never come again. And then after weeks of facing four walls, the first venture out of doors, to meet the sympathy, half sneers, of those who had whispered from lip to ear that the belle of the town had been jilted on the eve of her wedding. It grinned at her from windows. It jeered at her from every signpost. It laughed from every eye that looked at her pityingly. The lash of it flung itself across her and left her flesh raw. The shame of it drove her back to the cover of her own roof as a hunted rabbit seeks the shelter of the brush. She became a whipped thing, terrified of her kind, with lip always quivering, with eyes that shifted away from the scorn they read in every face.

And all the while she faced in her own soul the realization that she had not uprooted the love that was there, and hated herself for it. What kind of creature was she what low abased thing, to go on caring for one who had discarded her without even the courage to face her like a man? What sort of stuff was she made of? Had she no pride? Through the third degree of anguish she had dragged herself, and out of it; after months of suffering had come a woman with lips set hard, and the knowledge that there was room for no emotion in her being but that which demanded an eye for an eye, no aim but the consummation of that toward which her whole life should be shaped. She had gathered the fragments of that life and built them into another form, a monument that must be strong and solid with no chance of collapse, a monument at whose base burned the white fire of vengeance.

She drew from the bank the little hoard she had saved to furnish their home, counted it with the tears one sheds for the dead, and, once more ashamed of her own weakness, brushed them away with a hot hand and sent eyes and thoughts from the past, traveling far into the future. That future which now was about to be realized!

II

IT WAS not coincidence that into Ann Graham's hands had fallen the weapon with which she was going to strike peace, security, love from Blakely's life as he had struck them from hers.

From the day she packed her old-fashioned trunk and tore irrevocably from all bonds that might have held her back, from the day she pretended not to notice the dreariness of narrow gray walls in a cheap New York lodging house, Ann Graham mapped out her life to break his.

She took a course at a business college, paid for with the money that had been so jealously guarded for them both. Later she had little difficulty in finding employment. Rather did the positions seek her quick mind and unflagging application to work. With the utmost keenness she planned her first step.

Life had been kind to the boy of her dreams. That, too, made her lips curl contemptuously. Evidently a square

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Six Years She Had Waited for This Moment— and It Was Here

THE FIREFLY

By Maude Radford Warren

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

ADRIENNE slipped down the staircase as lightly as a soap bubble and shimmered into the living room, where sat Foster, her father, plump and prosperous; her mother, plump and placid; and her sister, Eleanor, slim and detached. At once her appearance changed the atmosphere. Foster put down his paper, lowered his eyeglasses as he stared at his younger child, and became disapproving and irritated. Mrs. Foster became alert and apprehensive. Eleanor lost her detachment, and braced herself against a possible family row.

Adrienne might have been taken from the cover of a French fashion magazine. Her black hair had that afternoon been plastered over with henna paste for fifteen minutes, so that it now shone with lovely red gleams; it was drawn up from her forehead and carried over her ears in two distorted bun-shaped bunches, as was the current mode. Every other girl with any pretensions to style was wearing it just like that, but Adrienne had arranged hers so that there was a subtle relation between the curve of her cheek and the curve of her hair. Her eyebrows were plucked; her luminous, inscrutable blue eyes had a line of black under them; she was heavily powdered, heavily rouged and heavily lipsticked. She wore a dress of peacock-blue sequins; the waist of it had very little front and no back at all, except an embryonic belt and two straps running up over the shoulders. The skirt reached just below her knees, and the most imaginative of critics could not have invented a petticoat under it. As Adrienne was not short, she displayed a long vista of silken hose. Between her lips was an unlighted cigarette.

"Have you got a match on you, daddy?" she inquired of Foster, who was getting ready for the rôle of heavy parent.

"I know well you haven't one on you," he said severely. "You have almost nothing on you. It's disgraceful!"

"If you knew what sequins cost, precious daddykins, you would thank your little ewe lamb for her economy. Besides, preaching is not becoming to you."

"Immodestly dressed—disrespectful ——"

"You mean my back? Then the powers that be or something should not have arranged for me to have such lovely dimples under my shoulder blades."

"Immodest—disrespectful ——"

"Disrespectful, daddyoodles? Is that your gratitude to me for trying to make a companion of you? Butch Barlowe, for example, my dear little current playmate, says there is no use of the prewar bunch trying to understand things. He says our elders are not only medieval; you are prehistoric. I say to Butch ——"

"Butch—a slum name!"

"Given him because he was so thorough in the way he killed Germans."

"No sensibility either—to treat killing in that cheap way."

"Well, Butch did the killing; I don't know that it was any less brutal to kill them than to allude to him as Butch. It wasn't us that made this war, anyhow; we're only the products of it."

As Foster looked on his beautiful daughter he felt a maddened impulse to shake her, and to take her in his arms. He was not the only male whom Adrienne thus affected, but he had a sense of responsibility which the other males, perhaps, lacked—a sense upon which he could not act. His helplessness infuriated him.

"I don't know what has become of the nice, modest, capable young people," he raged. "What good is your crowd, as you call them? Good to look at if you like chorus-girl types. But as to usefulness ——"

"I Wish You'd Drink This," He Said. "I've Telephoned Home for Help"

"I asked for a chance to be useful," interrupted Adrienne. "You know I wanted to go overseas and help Eleanor. I could have fibbed about my age and done a good job. But you kept me here poking along at knitting and such. You wouldn't even let me drive a car around, the way Nita Ames did. If I'm not useful ——"

"If you're not useful it's your own fault. I'd like to know what good Nita's training did her; if anything she is more—more modern than you are. All you young people, you're like that glimmering, glinting dress you've got on—dazzling to the eye, but no substantiality. You're like a flock of fireflies—the American species, Photinus, where both sexes are winged and luminous. You make a pretty shine, but when a man reaches for you, makes an attempt to get something out of you—why, you're just not there. You cumber the earth; you lack reverance as well as usefulness ——"

"But not charm, dad-orator."

"You are blasé ——"

"Indeed, there is something in that," agreed Adrienne. "I find now that when temporarily engaged to a man, telling him good night, the pang of parting lacks zest. When I say 'Ah, it is so hard to say good night!' and he says 'Sometime, darling, we won't have to say good night this way,' I give you my word, dadumples, the words entirely fail now to give me a thrill."

Foster explosively called on his Maker.

"I won't stand it!" he stormed. "This has to end! I won't stand your way of life!"

"Any old time my family isn't suited with me I can go and earn my own living," said Adrienne.

She walked jauntily into the hall for her opera cloak. Her father's wrath might have been mollified if he could have seen the weary and remorseful look that swept into the blue eyes, but he was now engaged in storming at his wife.

"How in the world did you manage to let the child 'get away from you in this fashion, Ellen?" he cried. "Why haven't you looked after her? If you hadn't been working all the time for war organizations ——"

"It hasn't a thing to do with it. Their way of dressing and talking is just the convention of their set. If it comes to that, those clothes are no worse than bathing clothes, and ——"

"It isn't the clothes, only; it's the conscious way she wears them. She and all those other flappers carry sex in every line of them, and they know it. And the things she says ——"

"I tell you it's only their fashion; it doesn't affect their real characters. Besides, Adrienne can take care of herself."

"How do you know she can?"

"Because she is so saucy to you, for one thing, and gets away with it," replied Mrs. Foster, her tone less sweet and more edgy.

Foster snorted and went back to his paper. His wife lowered her voice and turned to Eleanor, who had been listening to the parental dialogue with her eyes fastened on the towel she was embroidering. Once she glanced at a photograph on the table by her side. It showed a captain, with a blithe, young, eager face. The black frame signified that he had not come back from France.

"Safety and decorum and definiteness are what elderly people want," she was reflecting. "They have forgotten what an eager heart means."

The first eagerness of her own heart had gone when the man she loved had fallen in the wheat fields beyond Château-Thierry. She had picked up the pieces of her life somehow. That was why she was engaged in making ready her trousseau rather slowly.

"After all, Eleanor," her mother said, "why don't you take Adrienne in hand? You're only eight years older than she is, practically of the same generation. She would be far more likely to pay attention to you than to me." Eleanor raised her fine hazel eyes from her work.

"Adrienne took something out on father, he took it out on you, and now you are taking it out on me, mother," she laughed. "I suppose I ought to go to the kitchen and take it out on Kate, only I'm afraid she'd leave if I did. I can't do anything with or for or to or about Adrienne. She knows more for her twenty years than I do for my twenty-eight. I'm of that prewar bunch she speaks of, that doesn't understand things. I don't understand her, and she doesn't care to understand me, but we love each other. If I hadn't been in France, perhaps ——"

Eleanor sighed, glanced again at the photograph and put down her work.

"I don't believe I feel like doing any more to-night," she said.

"I shouldn't. And I was thinking only this afternoon that the happiest marriages I know have been built on friendship and a trustful affection which grows stronger with the years."

This was Mrs. Foster's fairly obvious way of telling her daughter that the mild affection she felt for the professor she was engaged to, so different from her flaming passion for her hero who had died, was quite sufficient to marry on.

"I don't know why it is," sighed Mrs. Foster as she went back to her reading, "that every time Adrienne comes into this room in the evening she upsets the whole family."

Adrienne meantime had gathered up her cloak and shimmered out of the house. She stood on the steps for a

moment, looking at the car waiting for her by the curb, wherein a tall, dark, broad youth lay flat on his spine behind the steering wheel, a drooping cigarette in his languid mouth. Adrienne made a little movement of reluctance and looked up at the dark star-sown sky

"Oh, why am I such a devil to them," she thought, "when I think exactly as they do? Just a few weeks ago all this was fun. Now it's—if I were religious or sentimental or something I'd call it dust and ashes. All the rest of the crowd seems to be having a good time, but to me it's all so purposeless. It's just as daddy says, I'm only a firefly—and with no real warmth. I glow for a moment, and then a black space is where I was. What's the matter with me, anyhow?"

Adrienne did not know that overstimulation and repletion were the matter with her. Not the most hard-working navvy that ever toiled, not the most ambitious farmer in harvest time, not the hardest-driven shopgirl or laundress has to work so fiercely as a member of a "brisk bunch" who wishes to remain popular. It is as important for such a girl to hold her place as it is for a worker to earn his daily wages. Anyone can be a good dancer in these days; and almost anyone can be good-looking. The "brisk bunch" takes these qualities for granted; what it judges by is dash, high spirits, ginger. Its members must always be game to meet every proposal, from going for a swim at four A.M. after a dance to running an all-night sandwich stand till breakfast time. Adrienne was sick of dancing all night, sleeping all morning, lounging all afternoon, or else going to matinées or *thés dansants*, her sole contribution to family life being to keep her own room and her own clothes in order. She had not read a good book since she had left school; she only skimmed the magazines. There was plenty of fine timber in her, but it was being whittled to nothingness.

Adrienne brought her eyes back to her escort, still reclining on his spine.

"Co-ee," she called.

He made no move to get out of the car, but bellowed lazily: "Come on, Adrienne; we're late already, old dear."

Adrienne hesitated: should she try to prick Butch out of his seat? Or was the effort worth while? She decided that she didn't care enough; and with a little shrug she took her seat beside him, giving his arm a little tap as a signal that he might start.

"You're putting my eyes out, all right," drawled Butch as he let out the car. "Guess I claim you here and now for a little jaunt up to a road house I know where we can get a little of the real stuff. Several of the bunch are going."

"Butch, why couldn't we just go for a nice long drive in the moonlight? To go fast on a lonely road, not talking much, not drinking any ——"

"Touch of liver, old pet?" queried Butch lightly. "What's the fun of not talking and not taking a nip? Don't we take a nip so we can talk better? Nothing gay about a lonely drive, is there? We can have a petting party just as well these days in a crowd as in a twosome."

"Oh, all right," agreed Adrienne absently.

"If you'd just as soon not go with me," said Butch, jabbing his toe viciously on the gas, "why, I can ask somebody else."

"Don't be silly!" said Adrienne lightly. "Lean down and give me a kiss and be a good boy."

"Start our petting party right now?" queried the mollified Butch. "All right."

But when he leaned over toward her she drew away from him.

"What's the matter with you to-night?" Butch admonished. "Girl can't risk getting herself unpopular these days any more than she could before the war. During the war you girls had it all your own way because you could drive ambulances and things, and nobody thought anything of it if you didn't have a long string of men trailing after you."

"After all," said Adrienne dreamily, "what would there be so dreadful in a girl being unpopular? What would she lose, I wonder?"

"The whole darn game," said Butch emphatically; "whatever it is she wants that either men or girls could give her she'd lose. For, don't you see, the fellows wouldn't have any use for her, and then the girls would follow the lead of the fellows."

"I see," said Adrienne. "Sometimes, Butch, I wonder if the game is worth the candle."

"Oh, Lord, don't you get to being world-weary," said Barlowe, again speeding up the car. "I had a dose of that this afternoon. Gordon Field was in the office. He's just finished one book and has come up to have a vacation before he starts another. He's my cousin, you know. He seems to know your family. Anyhow, he spoke of Eleanor. 'Member him?"

Did she remember? The long suburban street with its flickering lights vanished; the noise of the car and of Butch's drawling voice died away. Adrienne was back in a little village by the sea—a village where there was a swinging tide and sand dunes and pine woods. It was the scene of worship for her first hero—Gordon Field. He was there with his mother in 1916, just before he went across to drive an ambulance for France. He was there again in 1917, down from the training camp for officers. She, a long-legged schoolgirl—her frocks were longer then than now, she remembered—watched him and adored him, staring at him from corners of rooms like a devoted puppy, following him at a distance as he walked with the young women who had the felicity to know him. She never spoke to him; even Eleanor knew him only slightly. Young as she was, Adrienne saw that he was too intent on his work to think seriously of girls. He danced with wallflowers sometimes, and with popular girls often. He handed old ladies tea and held wool for them to wind. He smoked with the men and told them stories of what he had seen overseas; and he kept heart-whole.

Adrienne secretly made him her Sir Galahad, her parfait gentle knight, her Brushwood Boy, her ideal of all that a gentleman should be, in those days when she had definitions for things and old-fashioned conceptions of what a refined and considerate society should be like. A sad, rather bitter smile curved her lips and she lost her escort's next remarks.

"He turned into an author or something during the war," continued Barlowe, "but even if he doesn't make good, his old man has plenty of kale. But being an author or something gives him a darn gloomy if not sullen attitude towards things. Says the whole world is turned upside down. Doesn't like the way society is organized any more; talks like a Bolshevik, sometimes. Doesn't like the way business is run and labor grabs at everything. Nothing seems to suit him and everybody seems to make him sick. Says all the girls he knows nowadays are either parasites or toughs or imitations of movie stars, but not honest-to-God good citizens.

"Say, you know I think he was in love with a nurse or something over there—someone that worked, anyhow—and she died, or something. Can't account for his being so sour on girls any more. Plays around with them, I notice, but says he has to study them for his books. Says he wishes he could get hold of one that would dress up like a lady and not like a courtesan. I think he wants to get married, the poor damn fool, if he can find a real girl. He knocked the modern man, too, but I didn't take much notice of that. I guess he was just trying to keep up his reputation as an author. Anyhow, he doesn't try to avoid his kind, I notice; told me he was coming to visit us for a month. My mother is crazy to have him. Says a real filial person around the house will be a luxury to her."

Barlowe ran on contentedly. He was not accustomed to being interrupted by Adrienne. But his voice reached her only faintly, and his words not at all. She was seeing a big brown young man who walked by the sea without a hat, whose dark eyes were young and eager, whose smile made her think of all sorts of wholesome things and the very memory of whose deep voice could thrill her even now. Even now, when there was no young man of her brisk bunch whom she really respected, really liked; when those she did respect were so dull she could not like them; when she was coming to believe that the world Gordon Field had represented to her did not exist outside of books or dreams.

"You might put off your slumber for a few hours," said Barlowe aggrievedly.

Were all the men in the world now like Butch, she wondered; spoiled babies, having to be petted and deferred to? And had

(Continued on Page 42)

"If You Knew What Sequins Cost, Precious Daddykins, You Would Thank Your Little Ewe Lamb for Her Economy"

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PHILADELPHIA, MAY 21, 1921

Deflating the Taxgatherer

SUGAR, steel, wheat, commodities of all sorts, are coming down. Everything is being deflated except taxes. Everybody is economizing except the taxgatherer. There has been much conversation about governmental economy, but as yet there is little fire. Heretofore all the talk has been simply a smoke screen behind which the political transport has held on her old course, zigzagging from time to time to avoid a bill that would put a dent in her barnacled hull.

The present Congress was elected, among other reasons, to revise our revenue laws and to cut down the expenses of government. It has been called in special session for that, among other purposes. During the year preceding this special session there was much talk of changing the method of raising taxes, but very little of reducing them. That seems to be the height of political bad form. It simply isn't done. Nor is it likely that it will be done until there is an ill-bred, nation-wide howl of such proportions that our national, state and city legislators cannot disregard it. The most agreeable of all light occupations and the hardest to give up is the spending of other people's money, with the knowledge that when one wants more one has only to make a hurry touch through the taxgatherer.

The most urgent problem before the country to-day, excepting only immigration, is the deflation of the taxgatherer—Congress, State Legislature and City Council. There can be no final deflation of anything, no settled prosperity, no return to the "normalcy" of which we have been hearing so much in political speeches, until this is accomplished. But at present the thought of our legislators largely runs to changing methods of taxation and to tapping new sources of revenue instead of to cutting down expenditures.

The billion-dollar Congress is still fresh in the memory of the present generation. In our innocence we were rather proud of our Government for costing so much. This Congress, too, can immortalize itself as a billion-dollar Congress—by saving a billion. This can be done, and it should be done preliminary to consideration of the new revenue bill. The National Automobile Chamber of Commerce, in an instructive little circular on taxation that it has just put out, is even more optimistic than a billion. But a billion would be a good start.

Any sincere attempt to get together with the other powers on the question of world peace would result in much larger savings. We are being told every day by American leaders and financiers, by European statesmen and international bankers, that Europe is looking to America for leadership; that we can be a dominant influence in world affairs and policies if we will; that the other powers, in return for our help in their present dilemma, are prepared to join us, as the richest and in some ways the most powerful nation in the world, in any constructive world program that we may formulate. If that is true, why do we not use our influence to bring about peace and so to curtail the military expenditures that are ruining the world? We can do more for Europe, more for ourselves, more to rehabilitate the world morally and financially by initiating a peace program than in any other way. Either we have none of the influence, the standing, the power with which we are credited, or we are deliberately squandering billions and betraying humanity in not taking the initiative in an effort to minimize the possibility of war.

Since the beginning of the World War legislators in almost every branch of government have been running hog-wild, taxing and spending, spending and taxing; and all of it except the small change—more than ninety per cent of it, to be exact—is going for old wars, the World War and future wars. Farm taxes, city taxes, income taxes, inheritance taxes, taxes on living and on dying, taxes on pleasure and on pain, taxes on eating and on drinking, old taxes boosted while men sit up nights to invent new forms of taxation—that is what we have taken lying down, with half the world bankrupt and the other half skimping and economizing to make ends meet.

Taxation was once a fighting matter in America; there is even more reason for fighting to-day. The taxgatherer must be deflated, kindly if possible, with an ax if necessary; for no question is more intimately bound up with the liberty of a people than taxation. High taxes mean loose methods and extravagant management, incompetent planning and wasteful execution. The penalty for this sort of thing in private business is swift bankruptcy; in the public business of a rich country like America, slow bankruptcy.

Last November the nation voted overwhelmingly for a new deal on the promise of revised taxes and a business administration with lowered expenditures. But having growled fiercely at the party in power and having inflicted a deep and a painful bite on the tenderest or officeholding part of his person, the watchdog retired to his kennel for another long political nap.

Now a new Congress is at the door and the watchdog should be on the job. It looks like a friendly Congress, it starts like a well-intentioned Congress, but let's sniff around and get better acquainted. There is a strong sentiment and many able men in this Congress who are for the things that the people want—scientific taxation and a blamed sight less of it; careful spending and a blamed sight less of that.

With the watchdog at their heels to back them up these men will be in an overwhelming majority.

Good Anywhere

FOLLOWING the armistice the depreciation of the currencies of the different nations of Europe resulted in economic isolation to an appalling extent. This was exaggerated by the foolish Chinese walls built up at the new borders by the chauvinistic and inexperienced nationalistic governments. Recent months have witnessed a breaking down of artificial barriers to trade.

One of the phenomena attending greater freedom of trade is the tendency of good money to become legal tender in the countries of poor money. The best money in the world is the dollar. It is a premium currency; and in a certain sense the premium is higher the farther the dollar circulates from Washington.

Within recent months dollar remittances have assumed rather surprising dimensions. To a considerable extent these remittances are not employed as bills of exchange, to be returned ultimately to New York. They tend to remain in circulation as a premium currency. As illustrations of this fact may be cited transactions in real estate in the different countries extending from the Baltic to the Black and Adriatic seas. There is a dollar price for land in many of these countries. Land is bought and sold at so many dollars an acre and is paid for in dollars. Recently a large estate in Galicia was sold for ten and a half dollars an acre and paid for in dollars. The transaction is one of advantage to the seller as well as to the buyer, since the use of a relatively stable currency eliminates the element of speculation that otherwise attends all transactions in countries of depreciated currency.

To what extent this internationalization of the dollar may develop remains to be determined. In any event, the phenomenon represents a striking psychological fact, namely: That in matters of trade the spirit of nationalism deserts the country, and the caution of mankind takes refuge in the most stable currency available, irrespective of the location of the printing press. It has come within the domain of possibility that when the inevitable repudiation of paper money occurs in Europe the standard of reconversion will be derived from the dollar.

Self-Extermination

WE USED to have a pleasant theory, part and parcel of the great American myth of the magical melting pot, that low-grade foreigners fed in at the bottom exerted an upward thrust upon the older layers of population and pressed them into higher callings and less laborious lives; and that in time these newcomers enjoyed a like promotion through the intake of still newer arrivals. It was a pretty theory, and fell sweetly upon our credulous ears until we began to become aware that what is really happening is that the old native stock is being steadily bred out by the economic pressure of alien peoples whose centuries of inherited slum training enable them to underlive men and women of the early American strain.

So great is the sterilizing effect of incoming low-grade aliens that Mr. Prescott F. Hall, a high authority on the subject, declares that, despite the fact that upwards of thirty-three million foreigners have been admitted to the republic during the last century, most students are agreed that if we had had no immigration since 1820 our fine old stock of pioneer days would have so multiplied as to make our present population even greater than it is to-day.

There is strong evidence to support this opinion. In Massachusetts, for example, there are forty-five children for each hundred foreign mothers, but only twenty-seven children for each hundred native mothers. But Massachusetts people who migrate to regions in which the pioneer stock is still dominant show little or no lessening of their former fruitfulness.

The melting-pot myth is largely responsible for our unthinking policy of self-extermination. Sociologists freely predict that unless immigration reforms of a drastic nature are soon initiated there will come a day in the not very distant future when our economic level will be so lowered that only Orientals will be attracted to our shores.

Prof. Edward A. Ross, whose racial studies have attracted wide attention, depicts our possible condition at the close of this century and proposes a fitting epitaph for our dwindling native stock:

"Then, when immigration has ceased of itself, when the dogma of the sacred right of immigration has wrought its perfect work, and when the blood of the old pioneering breed has faded out of the motley, polyglot, polychrome, caste-riven population that will crowd this continent to a Chinese density, let there be reared a commemorative monument bearing these words:

"TO THE AMERICAN PIONEERING BREED
THE VICTIM OF TOO MUCH HUMANITARIANISM AND TOO LITTLE COMMON SENSE."

Since the foregoing lines were written enlightened public sentiment has made its voice heard in Washington. The last Congress proved its recognition of the gravity of the situation by passing the Dillingham Bill in the face of powerful opposition, only to have it nullified by pocket veto. Happily, a new draft of this measure is likely to become law in the near future, possibly before these words are printed. This legislation is not flawless; but if real Americans oppose it they put themselves in the position of a drowning man who curses a benevolent bystander for throwing him a fence rail instead of a life preserver.

IF THEY HAVE THEIR WAY

By Herbert Quick

WHEN Mr. Edward G. Lowry was giving us the information that every sixty-eighth person in this country old enough to earn a living is working for the United States Government I wish he had added up the numbers of people in the army, navy, state, city, town, county, village and township employ. Thus the whole government pay roll would have been taken in. Each of us could then have told what part of a person he has to support, in addition to his own family. It would be a goodly fraction. And I wish he had given us what the economists and statisticians call a graph—one of those sheets with squares all over it, and figures along the edge, and wiggly lines climbing up and down and across. Such a graph would perhaps arouse angry passions, but sometimes that is just what the country needs.

With such a chart the wayfaring man, though a fool, as most of us are, in a manner of speaking, could compute how long it will be at this rate before we shall all be working for the Government—a Leninish consummation devoutly to be avoided. But the present writer is not permitted to draw the many interesting conclusions which yearn to be pointed out. Working for the Government is a great industry; but my theme is another great occupation—that of making a living by telling the Government how to govern. This is what Dave Cowan would call "a good loose trade." Anyone may take it up. There are great opportunities in it, for it is growing fast, this good loose trade of working on the Government while it governs. And when the rapidly approaching time arrives when everybody will be working for the Government, thus making a living by marceling each other's hair and shaving each other, these unofficial governors of the Government will naturally be the floorwalkers, shift bosses, foremen and department managers. That may be why they are hopping in such an amazing way to this good loose trade now under discussion.

The accepted idea of the way the Government is swayed by outsiders is that it is done by the old-fashioned lobbyist—a dark man with a bundle or a woman with a pull—all working in subterranean ways. But it is not of underground lobbies I speak. I sing the bureau, the conference, the institute, the committee, the league, the legion, the brotherhood, the sorority, the association, the congress, the people with the offices in the Munsey, the Southern and other office buildings. Not dark men are these, but bright archangelic creatures who, instead of lurking in lobbies, have lobbies of their own. Instead of burrowing underground, they soar in the empyrean. Instead of doing corrosive work on our institutions in silence, they have trumpets blown before them as they attend hearings, and the more of the pipe and timbrel and instrument of ten strings there is in evidence, the better it suits them. And every one of them, fellow citizens, represents either nothing at all, which is often the case, or an organized minority, a special instrument, as against the great unorganized majority—which means you and me.

The Collar Button War

I WONDER if I can make the non-Washingtonian understand. Perhaps the history of a joke will suffice—for jokes, mind you, are always realities with the reverse English. A few of us one evening were dining in Washington at that period of the war when the watchword was to save not only civilization but leather and clothes and rags and paper and old iron and everything. One of our party, having grown weary of some of these importunities, said that he had in mind a typical scheme for economy. He was organizing the American Association for the Conservation of Collar Buttons. The rear collar button, our satirist said, and proved, is unnecessary. Think of the aggregate in gold and filling and labor wasted in this indulgence! He had already in mind a man who would underwrite this association—that is, he would give us his name, for we all were ready to join by this time, and by reason of our using his name he would let us have a part of his bank account. Of course we would have to have a badge—something that would call attention to the saving we were effecting. And for a badge, what more chaste and expressive than a collar button worn in the lapel of the coat?

But before we had gone to the badge stage some of us were to sound the alarm in the ears of the manufacturers of collar buttons and urge them to repel this attack on their business. Thus would be organized the National Collar Button Institute, and the names and the bank accounts of the manufacturers, too, would thus be utilized. Both the Anti-Collar-Button Association and the Collar Button Institute would have Washington offices with you-know-who in charge, with secretaries, economists, statisticians and clerks, and experts to attend hearings on such bills as we should see were introduced to accomplish our ostensible objects. And all this time the number of collar buttons worn would be exactly the same as if nothing had been done. Just a bit of persiflage, you say? Nay, it illustrates perfectly the workings of this new, good loose trade. Here's a true one—no, I shall not tell exactly what the industry is, for the boys were not and are not conscious of doing anything out of the ordinary. It was just a job with them. So let us call it the Bureau for Extracting Sunshine from Cucumbers. That is near enough, and is recognizable by any person in the trade; but remember that aside from the subject matter, which I have masked, I am narrating facts.

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Our Daily News

WEST BROADWAY

By Nina Wilcox Putnam

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

BELIEVE me, with that car of mine shooting down towards the Hudson, driven by a crazy man or a thief and a perfect stranger to me, I was in a worse fix than even when I made that famous eighteen-part million-dollar serial, The Perils of Palmetta, because of course this time it was real, with a police whistle blowing instead of a camera clicking behind us. But for three blocks, which we covered them in under two minutes, I could hardly realize that the director would not yell for us to come back and that I was actually being kidnapped and no fillum-flam about it.

When this horrible fact finally did register with me, however, I commenced a sort of weaving back and forth on my seat like a blind puppy, making little noises. I was so scared I couldn't make any louder sounds. And then I began to remember the pieces I had lately seen in the papers about murder cars, bond thefts and pieces of bodies of the female sect being shipped away in trunks or fished out of the river and so forth and ect. like a drownding person is supposed to during their last moment. Only one sane thing stood out real clear in my mind, and that was my diamond bar pin and my five-carrot ring, and I decided I would save them at all costs except my life, and by some feminine instinct I slipped them off and tucked them down the side of the seat under the upholstery. I done this like an automat, and then as we took a sudden swing southward on Ninth Avenue I was thrown violently across the seat, and there was a traffic cop on the crossing.

"Help!" I yelled, plunging toward the window.

But what do you know? The cop thought I was flirting with him, smiled and waved back at me, and let my new chauffeur dart through ahead of the rest of the traffic! As he did so I realized that in falling forward I had grabbed hold of the speaking tube so that when I yelled it had been covered by my hand. And at the same moment it come over me that the thief didn't know there was anybody inside the limousine! He wasn't kidnapping me, because he didn't know that I was there!

Right away I set out to cure that, and pounded on the glass with all my might. The thief was a good driver, I'll say, because, while it must of scared him half to death, he only swerved a little—escaped an elevated pillar and darted around two trucks before he turned his head. He give me one swift look—his mouth wide, his eyes staring, his whole face like a Japanese mask with astonishment. Then he turned back to the wheel, and instead of stopping stepped on her good and hard, and commenced a drive the like of which would of made a picture's fortune in the old pie-comedy days, darting across one street and back again up another—shooting along down a avenue and winding in and out among drays and trucks, pushcarts and delivery wagons at about forty miles a hour, but without even nicking one of them. The car, which Rollo was always kicking about, was smooth as butter in this guy's hands. I had to notice it, even at this time.

But I wasn't sitting still all this while admiring the bird's driving—not exactly! I was raising the very devil and all, but apparently it meant nothing in his desperate young life. He never even turned to look back again, no matter how I pounded on the glass or yelled into the speaking tube that I was Marie La Tour and I couldn't disappear without it being noticed and my husband would kill him and my cousin was a police captain and would have him pinched and a lot more. He never seemed to hear me, but just hunched his shoulders up and kept his mind on his business, whatever it was.

Was I scared? Oh, boy! But by now I was thinking clearer, and I realized this trip couldn't last forever. As we got further downtown we was bound to run into a traffic jam, and all I would have to do was open the door and step out. We were coming down Tenth Avenue toward Fifty-ninth Street now, and there was certain to be crosstown traffic and a cop there. And I was right—a block away I could see street-cars going over. But the devil was with my driver, because at that very minute the whistle blew, and we sailed by that crossing without even a hesitation, much less a stop,

I Opened the Paper and Let Out a Holler That Brought Jim Hopping to My Side

and at the same time I suddenly realized there was windows to that bus of mine which could be let down, which only goes to show what a boob a person can be not to of thought of this before.

But when I did remember, it took me several minutes to open one, because they are the old-fashioned kind that work on a strap, and you have to tease them down even in calm weather, and at the rate we was traveling it took longer than per usual.

My efforts got some results, just the same, because the driver evidently saw what I was up to and decided it was time to quit. At Fifty-seventh Street he turned west off the roaring Avenue into the comparative quiet of the side street, and to my astonishment parked smoothly at the curb in front of some quiet-looking brownstone apartments where only a few kids was playing on the sidewalk, jumped down from his seat, opened the door and stuck his head in with a grin.

"It's all right, Miss La Tour," he says calmly. "I guess we gave them the slip. Where shall I take you to now?"

And I fell back on my seat without for a moment a word to say. The man was young Tom Westman.

"You!" I says, completely taken off my feet, or would of been, only of course I was already sitting down. "Mr. Westman!"

"Correct!" he says briskly. "May I come in a minute and sit down? We can talk more convenient and less conspicuous."

Hardly knowing what I was about, I moved over and Tom Westman got in and shut the door.

"Whew!" he says, taking off his hat and wiping his forehead, which was damp with excitement. "That was a narrow thing! Miss La Tour, first of all, I owe you an apology. Lord, how scared you must have been! Can you forgive me?"

"Forgive you?" I says, bewildered. "Young man, is stealing cars your business, or did you know this was mine?"

"No—to both questions," he says. "Miss La Tour, don't get scared again, but I'm a desperate man. I'm in a lot of trouble, and I'd have taken any car that happened to be there. I had to, that's all! I'd have left it some place and telephoned the police where it was later if it hadn't happened by a miracle of good luck to have you in it. At least I suppose that was in the back of my mind when I did this."

"But what have you done?" I demanded to know. "What have you done outside of pinching my car?"

"I can't tell you," he says grimly enough now, and peering out of the window to be sure no one was after us yet. "I can't tell you a thing, Miss La Tour, except that I haven't committed any crime except stealing—or borrowing—you and your limousine. I swear by all that I hold sacred, that is the truth! But if I was to be caught right now I couldn't prove it to save my life. And 'my life' is right—it might easily mean that."

"But what are you running away for if you are so innocent?" I says.

"I tell you it was necessary—absolutely necessary!" he exclaimed. "Can't you—won't you believe me?"

I was watching his troubled young face real close while he talked, and there was something about his eyes—the same thing which I had noticed that night when I had talked to him down at the Mocking Turtle—that made me inclined to believe in him.

"I'll keep your secret," I says doubtfully. "But I do think you owe it to me to let me in on it."

"I owe it to somebody else not to tell!" he says desperately. "To somebody who is very dear to me. It means everything in my life—can you get that? And it's only for to-night I need your silence. I'll—I'll have to leave town to-morrow—to-night, if possible—and you won't be troubled by me again. I swear I'm not a crook. You can look up my record in the Red Cross and as a mechanic too. I've been a steady worker always. Believe me, I am doing this for reasons you couldn't help having sympathy over if you knew them."

There was a ring to his voice which listened to me like the real thing. I remembered how well I had liked him the time before, and somehow, in spite of my good sense, I decided he was telling the truth. After all, hadn't I seen hundreds of pictures with this very idea of a innocent crook at the bottom of them? Besides, if he wasn't on the level, why hadn't he run away after he parked instead of wasting all this time talking, or why didn't he hold me up or something?

I decided to ask anyways.

"Why didn't you beat it," I says, "when you got down off the front seat?"

"Because when I saw it was you," he says, "I wanted to explain. And I was sorry for frightening you. We are safe for a minute or two, and I wanted to be sure you was all right. And now shall I drive you home, or would you rather I just left you here and went away? I'll do just as you tell me. This is a big city, and it's perfectly possible that I can do it safe enough, although by now your driver

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MADE BY THE MAKERS OF CAMPBELL'S SOUPS

Are you ready, Mr. Grocer?

Next week, when the whole nation takes its great outing holiday, more pork and beans will be sold than in any other three weeks in the entire year (as proved by past experience). Campbell's Beans will be sold by the thousands of cans for picnics, boating, motor trips, camping, house parties, etc. Be prepared to meet this big demand. Feature Campbell's Beans in your windows and on your counters. Suggest them for the outing—it will be a service to your customers.

2 cans for 25c

Except west of Mississippi River and in Canada

Campbell's BEANS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

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will have given the cops the license number. What do you want me to do?"

Well, I just sat for a moment and thought hard.

"What did you say would happen if you was caught?" I says at last.

"They'd let me go," he replied, which was not at all what I expected. "They'd let me go. But somebody else—the one I told you of—would suffer."

"But what did you mean then by talking about your life being in danger?" I says quick, and watching him very sharp.

"I meant my life in the other sense," he says simply. And there was something in his voice decided me. Maybe I was a fool, but a person has to take a chance once in a while as they walk through life, and the same is true of motoring through it.

"See here, Tom Westman," I says slowly, "I believe you, and I'm going to take a chance on you. You are in a hole and so am I. To-morrow morning at nine o'clock my husband and me are leaving for California by automobile, and we haven't got any chauffeur. Do you want to go?"

Well, I guess that handed him as big a surprise as he had handed me that afternoon, all right, all right. He looked like he thought it was just too much luck, and he was pretty near right.

"Do you mean that?" he cried.

"I sure do!" I says. "Always providing Jim hasn't got the place already filled from the agency. You see, I look at it this way: Whoever he hires on such short notice we will be taking a terrible chance on, and I don't know but that I'd rather know in the first place that the chauffeur was in the habit of stealing the car, kidnapping people and dodging the police. At that, you probably got a cleaner record than a whole lot of drivers."

"You can look me up—have your husband do it," he says earnestly. "Ask the people I'll send you to anything you wish. But don't, please, tell them why you want to know." His face was all lighted up like—well, like a church. And then he got a thought which switched the currant off.

"But everyone will know you folks. Why, you will be in the spotlight the whole ways to the coast, and they'd nick me in a minute!" he says.

"Nothing of the kind!" I says, getting more interested all the time. "We are going without any trumpets at all for reasons of my own," I says. "And being spotted will be the least of your worries," I says.

"Just so long as you are absolutely sure you ain't murdered anybody or anything!"

"I swear!" he says solemnly.

"Well, then," I says, "let's go! Rollo's other uniform was on its way to winter quarters. It's in that box. Put on the coat and cap and let's go home and talk Jim into doing a little telephoning."

"*Oy, gewicht!*" said the boy. "You will never regret this. By my mother, I swear it!"

And then he done like I told him with the coat and ect. and actually on my word we got home to Riverside Drive without a hitch. And when we arrived it was by then dark. I told young Westman to leave the bus and come up with me, and he did, and there was Jim, waiting with all the patience and good humor of a wild animal in a strange cage.

"Well, did you get a chauffeur?" I says gayly coming in.

"Yes, I did—not!" says Jim. "And how you think we are going to start without—— Hello, who have we with us?"

"The chauffeur I so effectively, though a mere woman, have engaged," I says. "Come in, Tom, and get the razoo over with!"

And razoo was right. When Jim was wised up to the facts he hit the ceiling so hard he should of made a dent in it. But when we commenced talking references, and one of them was a agent Jim knew real well, why, he kept his feet on the orientals long enough to use the phone, and presently come back twenty degrees cooler to say Kaufman says the boy is O. K. and he recommends him highly.

"Well," says Jim at length, "I suppose we aren't taking any more chance than we would be with a perfect stranger. But just put this in your bank and draw on it, Westman—we are trusting you about this mystery thing, and heaven help you if you get us any sour publicity!"

Well, Westman promised and went away, after agreeing he would come back at eight-thirty prompt next morning, because we wanted to get a early start and make Baltimore by night unless he was arrested in the meanwhile.

Well, then I went down and got the diamonds I had parked in the upholstery, and then to save trouble Jim took the car around to the garage and paid off Rollo, who turned up there, and the next morning he went around again and got the Colby-Droit, which by now had the somewhat mended speedometer in it, and brought it to the house. And Tom Westman wasn't pinched overnight, but showed up on time with a neat suit and one small bag and a face that in the clear daylight didn't look like he and crime had the least thing to do with each other, and also he looked the engine over voluntarily while we was getting in the bags.

Well, I will say we got started without any unnecessary fuss and nonsense. My bag didn't have to be opened for the last time more than three times, and I only went back five times to kiss my baby, which was pretty good for a mother who was leaving her child to the mercies of its grandmother. And then when Jim had strapped the small bags on the running board and taken them off again and strapped the big ones in their place and undone the straps again to cover them with the tarpaulin and restrapped them he come up and got the rest of the things.

We really took very little stuff with us, having only two big bags and the Puller on one running board, the tool box on the other, my dressing bag, Jim's ditto, the four chains in a sack, the ax, the water bucket, the lunch wagon, the vacuum bottle, camera, our two sets of golf clubs just in case, Tom's bag, three pillows, a cardboard hatbox with my other hat in it, and Welcome, our doormat dog—one of these Sealyhams that is so fashionable, and I wouldn't leave him behind for worlds, even though ma, now that she was sure I was on my way and couldn't turn back, kept muttering insults about women which left their child but took the hound, which had just enough truth in it to hurt, but I would not give her any satisfaction by showing it.

Well, anyways, when all this stuff was in the bus you could see we was going some place. I thought it looked real snappy—sort of Far and Wide and Westward ho! But to Jim it looked like a good subject for complaint.

"What do you want them cushions for?" he says. "We look like the King and Queen of the first of May," he says. "And that hatbox! Let's can some of this junk! Anybody would think we was going to Alaska!"

"Better take them," I says. "Here we been waiting half an hour for you to get that car packed, and now you wanner unpack it again. Leave it alone! We'll never get started at this rate!"

"Well, all right! Just wait for one more thing," says Jim. "Just hold on until I set the speedo blank, and we are on our way!"

"Oh, and I forgot the lap robe!" I says, starting to get out of the front seat after just having got into it.

"Oh, to hell with it!" says Jim, climbing in back with the other luggage. "What do you want to delay the game for any more? We'll get to Baltimore after the town is closed, anyhow, at this rate!"

"Who's delaying the game?" I says indignantly, but getting back again into my seat next to the driver. "All right, we'll buy another one if we need it—shoot her, Tom!"

And young Westman, who was giving a first-class imitation of a stiff-necked chauffeur, but anxiously watching the street out of the corner of his eye, stepped on her, and by the Great Night Lights of Broadway we was off! Actually on our way!

Words cannot picture the queer thrill it give me to know in my heart we was all set to do in luxury that which some of our ancestors had done with ox carts and sheer will power. Of course, we was yet right in the same little old Manhattan streets that was so familiar, and still and all they didn't seem the same—I'll say they didn't! They had a kind of magic to them as I set there on the front seat with a heavy chiffon veil and a dust coat over my oldest suit, the dog in my lap and the blue-book in my hand. I felt like it couldn't be true, and yet there we was, the top down and the clear September sun shining on us dazzlingly, the air just full of pep like it sometimes is in New York. I felt like I could sing. But instead, as we was crossing on the Twenty-third Street ferry to Hoboken, I turned to Jim and says softly, "I found your toothbrush in the bathroom and put it in, dear," I says.

And Jim give me a peach of a smile.

"Thanks, cutie," he says. "Say, isn't this fun?"

"I'll say it is!" I says, smiling back.

And so we both realized we was still quite fond of each other, and it was like two sweethearts meeting at the old mill stream after being in a crowd for weeks and weeks, or the beginning of a honeymoon. And yet we hadn't even

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We Come by Field After Field of Bright Green Stuff, and This Was the First Time I Knew That Alfalfa Wasn't a College Fraternity

A Message from the President of the Cadillac Motor Car Company

Year after year it has been necessary for us, at this season, to caution prospective buyers of the Cadillac motor car against possible disappointment in the matter of securing delivery.

The necessity was never more urgent, as it is our conviction that the remainder of the year will witness the greatest shortage of Cadillac cars in the history of the company.

The Cadillac Company is firmly committed to the policy of building 8-cylinder cars which will continue to be the Standard of the World.

Present prices on Cadillac motor cars will remain unchanged throughout the year 1921.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY
R. H. COLLINS, *President and General Manager*

C A D I L L A C

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got as far as Hoboken! I felt soft and generous and didn't want to leave anybody out, so I turned to young Westman.

"Seems hard to realize we are really on our way," I says. "Will it be new to you?"

"I've never been anywhere in America more than a hundred miles from New York," he says. "Will we see any Indians, do you think?"

He was just like a twelve-year-old kid.

"I'll say we will!" I says.

"*Oy, gewalt!*" says Tom enthusiastically.

"I feel free from every care," I says. "Why, I haven't even seen the morning paper, and I don't want to! I'm going to see America, and, believe me, that's all the news I want!"

Westman made a funny sound at that, but at the time I scarcely noticed it, because a minute later we shot out onto the Hoboken Cliff Road, and I settled back to the observing which was the main object of my, as the poet says, sentimental journey.

It has always been my way, when starting off to any place I haven't been before, to look for things which will be strange and new, even before I come to them. I get all set like an eager camera to snap the first out-of-the-ordinary thing I bump into, and while, of course, I couldn't rightly expect to see anything real Western for some little time yet, I was on the key five, as the French say, right from the drop of the rope. And so I didn't hesitate about taking in facts and impressions of my dear country beginning with the direct route to Philadelphia.

That is to say, I would of begun my observations on it, only the road was giving a imitation of a shell-shocked battlefield, and so most of my observation had to confine itself to which part of the car to hang onto and where it was safest to land when I hit the seat again. I don't know is that road left the way it is—all concrete waves and unfinished artesian wells—as a kind of preliminary training for the transcontinental tourist, but I guess it must be for that reason, and it's the truth that while we later saw some fierce roads we saw absolutely nothing any worse for paving.

Under these conditions most people would of been blind to what they was passing through except in the sense of bodily torture, but being as I was, out to see my National Real Estate, I managed to realize that we went through a lot of factories—whole towns of them—and a person would hardly believe it, but some of them buildings actually covered acres of ground—no kidding! And it was kind of a shock to see how much stuff that a person only thinks of as sort of growing on a store counter is actually made. We felt quite excited whenever we recognized the home of a brand of anything, especially if we used the article ourselves. It seemed sort of funny, someways, to see the place where flivvers was assembled or rubber bands come from, or so forth and etc. It wasn't pretty, not after we left Newark, with its lovely park and artistic buildings around it, and got onto the main-traveled line, following the Lincoln Highway. It was sure a grim, smoky stretch, but pretty near everything in the world seemed to be made there, and Jim and young Westman kept pulling statistics about costs and capital on each other about these concerns which would make your hair stand on end; and of course they may not of been correct, but it give them pleasure and sounded terrible wealthy, and we didn't stop to check up on the companies' books as we went by. However, right or wrong, there sure was money tied up there; but what it had done to the landscape was a crime until we left Trenton, which was not full of colonial uniforms as I had sort of expected, because of always thinking of Gen. Geo. Washington being there, but which was full of factories instead.

Here the houses commenced to be a different style, and pretty soon we begun to go through these Jersey truck gardens you read about—big farms, they are, not auto factories as you might think from the name—but farms with celery you could smell a long ways off, and peach trees turning pale yellow and pink and lovely advertising signs as the principal crops. The closer we come to Philly the better the roads got, and the prettier the houses—lots of them was of stone—a sort of yellow color, with high roofs, and looked like they had been built forever, but custom built, and would last as long again, and a good example of the great truth that economy is the road to ruin, if you get me.

Well, Philly was no news to me nor to Jim either on account of we had often played it, and so after we had eaten a deservedly well-known fish blue-plate luncheon by mutual agreement, because soon we would be going inland to where the lobster was not and the oyster languished in the can; and taking turns, he and I going in first while Tom sat in the open car to watch the bags, and then we sat in it while he ate, and for the first time the fact occurred to us that all those things we had brought was going to be—as Jim put it—a hellova nuisance, because we couldn't possibly check them every time we ate, and we couldn't leave them either.

Well, anyways, we ate and beat it, and done our best getting out of the Quaker City, because some of the streets have numbers and some have names, and I notice it's the same with all cops and all natives in that place or any other—they think you are a boob if you don't know just where Hoosis Street is, and they say, why, it's just beyond Whatyoucallit Avenue, and when you own up to not knowing where that is, either, they look at you like they neither pitied nor hated you, but condescended to help your ignorance with a contempt too deep for words.

But after a while we found our way south in spite of directions, and started off sort of sick about would the road be as rotten going out as it was coming in. And I'll say right now that one of the peculiar things about a long trip is the-worst-is-yet-to-come feeling you get about the roads. You always expect the next to be like the last one, and it generally is, only more so. But for once this didn't go, and after half an hour we found ourselves actually floating along over a boulevard that wound around and over the prettiest hills you ever want to see—small, friendly hills—one much like another, covered thick with tame trees and with kind-looking farms tucked away in unexpected places like a Merry Christmas card without the snow, and you sort of expected to see a motto at the foot of each grade, but you hardly saw even a billboard, and I sort of missed them at that. It was like riding through the same country over and over again, and I got kind of drowsy over it and took to listening to a slap which had come into the engine. Next day I noticed Westman had taken it out, but he didn't show it to me the way they did with my appendix.

Well, anyways, these Pennsylvania hills was very pretty, but just about like a lot of country I had seen before, and it was not until we crossed the Susquehanna on a long bridge that I felt we had commenced to get into the wilds. I don't really know just why that word "Susquehanna" stands out so sharp in my mind; but it does, and I always see the vision of a statue of General Sherman when I hear it. Somehow this river looked the part. It would make a swell location for a melo—it is so wild and fierce, full of stones and little shaggy islands and great gloomy Xmas trees climbing up the hilly banks like proud soldiers in retreat. I made the boys stop on the far side while I took a long look at the melancholy, wild grandeur of the river raging down to the Chesapeake. Gee, I'd sure like to play a mountaineer's daughter or something on that location! And it is already historic in the life of the camera, because here is where Jim committed his first crime against the art of photography—a new vice in him, and one which alas! grew worse as the weeks went by.

But did he take a picture of that wonderful river? He did not! He took one of me and the dog and Tom Westman sitting in the car.

"You got to have people in a picture," he says, when I complained, "to give it any human interest. Besides, the river looks like nothing at all, in the finder!"

Well, we got into the city of Baltimore late that afternoon, and went to see a show that night, and I must say I was disappointed not finding the town more shabby and quaint and kind of run down and everything like you are led to expect a Southern city to be. It was far from it, being much like a little piece of upper New York—say Madison Avenue at Fifty-ninth Street, only bigger and noisier and about as quaint as Wall Street. I and Jim walked around for two solid hours looking for the picturesque poverty of the ruined South, but to no avail. The nearest approach to anything old-fashioned we found was a café where we went in the swellest taxi I had been in to date, we having let Tom take the car, and where we had even better sea food than in Philly, and served in a dining room with a black-and-white marble floor and a coon waiter who said thank you for a four-bit tip. I thought this must be the best food in the world, because I never ate any so good in a N. Y. café, but I didn't know the half of it—nor learned as yet that New York knows less about what is good food than any town in the U. S. A., but that is again getting ahead of myself. We were to eat and learn, as the poet says—or maybe it was the copy book—poets and eating don't seem quite right someways.

Well, next morning we went to a big fancy grocery—a branch of the one where we deal at home—and bought some chocolate and biscuits and oranges, "Because," says Jim, "we are now really starting West, and we don't know will we be able to buy them before we come to the desert, and may need them."

Actually! He said it, and I didn't know it was a joke, and neither did he! That's all we knew about the West. We was always talking about the desert, too, from the very start. It kind of hung over us with desperate excitement—fear and joy well shaken up with a little ice, if you get me. Maybe it was having the desert water bag and never knowing where to put it when we repacked the car kind of kept it in our minds. We often spoke of Indians, jack rabbits and prairie dogs and the Grand Canyon, too, but mostly of the desert, each trying to kid the other into believing it would be a mere nothing—but thereby confessing their own fear that it would be something fierce. For a sample, every time we come to a bad road we would say "I guess this will seem like nothing when we get to the desert," and that was intended to be cheering.

Well, anyways, we bought our iron rations, as we called them, at the big grocery which made one more thing to carry. And then we got down all the bags and the golf clubs and pillows and hatbox and so on, because this being our first night out we had no better sense than to take them all up to the room with us. And when it was all in the car we managed to squeeze ourselves and Welcome into it as well, and started on our way again, taking the National Old Trails road and quarreling violently among ourselves over who was responsible for getting started so late and where is that road map and why did the garage man tell us to take that short cut and what color bands to follow on the telegraph poles and other early morning courtesies of a pleasure trip by motor.

"There, damit," says Jim when we was about thirty miles out of town, "I forgot to get the morning paper!"

You would of thought it was his pocketbook. But Tom Westman came to the rescue—kind of.

"I got one here," he says, fishing it out from under him. "It's not much good, I'm afraid, because I used a piece to clean off the step, but here it is! There wasn't much on the part I used, anyways," he says, and hands it to me and I handed it back to Jim.

Almost all the front page was gone, and Jim swore at this and didn't speak again while we rolled along through a unfinished-looking farming country, passing load after load of corn on the ear being dragged to market by horses—no flivvers or trucks seemed to be around. We didn't pass a single farmer driving one, but lots of buggies and heavy teams.

And then all at once, while I was thinking where would I begin spreading my anti-Red propaganda, and why hadn't I worn my other suit, and what made me marry, anyway, and other feminine thoughts, we rounded a curve and come onto what I first took to be a big set for a costume picture, but which was actually the town of Frederick, Maryland. Jim spotted it as soon as I did, and we stopped the car to look around, and, believe me, that little town is as beautiful as a dream.

Nothing seemed to of been changed since the Year One. The main streets was paved with cobbles and climbed a steep hill with brightly colored little houses huddling one above the other. There was funny little shops with small windowpanes and hound dogs lying lazily in the sun. Halfway up was the place where Barbara Frietchie's house had been. We saw the plate—a sort of tombstone for the building.

"Who was Barb?" says Jim. "I think I heard of her," he says.

"Didn't she invent the American flag?" I says.

"No, she didn't," says Westman. "Don't you know the poem about who harms a hair on yon gray head?"

"Dies like a dog! March on, he said!" says Jim and I together, and then we laughed and marched on—back to the bus after I had snapped Jim standing by the cross what marked the spot. And then Jim drove for a change, and we kept on endlessly sliding over perfect roads and wooded hills.

I'll say the main roads of Maryland are something to dream about. I had never seen anything so perfect. The one we was on lay like a black satin ribbon over hill and dale—such steep hills and such brief dales that it was like the Coney Island roller coaster. It was like flying, and with no traffic cops and apparently no speed limit Jim just stepped on her, coasting down one grade at sixty miles a hour and halfway up the next before he had to go into gear. It was a regular game, and I soon seen I had brought the wrong kind of hat for that wind, because it kept getting tore off my head and ruining my hair net. By the time we had shot through Hagerstown, a place noticeable for the fact that I saw a hat there exactly like what I had on and had bought on Broadway and Forty-seventh Street, N. Y. C., which was particularly snappy and, I had supposed, exclusive.

Well, after this the hills began getting higher and higher, and finally we come to one which I thought we would never get to the top of it, but we did, with a boiling radiator, and stopped at a place marked "Summit," after Summit, N. J., I guess. It wasn't a town, though, but only the top of a mountain, with a view which would of been wonderful, only you couldn't see it because it was by now commencing to rain.

Just the same, we all got out while the radiator cooled off and stood on the edge of the view which was full of fog and wet pine trees further down below than you would of believed possible—a real neat, made-to-order, picture-book mountain landscape, it was.

Several other cars had developed asthma or appendicitis or high blood pressure on the way up, and so we had to share the parking space and view. There was three motorcycles with side-car wives all from the same place—Jacksonville, Florida, it was—and, believe me, you can't tell me the South is slow after that, because these folks was neither toughs nor sports nor yet idle rich, but perfectly good members of the middle-aged middle classes, and it astonished and fascinated me to see them. It seemed to me there must be a mistake some place. I was dying to ask

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PACKARD

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Ask the man who owns one

THE SYSTEM EXPOSED

By A Country Banker

NOT long ago THE SATURDAY EVENING POST published an article that I wrote about falling prices. It called forth some letters, which were kindly forwarded to me by the editor. One of those letters covers six large pages. The letterhead shows that it was written at a well-known seat of higher education. From the firm handwriting and the evident lack of any experience in practical affairs I suppose the writer is a young man.

He doesn't think much of my article. As he sees it Germany, "beyond question," proposed to help pay for the late war by wartime speculation in the United States. Long before the war, with the aid of "heavy financial interests in the United States," Germany bought great quantities of stuff here.

That was a big factor in the price advance. Mainly, it seems, it was the speculative machinations of these heavy financial interests that put prices up and then put them down again. The purport of the letter is that a system composed of heavy financial interests, or Wall Street, is practically running this country at will—assisted, however, by a "lap-dog, pandering press." My correspondent thinks I am helping the game of that pandering press; but he does me the credit of believing that this is due to ignorance on my part rather than to malice, for which I am obliged to him.

The Mystery of Wall Street

THAT letter impressed me. Nobody can have read much any time in the last fifteen years without running across the notion that a mysterious system is doing about what it pleases with the United States. A few years ago, I remember, some popular magazines made a specialty of showing up the system. Nowadays pretty much all the so-called radical writing and talking starts with the proposition of a system. In other respects there is a great deal of difference among radical writers and speakers. They shade all the way from light pink to deep vermilion, but all of them seem to agree that the country is practically run by a mysterious system, with headquarters in Wall Street.

If this letter that I speak of had reached me when I was at home, probably I should have paid small attention to it. But I happen to be away from home, and only a few days before the letter came to hand I was saying to myself that at last I had got that system located, dug out of its hole and identified by indubitable finger prints. I still think so.

Of late years, if I can possibly get away, I have gone to Florida about the middle of January to dodge the sloppy end of our winter at home.

That is where I am now. Most likely this town was never heard of in Fifth Avenue, New York, or the Lake Shore Drive, Chicago. So maybe it is a sort of impertinence on its part to be a town at all. It has no two-acre palatial hotel, like the one I tried in another part of the state five years ago, where all of the half dozen clerks moved in a social sphere so far above mine that I shouldn't have got any attention at all only one of them waived something of what was due him because he was fat.

The telephone directory lists fifty-odd hotels, of various sizes and prices; and fifty-odd apartment houses, of various sizes and prices. At about half the other structures within the city limits single rooms may be had. And there are scores of cottages for rent, from three rooms up to three thousand dollars for the winter season. There is a bully sea, pleasant for bathing all winter long except as now and then a north wind brings a reminder that it is cold in higher latitudes; very useful for fishing too. There are a couple of golf courses for those who like their outdoor exercise with proper window dressing. There is a baseball park, with two or three games a week; and I don't know how many tennis courts, lawn bowling courts and roque courts. This latter game seems to be very popular, and bears the same relation to croquet that cauliflower does to cabbage. There are ample and well-patronized facilities for pitching horseshoes—a national tournament of horseshoe pitchers is going on right now. For sedentary sports there are long tables under the pine trees at which dominoes, checkers and chess click and rattle all day. Unless a man wants to slide downhill it would take him some time to think up a recreation that he can't pursue here. The local papers say the town contains forty thousand winter visitors, and that looks to me like a fairly safe estimate.

Of course they come from all over the country, but the greater part come from the Middle West. I have been here before, but even if I hadn't been and didn't know a solitary person by name, I should feel, after strolling around a couple of hours, that I was personally acquainted with two-thirds of them offhand. In the main they are the people of my own country town in the Middle West.

A million dollars isn't a great deal of money nowadays; but I doubt that there are three millionaires here—except when one of them gets noticed in a local newspaper. Then he is quite likely to be a millionaire. But our papers up North are always generous about bestowing millions upon people. The ratio between newspaper millionaires and income-tax millionaires runs about a hundred to one, the country over. Once in a while I find or hear of somebody who has come down here from the North to take a job during the winter; but that is rather rare. Mostly these forty thousand get their winter living out of a check book.

Smith's Florida Real Estate

A GREAT many of them are farmers—some retired from the farm, but more, I should say, just taking a winter vacation. I have met half a dozen or so country bankers, or bank officers, like myself. I don't know why a system should especially favor country doctors, but it seems to me I have met forty—fishing and playing roque and checkers. Of course there are many city people; but I guess not many whose names up in their home cities stand for heavy financial interests or the system. One Northern city man whom I happen to know runs a dray line; another is engaged in the manufacture of brushes.

For one example—up near the top, as I might say—take the winter visitor whom I will call Smith. He is seventy-one years old, full six feet high, with a lot of bone in his body and just about enough flesh to go around. The other day he was telling us how he went to North Dakota, before the old territory was divided, and took up land forty miles from the nearest railroad, building a sod house on it with his own hands. For twenty years or more of pioneering he wrestled with chinch bugs and hail and drought and like pioneer afflictions. But he gets all het up now telling you how his faith in the country never wavered. No, sir-ree! He knew that country was bound to grow wheat and wheat was bound to fetch money. Couldn't fool him on that. So, after twenty years or so, when he began to get a little money, he put the money into the country. You bet you! Which is why he is able to spend his winters in Florida. But the old gentleman has a sort of trouble on his conscience.

A Man Without a Boss

NORTH DAKOTA, you see, is the finest country that ever lay outdoors! Yes, sir-ree! Best country God ever made! But six or seven years ago he came down here to spend the winter, and after he had looked around a while he discovered that this, too, is the finest country that ever lay outdoors. And this particular town is the very best town, in a Southern latitude, that ever was. So he cashed in on some paper up in North Dakota and bought a right-smart spattering of lots around this town. A real-estate man tells me that Smith could clean up fifty thousand dollars on his investment now if he wanted to sell. But he doesn't want to sell. Having the best lots in the best town in the best country that ever was, why sell? But his conscience is sort of divided. North Dakota is still the best country that ever lay outdoors. But this is the best country too. He compromises by saying North Dakota is best in summer and this is best in winter.

Smith, as I call him, is seventy-one years old, and I guess one of the most prosperous of the winter residents. But I would bet that if you should break him to-morrow and set him down in New Zealand he would soon find that that was the best country in all outdoors, and his city or township was the very best part of it. And he'd hang his coat on the nearest bush and pitch in to do all he knew how to make it still better. No system made him, and any system that tries to boss him will have its work cut out.

Living all my life in a country town I haven't much acquaintance among real income-tax millionaires, and I have no acquaintance at all among what my radical authors call the proletariat—meaning the half-foreign wage laborers in steel mills, and so on. Of course those half-foreign, big-industry wage laborers are very important; and very likely, by and large, they get the short

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Hudson's Leadership is Not Just of Today

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And those are qualities for which the Super-Six is best known to more than one hundred thousand owners.

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F. O. B. DETROIT

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

(5023)

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end of the stick. But radical authors about nine times out of ten take it for granted that income-tax millionaires on the one hand and steel-mill proletariat on the other hand comprise the whole United States; or at least all of the United States that deserves any consideration. That leaves out about four-fifths of the population, and as one of the four-fifths I feel slighted.

But what I started to say is that in forty years and better of country-town experience I have rubbed up against enough people in between those two extremes to feel that I know the breed pretty well. So far as I can recall now, I have known only one chronic grouch who made a fair success of life in the material way. The man I speak of, and I have known him thirty years, is an awful grouch with his tongue. But he pitches in and plans and works just as though he wasn't saying that everything was bound to go to the dogs day after to-morrow. Which leads me to suspect that he doesn't really believe his talk any more than I do. When the war came along he was much too old to fight, but he was one of the most active men in our locality in at-home war work. He is sixty years old and somewhat stiff with rheumatism, but you would have needed to be spry if you had remarked to him then that the United States is a hell of a country. Otherwise the men I have known who have made a success in the material way have been of Smith's kind, who believed in their country and their state and their county and job.

From my own youth up I have watched a great many youths getting started in life, and I have come to believe that the problem of getting a youth started right is nothing more than attaching him to any job that arouses his interest and enthusiasm, a job that he will believe in like Smith, yes, sir-ree! If you can do that, no matter what the job is, your problem is solved and his problem is solved. Smith's enthusiasm and faith account for more material successes in a minute than all the systems could account for in a hundred years. You remember that the New Testament, speaking of faith, makes much of the point that to him that hath shall be given, while from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he seems to have. Of course the New Testament is talking theology; but in the matter of faith there is a sound economic maxim. The young man, or the old one, who starts without faith is going to have a lot of difficulty in getting other things added unto him. In my later years every now and then I meet a young man—sometimes he has been to college—who has got his mind all cluttered up with this system stuff. He has let somebody persuade him that heavy financial interests are running the country, and the cards are all stacked against him anyway. I feel sorry then, for I know that young man has been bamboozled into making the race on crutches when, if he would only rely on his eyes instead of his ears, he would see that he has two very good legs.

But in talking of Smith I have sort of wandered away from the main subject. Another man here, who started life as a mechanic, showed me a cigar box full of little round metal balls. They are ball bearings that go in automobiles and typewriters and many other things. It seems from what he tells me there used to be some trouble in getting those balls finished off and polished just exactly round and in measuring them quickly and exactly so as to make sure they were precisely round. He had something to do with helping to find out better ways of accomplishing those two purposes. So he has bought him a very pleasant winter home down here and is much interested in the fishing. I suppose the system didn't realize what he was up to until he had pocketed the money and run away.

The System Run to Earth

BUT the great majority of the winter folks here are by no means as well off as this man and Smith. Naturally I haven't examined their balance sheets, but I judge by the way they live. Farmers, as I said before, active or retired; country-town professional men, bankers, and so on; city men whom nobody in their home communities would think of holding up as damnable examples of bloated plutocracy. From the fact of their spending the winter here without pursuing any occupation more gainful than playing dominoes, it is fair to assume that they are men with a margin; men who have earned—or "made" if you like that better—considerably more than they have spent. I would bet a good straw hat, on general principles, that the percentage of inherited money among them is very small; and another hat that, by and large, they started life pretty near at taw and have got far enough ahead of the game so that they can afford just to sit down and amuse themselves, in this comparatively inexpensive manner, for two or three months out of the year.

What I am getting at is this: If you should shut these forty thousand winter residents in a pen, that pen would contain the system. You would have there what is actually running these United States. They made the United States from the ground up. They mostly own it to-day, so far as it is individually owned, and they are running it. Any political party or political movement that cannot get the support of these men and women will be merely one of the side shows. Any economic or educational proposition that couldn't get a majority vote here couldn't get one in the nation. Any magazine or newspaper that these people wouldn't read is Greek to Uncle Sam. They make the pattern for the market and the morals, the politics and the press, the school and the church. These men from a great many localities and of a great many callings who have struck out on their own hooks and got somewhat ahead in their various lines—humble as those lines may look from the top of the Woolworth Building—are running the country. They are the system. You may say that I am only blowing my own trumpet. But you've got to dance to it just the same.

You may say that, after all, only a comparatively small part of the population of the nation is able to spend two or three months of the year in Florida or California. Probably that's true, but it misses my point. Most of the rest of the population want to be able to do it. In my home neighborhood a number of retired farmers and a number of active farmers are able to spend part of the winter South or on the Coast. Some others are able, but don't particularly care to. But all those who aren't able want to be able and hope to be able, so they are sticking tight to the general scheme of things whereby, as they see for themselves, a good many men have become able to go to Florida. You can't fool me about that. A great majority of those who may not be able this winter want to be able later on. The youngest clerk in our small bank is looking to my shoes, and is as strong as I am for the general pattern of things whereby he hopes to get into them.

Helpless Wotans of Wall Street

IN SOME degree or other most of these forty thousand winter residents—on their own hooks, individualistically and capitalistically—have succeeded. Four-fifths of the remainder of the population are wanting and hoping to succeed that same way. So you may take this winter population as the system. It is running the country.

It makes me laugh—often as it happens—to find some radical writer or speaker announcing, as an important discovery, that the Government of this country is a capitalistic government and the press is a capitalistic press. What else would the man expect them to be, seeing that this is overwhelmingly a capitalistic country? That is about like making the important discovery that most of the Paris newspapers are printed in French. When a socialist implies that the Government and press are capitalistic because Wall Street orders them to be, that is just like imagining that Paris newspapers are printed in French because the editors have formed a devilish conspiracy to keep the people from reading German or English. First and last I have had some slight acquaintance with a number of New York bankers whose offices are in or near Wall Street. I remember how one of them expressed opinions that would have seemed scandalously socialistic and un-American to almost any farmer that I might pick out at random on the streets of my town Saturday afternoon.

Anybody who thinks that about four-fifths of the United States is any less individualistic and capitalistic than Wall Street is, simply doesn't know what he is talking about. It is true there are plenty of family rows. Many farmers in my locality will heartily cuss Wall Street for high freight rates, and the trusts for dear machinery, and so on. They are often in favor of legislation which they think will put a crimp in the system here or there. In short, like everybody else, they want the rules amended so as to make the game easier for them to play. But as to abolishing the game itself—meaning the capitalistic game of competition and individual ownership of property—they stand where Wall Street does. If they didn't Wall Street would stand only as long as a stone will float.

Once when I was in New York—having some curiosity about it and feeling it to be a sort of duty—I attended four operas by Wagner, which, along with other things, make up a kind of biography of Wotan. As you probably know, although I didn't until a friend explained the operas to me, Wotan was the chief, or king, of the gods. When I heard that I naturally expected to find that Wotan had everything his own way. But as I remember it now he never once, through all four of the operas, had anything his own way. He couldn't even make his own wife treat him with proper respect. Maybe that's too hard a job even for the king of the gods, and I shouldn't have expected it. But aside from his wife he couldn't run his own house to suit himself. Anybody that bobbed up could sell him a gold brick or pick his pocket. The boys made faces at him. The most I got out of the operas was feeling sorry for the poor old duffer, with his one eye and long whiskers.

Now I don't doubt that my young correspondent and many other men honestly believe that a mysterious, back-room, Wall Street system is running this country; but if they have any eyes they must see that it is a pretty helpless sort of Wotan. Politically speaking, as far back as I can remember, any pointed suspicion that a man or a measure was favored by Wall Street has been the heaviest kind of handicap. In 1896 Mr. Bryan ran for President on the most unsound platform, I believe, that was ever presented by a big political party. My town people were finally persuaded that it was unsound, and dangerous to them. But its big pull consisted exactly and solely in the fact that Wall Street was fighting it. It was defeated, but if you will look back at the record you will find that the margin wasn't much to brag of. In short, my people would accept a policy that Wall Street stood for only after they were convinced that the alternative would be disastrous to them. That is the record right through. The heavy financial interests always detested Colonel Roosevelt—when he was alive. I reckon Colonel Roosevelt was as worldly-wise a politican as we've ever had, not excepting Abraham Lincoln. He started off, in his first term, by giving the heavy financial interests a kick in the ribs, in that coal-strike affair. That, I believe, was the beginning of his great popularity. I suppose E. H. Harriman came as near to being boss of the Wall Street system as any man ever did. He was its Wotan. So President Roosevelt intimated that it might be a fine idea to chase Mr. Harriman out of the country. I remember distinctly that my big-city-banker acquaintances thought very well of Judge Parker as a presidential candidate. Election returns show what the country thought. You remember that when Mr. Wilson was running for President he took care publicly to shoo Mr. Harvey off his doorstep because Mr. Harvey was supposed to be friendly with some heavy financial interests.

The record is as plain as a pikestaff. Far from accepting dictation from Wall Street the country's natural inclination is to refuse Wall Street anything whatsoever that Wall Street wants. It will yield the point grudgingly only when it is convinced that what Wall Street wants is necessary. A Wotan that has to stand around with his hat in his hand begging his subjects not to cut off his water and gas because if they do it will injure them, is not much of a boss.

Looks to me, from this new tariff bill and so on, as though Wotan was likely to have easier sledding for a spell, and I wish my readers would carefully consider the circumstances in that connection.

You will probably recall that in his first campaign for the presidency Mr. Wilson laid down some very liberal, or radical, doctrine. At a meeting in Chicago he talked right sassy to the bankers. Some of my friends over there were sore about it. A book of his campaign utterances, called The New Freedom, suggested all through that there was going to be a new deal, and whatever invisible government by heavy financial interests there had been in the past was over with. Wall Street and big business were going to be put where they belonged. In his early presidential days he said some things that my conservative friends considered quite a sideswipe at the capitalistic system. Certainly you remember, also, that it was his Administration that got out injunctions in Federal Court to crumple up the coal strike, and his Administration that gave the soldiers marching orders in the steel strike. It was his Administration, too, that raided and suppressed and imprisoned radicals on a greater scale, no doubt, than all previous Administrations put together.

When the Country Grabbed a Club

THE newspapers said that Mr. Harding was picked out as presidential candidate by the standpat Old Guard of the Senate. They say that his Administration is going to be strongly flavored and inspired by the very conservative spirit of the Old Guard. This new tariff bill and some other things point in that general direction.

What is the reason for all that? Of course the reason is plain as daylight. It is simply this nation's reaction to the Russian stuff—Bolshevism, communism, revolution, the socialist surge in Germany, Italy and elsewhere.

For the first time in our history it looked as though there might be a tangible challenge—pretty far away and thin and feeble, to be sure, but still a tangible challenge—to our American, capitalistic, individualistic, competitive pattern of life. And about three-quarters of the population immediately grabbed a club. Of course we had read about those things—socialism, communism, revolution, a radical alteration of the basic plan and pattern of affairs. And we had shrugged our shoulders or argued about it as people argue about a point in a game of baseball. But when we finally got it into our heads that somebody might be actually thinking of trying it on—good Lord! Three-quarters of the country jumped on it with both feet. Without stopping much to discriminate, either. The New York Legislature threw out some duly elected members because they were Socialists. A number of eminent constitutional lawyers said they had no right to do that. But about half the country said: "Oh, never mind the fine technical points. Go as far as you like." The effect of really radical or revolutionary agitation that anybody takes seriously is simply to cause three-quarters of the country to snuggle up tight to the standpat side.

I don't wish to suggest by any means that Mr. Wilson was not sincere in his first phase or in his last, or that he was fundamentally inconsistent. But the only alternative

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"The Sheetrock used throughout for the walls and ceilings of these 6 and 7 room houses cost about $275 for each house"

FOR the industrial builder or the builder of homes, the ideal wall and ceiling material is Sheetrock—the fireproof wallboard. It is economical of time and of money. The same type of labor that is employed on the framework and flooring is used to erect the broad, ceiling-high sections of Sheetrock. As soon as the Sheetrock is up, the decorating can be done. There is no delay at any stage. And interest is saved on the total investment because the day the builders are through, the building is ready for occupancy.

With all these economies, Sheetrock combines the advantages of permanent construction. It is a rock product and is fireproof—inspected and approved by The National Board of Underwriters. It is factory cast and uniform in quality. It provides standard walls and ceilings, and for this was used throughout in the substantial brick flats of the extensive Philadelphia housing project here pictured, from an actual photograph. The many uses of Sheetrock are illustrated in "Walls of Worth." Write us, at our Chicago address, for a free copy.

SHEETROCK

the FIREPROOF WALLBOARD

UNITED STATES GYPSUM COMPANY, *General Offices:* 205 W. Monroe Street, Chicago

World's Largest Producers of Gypsum Products

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Chats with an Expert on Fords
№ 8

"All Right, Ma'am—I'll Be Right Out"

"Five miles out and she can't get her Ford 'coop' started. That's another thing she can blame her husband for. I warned him he'd have trouble with that timer.

"There's a man who hangs $200 worth of extras on his bus and then tries to get by with a cheap-John timer. Does he think a Ford engine runs on extras?

"I'll just take a *Milwaukee Timer* along—then probably the lady won't need a tow."

MILWAUKEE TIMER for FORDS

—recommended by nearly all garage mechanics as the most dependable replacement timer. It represents 15 years' experience in the manufacture of fine ignition units. Simple design is combined with finest materials and scrupulous workmanship.

Your Ford won't give you any timer trouble all season if you put on a *Milwaukee* now. It assures quick starting, and even, full-powered pulling.

But be sure you get the genuine—look for the name "*Milwaukee*" on the shell. There are many imitations.

Sold by 30,000 good dealers and by 82% of all Automotive Supply Jobbers. Retail price, $2.10 (west of Rocky Mts., $2.25).

MILWAUKEE AUTO ENGINE & SUPPLY CO.
MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

Brush Assembly: Guaranteed to outwear any other made. Solid bronze castings. Gauged and tested for absolute accuracy.

(Continued from Page 30)

to our American, capitalistic, individualistic, competitive pattern of things is socialism, or communism. Very likely, in quiet times, like 1912, it is good tactics to throw a scare into Wall Street and in general treat it disrespectfully. Far be it from me to doubt that Wall Street, with a special interest in certain kinds of investment and a special interest in the manipulation of investments generally, would put over all kinds of things if it had a free hand. Far be it from me to doubt that any other special interest, not excluding farmers or labor unions, would do the same if it had a free hand. We keep the game going by calling strikes on the batter and balls on the pitcher. Undoubtedly it's good policy to keep the fear of the Lord in Wall Street's heart.

That was what Mr. Wilson was doing in quiet 1912. But when world events seemed to be raising a definite challenge, he found himself to be an American President of an intensely capitalistic, individualistic, competitive country which wanted it unequivocally understood that such a challenge wasn't even to be listened to here.

Our politics and Administration will be capitalistic because the country is. Wall Street and the heavy financial interests have no more to do with determining that than the tail has with determining the color of the dog. So will our press be capitalistic for the same reason. My correspondent and other people appear to harbor a strange delusion that the press is what it is because the heavy financial interests want it to be so, or order it to be so. As I said before, my personal acquaintance among heavy financial interests is limited. Yet I do know fairly well quite a number of big bankers and big business men in Chicago and several in New York. I know that as a rule they consider that there is hardly a newspaper fit to be read or printed. Seems that pretty much all the daily press is quite yellow in their eyes. The heavy financial interests that I happen to be acquainted with in Chicago have a low opinion of the most widely circulated and prosperous and influential newspaper there. I shall never forget how astonished I was to hear a New York banker's opinion of the New York World. If a Wall Street system is running the press, why does it let the press throw bricks through its front windows and put tacks in its chair? I am not a journalist, but it looks to me as though getting something on Wall Street and the heavy financial interests was meat and drink to the press. Except a scandal in high society there's nothing they go to with so much vim as a financial scandal. If I were running the press I shouldn't let it jump up on the housetop and tell everybody whenever it caught me winking at the lady next door.

Is Success a Crime?

The press seems to be a very difficult problem for radicals. If a magazine or newspaper strikes a popular note it gets circulation and influence and advertising and makes money. A man with money being a capitalist, a newspaper with money is a capitalist too. Its being a capitalist is the simple inevitable result of its getting readers, not of any mysterious machinations in Wall Street. If it doesn't strike a popular note it gets few readers and has little influence. In an overwhelmingly capitalistic country, popular notes are naturally capitalistic. The problem for the radicals is, how to make conservative people buy a radical magazine or newspaper that they decidedly disagree with. The radicals seem to think they could do it easily enough, only Wall Street uses some kind of magic to prevent it; and if I buy THE SATURDAY EVENING POST instead of The Masses it's because Mr. Morgan put a pill into my coffee. I haven't had any inside information from the editor, but I would bet anything I can afford that THE SATURDAY EVENING POST thinks about two million times as much of me as it does of Mr. Morgan. There are two million times as many of me.

Even the most radical of radicals will admit that this is a free country so far as buying newspapers and magazines goes. There is nothing to compel anybody to buy a publication that he doesn't want to buy. Naturally, having a free choice, people will buy publications which contain reading matter that attracts them. If capitalistic publications flourish overwhelmingly nobody need look further for proof that the people are overwhelmingly capitalistic. A really thoroughgoing radical seems unable to regard anything as respectable or entitled to consideration unless it is a failure. To be a good citizen, worthy of respect and consideration, a man must be a failure in a material way. The only good, praiseworthy publications are those that fail, from a broad, or national, point of view. The country that he most admires and is most solicitous about is Russia. Being solicitous about the failures may be a fine trait; but it seems hardly right to kick all the successes out of court just because they are successes. As against the Bolsheviki, a thrifty French peasant who saved up his francs and bought a Russian bond, and is now sore because he has been robbed, seems to me not such a contemptible object as thoroughgoing radicals take him to be.

A Capitalistic Country

Any child ought to know that the press is capitalistic because the country is capitalistic, not the other way around. The country is capitalistic because these forty thousand winter residents are capitalistic, not because Wall Street is. These people, taken for what they really represent, are the system. They are running this country. They are not collectivists, but individualists. They believe in an open game, and competition and self-help and private ownership of property. They make the pattern.

I wish I had the right skill with a pen to emphasize that the way it ought to be emphasized, and drive it home. For as I look at it there is no more pernicious idea going than my correspondent's idea of a mysterious Wall Street system with power to make our general pattern of life for us and shape our politics as it pleases, and juggle prices up and down at will, and all the rest of it. So far as my limited reading goes, all radicals preach that idea in one way or another. And a great lot of people who are really no more radical than I am get it into their heads at one point or another. When things go decidedly wrong—as when prices were soaring a year ago or when they were tumbling last fall—they get to talking about some far-off mysterious system.

Now that is an absolutely sure way of not getting anywhere in the direction of a remedy. As long as men believed that smallpox was a visitation of Providence they continued to be scourged by smallpox—which, my doctor tells me, was formerly one of the deadliest pests in the world. It was only when they began looking to their own insides that they discovered vaccination. Once, if a man's cow died unaccountably he looked around for the witch that had cast a spell on it, and as long as he looked for a witch he never found out what made the cow die. I want to discourage witch hunting.

These people here are the system. They are running the United States. I don't mean that they are making as good a job of it as they might, by a long shot. The big faults of the United States, as well as its virtues, are right here fishing and playing roque. One of the big faults, as I see it, is in education; and these people here are entirely responsible for that. They are taking far less interest in it than they ought to, and spending much less money on it than they can afford to spend. The school system is in their hands and they are not doing nearly so well by it as they should.

By and large, they are pretty much of a failure at politics too. Or, rather, they are not a failure "by" but only "large." An example of what I mean is right here at hand. This city, I am told, contains about eighteen thousand permanent inhabitants. They constitute the legal citizens, the adults of both sexes entitled to vote; the blacks voting along with the whites and having their votes counted, so credible witnesses say. Some years ago voters adopted the commission form of government, municipal affairs being run by five men. Looks to me as though they were very well run too. The first time I came here, four years ago, the street-car service was in a poor way—cars old and dirty and with a general air of dilapidation. It was owned by a corporation, and that corporation was owned by another corporation. The car line went into bankruptcy and things got worse instead of better, until finally the city took over the plant. It evidently picked out a capable man for manager, and bought new cars throughout, clean and smart-looking and of a type better adapted to traffic conditions here than the old cars had ever been. It rearranged schedules and put the plant in good shape. And now, although it charges only a five-cent fare, it is making a quite satisfactory showing, and they are laying out some extensions. Of course I don't know how much of a return on the capital investment a rigid system of bookkeeping would show. But as they have to provide transportation for a population of sixty thousand in winter and only twenty thousand in summer they probably figure that a good street-car service which will pay its way is a good investment for the town. The city also operates a gas plant to the general satisfaction of everybody concerned.

The point is that here is an example of successful politics. The city not only performs the usual functions of a city satisfactorily, but also runs a gas plant and a street-car system very satisfactorily. The permanent residents of the city are predominantly the same sort of people as the winter residents. They make a good success of politics on this scale, where the candidates at city elections are personally well known to the body of voters, and where all the operations of the city go on more or less under everybody's eye—moreover, where practically everybody immediately sees how those operations directly affect him personally. Political conditions, for municipal purposes, are a good deal the same as the conditions that these people deal with in their own businesses.

Merely Witch Hunting

Over all the country you will find examples of successful politics on this scale—of towns and comparatively small cities that are very well run. But when politics gets on a bigger scale, so it is out of reach of the voter's own eye and hand, these same people pretty generally bungle it. They are so individualistic that they can't operate effectively on a scale so large that the individual gets lost in it. If a system could transform Washington into an affair of twenty-five or fifty thousand average American citizens those departments would get such a housecleaning as never was. But on the big scale they are not much of a success at politics.

Of course that is a great fault. A lot of misguided writers and speakers want to blame the political fault on a system of political bosses. But that is merely witch hunting. The fault is in ourselves; nowhere else. We shall never find a remedy looking anywhere else. I should like to invite a delegation of radicals to come down here and look the system in the face.

PSYCHO-ANNE

(Continued from Page 11)

"Here!" she repeated. "What a funny name!"

"It isn't a name," explained Anne patiently. "That's just what we call him now—Here or Stop."

"Gee, that's funny! Gee, who ever heard of such a thing!"

"It isn't funny at all. Mother thinks now she made a great mistake giving me even a first name. What if I shouldn't grow up to be an Anne at all? What if it wouldn't suit my individuality? That's why they're going to let him be different. We can't tell now what he will be after while—a Tom or a Nicholas or a Percival or a Bruce."

The other little girl's china-blue eyes widened at the spaciousness of the vistas of nomenclature opening up before the small object clinging to his sister's hand. It took her some seconds, in fact, to resume her consideration of Here's toilet. "What are we going to put on him?" she murmured finally. "Quick, can't you think of something?" At the very instant that she said it her face brightened. "I know what I'll do!" she shouted shrilly, and throwing her hoop to the pavement she began to untie the black satin sash that girdled her coat.

(Continued on Page 34)

"My Job Today"

By **BARNEY OLDFIELD**

A tire blew out, my car gave a lurch, I woke up in a hospital.

There I had plenty of time to firmly determine that, if I was going to keep on betting my life on tires, I would trust only the best that experts could design and build.

So, twenty years ago, I began a series of practical tire experiments which have carried me a good deal further than I ever expected.

I Tore 'Em Up

My laboratory was the race track. Results were quick and sure.

At high speeds, I used and abused all brands, sizes and types of tires, and then studied the results.

Manufacturers began to send new tires for my test, and to ask my advice on their problems. I learned tire materials, workmanship, heat treatment and chemistry.

Eventually I raced only on tires especially built to my own specifications, and under my own supervision. These—the first Oldfield Tires—I proved with sprint and long-distance records that stand to this day unbroken.

Discovered

Soon people who had noticed that, in race after race, I kept going while others changed tires, began to ask me to have similar tires built for them. Without realizing it, I had developed a product and a market.

So I began building Oldfield Tires—Tires every one of which I must be willing to trust with my life.

Hundreds of thousands of these Tires now serve their owners as the first Oldfields served me—with endurance and trouble-freedom new to their whole experience.

Believe Me—

If you were paying me to design and build for you the best set of tires in the whole world, I couldn't do the job as well as I'm doing it for you today.

For I'm organized—with Money and Men.

I command permanently, therefore, sources of tire quality and uniformity I could never get for you alone.

Again the records prove me out—Speedway records, where Oldfields last year won the championship, first, second and third—mileage records on road and street that are the boast of every Oldfield owner.

Good Business

And I can follow you wherever you go, with Oldfield service, by merchants who specialize in Oldfield Tires because they believe in them—because they realize it is good business to sell you the most trustworthy tires built.

You'll find one of these Oldfield Tire Merchants on your own "Automobile Row."

In his complete stock, he is holding today the set of Oldfields I've built especially for you.

Stop worrying about doubtful tires!

Mount an Oldfield on every wheel!

THE OLDFIELD TIRE CO., AKRON, OHIO.

BEEMAN'S
ORIGINAL PEPSIN CHEWING GUM

The Man at the Top

The whole efficiency of many an organization is often lowered by the digestive troubles of the "man at the top".

Such a man owes it to himself and his business to give strict attention to his diet, masticate his food thoroughly, and if he will chew Beeman's Original Pepsin Gum ten minutes after each meal he will find, as have many others, that it will contribute to the maintaining of good digestion.

American Chicle Company
New York Chicago
San Francisco

CHICLE

(Continued from Page 32)

The transfer was rapid. In a twinkling the cherub's Javanese chiton had been supplemented by a sash adjusted crosswise from shoulder to waistline with ambassadorial pomp.

"There!" said the creator of the change. "Don't that look elegant?"

But Anne was mournfully shaking her head from side to side. "Now you've gone and spoiled it all," she sighed.

"Spoiled what?"

"Why, his individuality."

"I haven't, either," said Miss Heidenbaugh indignantly. "He's got more now than he ever had."

And, after all, Miss Heidenbaugh had the sanction of Carlyle in making that announcement.

The three started off in the direction of Broadway. For the length of the first block the face of the restaurant man's daughter reflected nothing but content. Gradually, however, her glance at Here's defective areas became more critical. Suddenly she stopped short and appealed to Anne.

"Say," said she, "would you mind very much if I put something else on him? I can take off this fur collar of mine—see?—and put it round his neck, and that'll be something anyway."

Anne conceded the point readily. Now that her brother's individuality had been impaired by the first touch of real raiment she betrayed, in fact, a complete recklessness as to the extent of his fall.

It was just two hours after this that a taxi drove up to the studio stable in front of which Mr. Kenilworth Dempsey had been maintaining a long and distracted vigil. From this there descended stormily a stout and red-faced man, followed by two sheepish small girls and bearing in his arms a convulsive bundle.

The bundle was enveloped in a waiter's Tuxedo, from which infoldment all that escaped of Here's former abundant individuality was a shock of dark hair and two startled big hazel eyes.

"Say," said the red-faced man, transferring, none too gently, the swathed object to the arms of its progenitor, "I want to tell you one thing—if you let this happen again I'll have you pinched. I thought when I moved into this here apartment house across the street that I was going to have decent neighbors. Did it ever oncet enter my head that my kid here was gonna run up against a thing like this?"

These words did not by any means conclude the observations of that famous restaurant man, Chris Heidenbaugh. First of all he supplied the details of the northward march of his daughter and the Dempsey children. With much vigor he related how a policeman had delivered them from a band of persecutors to which each successive square of the walk had yielded apparently fresh quotas of strength, and how, at his little girl's suggestion, the policeman had brought them straight to his uptown cafe, where, damn it all, some of his very swellest customers had just been seated. From this point he proceeded to a strong position regarding the social value of the artistic professions. The entire address was so punctuated by epithets of "you oil can," "you poor fish" and others of a similar character that when at last poor Mr. Kenilworth Dempsey was able to retire with his two offspring he could cling to no reasonable doubt of his neighbor's sentiments.

It was that very evening that Mr. Kenilworth Dempsey and his wife, Miss Sue Herringforth, decided to take Anne to a psychoanalyst. This momentous decision was reached as the two smoked their cigarettes across the casserole and salad bowl now supplanting the dusty typewriter, the stray sheets of manuscript and the equally vagrant paint tubes.

"Sue," announced Kenilworth abruptly, "do you know what I believe? I believe Anne has some sort of a complex."

"Oh, Ken!" cried his wife. "What makes you think so?"

Behind her great horn-rimmed glasses there sprang up at her husband's words a look of wild alarm. To those of us invested with modern theories of human motivation this alarm is perfectly comprehensible. To others it is necessary to explain that the word "complex" falls upon a household of this type with the same sinister force as does that other word, "adenoid," upon the average home.

"What makes me think so?" repeated he. "Why, just look at the way she used up your ocher paint to-day after I had carefully explained to her how expensive it was! And didn't she promise me—faithfully promise me—that she wouldn't go out of the studio until I came back? If it hadn't been for her I should have got my article finished to-day."

"Kenilworth Dempsey! You mean to tell me that you didn't finish that article? But you promised Higginson to get it around there early this morning. You've been telling him that for a week."

Her mate of the differentiated name made no reply and Sue threw herself wearily into a section of the chaise-longue not entirely submerged by most of the family wardrobe.

"Well," she said after a moment's silence, "I'm not going to nag you any more about it. You know what this opportunity means to you just as well as I. Here it is—the very thing you've been wanting—a chance to write a series of articles at good pay on a subject that interests you tremendously. The series will make a book—that's going to add to your reputation; but, oh, what is the use of talking anyway?"

Kenilworth threw his cigarette upon a floor already strewn with similar souvenirs, and passed his foot moodily over the lighted stub.

"Sue," said he, following this operation closely, "I know you've got every right in the world to be sore, but I tell you it's all up to that child."

"Now, Ken, you know that Anne isn't really a bad child. Didn't that child diagnostician we took her to last year assure me that she wasn't? 'Miss Herringforth,' said she to me, 'you're the mother of a very remarkable person. She's energizing, creative, fecund—just let her invent her own plays ——'"

"Hmph!" snorted the male parent of the energizing person. "You just ought to try being on the premises while she's inventing those plays!"

"I wish," said Sue irritably, "that you would stop talking about my being able to get away. Do you suppose it's any fun for me to go up there to that beastly old commercial art studio and work from nine till five when I'm just crazy to be down here with my paints and brushes? What are we going to do about it, though? Where would we be now if I didn't have a job? You know you're back three weeks with your share of the expenses."

"There, there, old dear," said Kenilworth, going over to his wife and rubbing his hand with an awkward rotary movement over the thin shoulder blades beneath the faded blue smock, "I'm not blaming you for it—of course not. Why, you've been a regular brick! It's Anne I'm talking about. But—well, my mind's made up. There's something the matter with her subconscious, and to-morrow I take her to a psychoanalyst."

From this dialogue it may be gathered that Anne's lovable young father was accustomed to reserve his executive sessions for to-morrow. Anne's visit to the psychoanalyst was an exception to this rule; and even this might have been deferred until the clement future had not Kenilworth been goaded into action by one last proof of his daughter's need for soul diagnosis. Coming in the next morning after a brief excursion he found himself defeated in a praiseworthy intent. He could not finish his article because the typewriter ribbon had been removed. When he located this necessity cut into fine pieces and pasted in design fashion over the terra-cotta body of Here he overcame his natural objections to to-day.

Early this afternoon he steered his daughter into the office of Dr. Felix Traumgarten, the psychoanalyst.

A word right here regarding this successful young psychoanalyst: In order to forestall any criticisms of the psychic service which he offered, we must explain that Doctor Traumgarten had departed from some of the theories of Freud. Retaining, of course, that basic principle that dreams are the key to the subconscious mind, he had, nevertheless, worked out various interpretative and curative ideas of his own. For this reason he cannot be taken as representative of the great modern school which has done so much to illumine and release those intense abyssmal energies of ours.

From the very first moment Anne liked the kindly young physician, and her dark little face, usually too alert to be pleasant,

(Continued on Page 36)

From a painting by Howitt showing one of the coal lines during the "shortage" when even limousines called daily for the allotted bushel. And yet the majority of people in the line were guilty of wasting tons of coal in the manner described.

This one pipe wastes enough coal to fill every basket in the line

IT isn't always coal shortage that causes sights like this—it's coal waste.

And this is what puts prices and delivery on an uncomfortable basis. For a sealing up of waste would instantly *double* America's available coal supply.

The heater that warms your cellar and not the house is taking money away from you.

The power plants that are heating all outdoors because the covering on their pipes is faulty, physically weak and not properly installed—are burning up and wasting car after car of coal.

This deplorable condition is a hold-over from the days when covering pipes and heated surfaces simply meant putting something on them to keep some heat from escaping. The buyer neither asked for nor expected assurances of exactly how much it would save. He couldn't get them if he did ask.

So when Johns-Manville developed scientifically made and *accurately rated* insulation, engineering supplanted guesswork.

You can now know what bare heated surfaces and pipes in your home, factory or plant are costing and also to what extent the insulation you have at present is effective as a heat saver. All this has given the phrase "Heat insulation" new meaning — *assured Heat Saving*.

But if Johns-Manville had been content to stop its research after high heat savings had been achieved—as for example in the case of 85% Magnesia, the still more desirable insulation shown in the left hand picture would be unknown.

This type of material marks the success of an endeavor to increase the life of insulation which of course means greater economy to the user than the older moulded types of material.

This material is most durable under the wear and tear of application and use. It is built up in felted ply form, and hence will not grind away under vibration; and more remarkable still—it shows the highest heat saving efficiency of all commercial materials.

Look about you for bare hot surfaces, whether pipes, flat surfaces or irregular ones, for whether they are in the home or factory you may be fairly certain that the heat they waste will soon pay for the cost of insulating them with any of these materials listed below which we will prescribe and apply for you.

Showing how the felting of Asbesto-Sponge gives flexibility, so vital to long life.

Johns-Manville 85% Magnesia—the standard of the moulded class of insulations.

Other Johns-Manville Insulations

include Asbestocel of the cellular type, Anti-Sweat to prevent condensation on cold-water pipes, Zero Insulation for cold-water pipes, Ammonia Insulation, Underground Conduit Insulation, Furnace and Boiler Insulation, and Insulating Cements.

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that keeps the heat where it belongs
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that make boiler walls leak proof
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that cut down fire risks
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that save power waste
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that make brakes safe
FIRE PREVENTION PRODUCTS

JOHNS-MANVILLE
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"A Boon to Babies"

Zinc Stearate Merck is a soothing, cooling, toilet powder. Not affected by moisture. Prevents chafing and helps to heal irritated surfaces.

The Waterproof Toilet Powder in Sprinkler-Top Tins

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ZINC STEARATE MERCK

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR—

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The household disinfectant

Milk Sugar Merck
For preparing modified milk.

Barley Flour Merck
For infants and invalids.

Hydrogen Peroxide Merck

Acid Boric Merck

MERCK

(Continued from Page 34)

smiled back sweetly at his first question. Oh, yes, she did dream—lots and lots!

"And what do you dream of?"

"Oh, everything," claimed his patient promptly.

"But of what most often?"

Anne shook her head. It was evident that her sleeping world was as eclectic as her waking one.

"Come, now," urged the analyst. "Do you remember what you dreamed of last night?"

Anne's face brightened. "Oh, yes, doctor. Last night I had an awful dream. It was about grandma. I thought she was in the studio darning stockings when all of a sudden a great big ugly man came into the door. He hadn't any clothes on and he had a great big club in his hand, and he came over to her and he said, 'Stop that, you old fool, or I'll beat you over the head.'"

"Yes, yes; and what did you do then?"

"Me? Oh, I was awfully frightened, doctor, and I started to run away. But as I got on the stairs I commenced to think of poor grandma there all alone with him, and I ran back and grabbed the stick out of his hand."

"Ah," beamed her interlocutor, "that was a wonderful dream, wasn't it? But now tell me, Anne, what is your grandmother like?"

His patient hesitated a moment. "Well," said she slowly, "she's always redding up."

"My mother," interpolated Kenilworth apologetically, "is the old-fashioned type of woman. 'Redding up' is her idiom for making the house tidy."

"And do you like your grandmother to come visit you and redd up?" was Doctor Traumgarten's next question.

An ominous silence on the part of both Anne and her parent greeted this inquiry. It produced on the face of the analyst a smile of such sunniness that it was impossible not to connect it with the suspicion of some serious psychic lesion.

"I see," he murmured; "and now I want to know about the other person in the dream. Why, Mr. Dempsey, should this child's subconscious mind evoke the image of an unclothed man?"

Anne's father knit his brows, but no association occurred to him. It was Anne herself who gave the clew.

"I know, I know!" she piped up shrilly, bouncing up and down on her great leather chair with the vigor of her suggestion. "Here doesn't wear any clothes—nothing but his Javanese chiton. And yesterday we got picked up by a policeman and Florence Heidenbaugh's father was awfully, awfully cross about his not wearing clothes."

When Kenilworth had finished supplementing this recital with fuller details of yesterday's adventure Doctor Traumgarten jumped up from his chair and began pacing the room.

"Ah," cried he at last, "I think I understand. The unclothed figure of the dream stands in her mind as the symbol of individuality, of lawlessness, emphasized undoubtedly by the episode of yesterday."

In a voice shaken with concern Kenilworth appealed to him:

"It's true, then, doctor—you think she has some complex?"

"Oh, that I could not say—not yet. I shall have to hear her dreams for some time before I could actually determine. But there is no doubt about it—this dream, taken in connection with what you have told me about her daily behavior, possesses great significance."

"What significance, doctor?"

"Well, from hearing just this one dream I should say that the great desire of this child's subconscious is for order, for conventionality."

It was a crushing blow to the parent of the afflicted child. Among all the glittering array of complexes with which his reading had familiarized him—the inferiority one, the tyrant-rebel one, even the Narcissus or self-love variety—Mr. Dempsey would have chosen any but this. He did not, however, give way to immediate despair.

"But," he pleaded, "Anne won't allow anything to stay in order. She is the most destructive child in the world. That's why I brought her to you."

"Exactly so, Mr. Dempsey," explained the psychoanalyst patiently. "With her conscious mind she is constantly defending herself against this tremendous inner urge. The result is an excess of the opposite of this quality, for which she really yearns. We see this again and again. The man whose submerged strata are filled with coarse instincts often protects himself from realizing his innate coarseness by conscious indignation at every instance of low humor. He is the man who works himself up into a gouty rage over vaudeville jokes. Poor chap, if he only knew it he betrays himself at every step, for we who have made a study of him understand that the man who has no suppressed coarseness of fiber meets the same jokes with perfect indifference. But let us go back now to our dream. To Anne's mind her grandmother represents order. This is indicated by the fact that her first descriptive phrase is 'She's always redding up.' Obviously then, the child loves this grandmother and what she stands for."

"I don't, either," the patient defended herself. "She's very bourgeois."

"Ah, you see, Mr. Dempsey, how she proves my theory!" was the discouraging reception of this announcement. "She has been brought up by you and her mother to revere individuality, to look down on herd morality. Consequently every bit of her conscious mind says 'I must be like my parents. I must not be bourgeois.' But all the time her subconscious mind—ah, Mr. Dempsey, it is our dreams that give us the full measure of that! Then, you see, all the old sentinels—the pressure of familiar ideals, the pictures of ourselves as we most want to be—these relax their vigilance and the suppressed, the primitive, the uncivilized forces within us assert themselves."

Kenilworth braced himself.

"You think then," he faltered, "that her destructiveness and disorder are the measures that her conscious mind takes to fight off the subconscious desire for order?"

"Again, Mr. Dempsey, I must tell you that this one dream alone is not sufficient basis for my conclusion. But I should certainly say that the fact that in her dream Anne runs back to defend her grandmother, who represents conventionality, from the unclothed man, who represents unconventionality, is highly significant."

Mr. Dempsey had a buoyant nature and he found one element of relief in the situation. This element he voiced to Miss Herringforth that evening immediately after he had given her a complete report of the visit to Doctor Traumgarten.

"Thank heavens," said he, "we found it out in time!"

"But, after all," sighed Sue, "what are we going to do about it? That's one thing I never understood about psychoanalysis. What if you learn from your dreams that your subconscious self is a thief? How does knowing about it help you?"

"Why, my dear," replied Kenilworth grandly, "isn't anything better than a foe in ambush? If I realize that my subconscious self says 'Steal!' I can probably direct that energy into another channel. And even if I can't, isn't it a good deal better to be a thief than to be the victim of a neurosis, this awful fight between the conscious and the subconscious?"

"Then," said Sue, "it is your idea that we should make Anne realize that what she really wants is conventionality?"

"Of course. Bring it to the light always."

Certainly his efforts to liberate his daughter's imprisoned sense of order were at first painstaking. He suggested the next morning that she might wash the breakfast dishes, and he even executed one feeble attempt to initiate her into the mysteries of hanging up garments in the closet. To both of these suggestions, as well as to others of a similar nature, Anne remained indifferent.

At the end of an hour Kenilworth looked discouraged. Never had the guerrilla warfare of Anne's subconscious proved more devastating to his literary career than this illuminated battle.

At eleven o'clock he went out of the studio. When he returned at twelve it was to such a scene of havoc that he was perhaps justified in departing from his usual pacifist methods.

"You get out of here!" he roared. "Go down in the street and find somebody to play with—I don't care who."

Kenilworth's nervous system had suffered a shock previous to the one that always attended a first glimpse of the studio after Anne's incumbency. During his hour's absence he had been told by Higginson, the editor who had engaged his series, that the manuscript of his first article was in its present form unacceptable. The whole thing would have to be rewritten. Anne of course did not appreciate this, and as she trotted down the dark stairway there was something more than the subconscious imprisoned within her. It was an ache in her throat—the ache that only a child can feel at that supreme injustice, a sudden harsh reception of conduct which has heretofore been either overlooked or condoned.

But childhood's precious balm is always available. It is the present. Looking at this present now, Anne found it highly commendable. For there on the opposite side of the street where again the May sun smote the red geraniums of the lordly apartment house she saw the partner of her recent excursion playing with another little girl. A smile, even more radiant than the one with which she had greeted the wheezy hand organ, lit up her face as she started across the street to join them.

"Don't you come over here! My father, he said I wasn't to darst to play with you again!"

It was the shrill treble of Miss Heidenbaugh that thus warned her. At the sound Anne stopped short. So unexpected was the cruelty of the prohibition that she forgot all about those advantages which should have sustained her—that her mother had a name of her own, that her brother had no name at all and no wardrobe, that all of them had individualities, and that she herself was suffering from that distinguished disorder, a complex. Her under lip quivered and she sat down, without pretense of dignity, on the curbstone.

If her spirit had not been so completely crushed she would have pursued a different course. She would have improvised some play to wean away the little Philistines across the street from the most trenchant parental counsel. But her inventive faculties had been completely crushed by these two successive blows. The most brilliant entertainment of which she could think was to dip a little stick into the mud of the gutter and then trail it over one of the stones of the sidewalk.

As she sat thus engaged she presented a picture of silent suffering that might have softened a lifelong hatred. Yet her appearance only stimulated Miss Heidenbaugh to a fresh outburst.

"Look at her!" she cried. "Don't she look like one of the funnies? And you just ought to see her brother—he goes around without any clothes on!"

The contribution of the other little girl was even more direct. "Say," she called out, "did you ever try brushing your hair? People say it's awfully good for it."

Miss Heidenbaugh jumped up and down with glee at this sally until her red curls looked as if they were on springs. "Yes," she supplied, "and did you ever try wearing stockings without any holes?"

But even this deft solo work failed to content them for any length of time. Soon they attempted a choral effect.

"You poor nut, you poor nut, you poor nut!"

Over and over the two shrill voices chanted in unison this reviving strain. There is no telling how long the waves of song might have continued had there not descended upon the scene, swiftly as a goddess upon the Trojan combat, an unexpected figure.

"Stop that this very minute!" called out a fresh young voice.

Sheepishly Anne's two tormentors turned to a girl of nineteen or twenty who emerged from the doorway of the apartment house. Then both of them dropped their eyes. Not so Anne. To other people Faith Deering might have appeared a pretty girl with yellow hair and pink cheeks and blue eyes. To Anne she was from the very first instant all her favorite heroines rolled in one—Joan of Arc, Di Vernon and David Copperfield's Dora.

After her first command Anne's deliverer devoted herself to a look of withering condemnation. It was a full minute afterward that she spoke again:

"Miriam—and you, too, Florence Heidenbaugh—I'm ashamed of you both! Is this the way you obey the laws—being unkind to another girl because she isn't dressed as you are?"

These cryptic words had a devastating effect upon both offenders.

"Oh, sister," cried Miss Heidenbaugh's friend, catching hold of Faith Deering's hand, "you're not going to tell, are you? I didn't think—honest, I didn't. Promise me you won't tell, sister—not for just this once."

The older girl hesitated for a moment. "Well," she promised finally, "if you and

(Continued on Page 39)

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(Continued from Page 36)

Florence will go into the house this minute and read over all the ten rules—particularly those about being courteous and helpful—and then recite them to me this evening I'll think it over."

At these words of hope both the delinquents fled into the house. Faith Deering waited until they had completely disappeared and then very slowly she crossed the street to the little outcast, still sitting on the curbstone with her long legs in their faded and tattered stockings arching the muddy rivulet of the gutter.

"Tell me, dear," said she gently, "did those girls hurt your feelings?"

Anne looked up dumbly. At last she shook her head.

"Then what is the matter?"

"I—I don't have anything to do."

The simple statement ended in a cry that shook her from the sandaled, pigeon-toed feet to the unkempt hair. Another minute and she was sobbing on the shoulder of Faith Deering. Even at that moment she was conscious that it was the happiest thing in the world to feel your wet cheek against the rough homespun suit of your heroine.

It was late that afternoon when Anne reappeared in the studio from which she had been so stormily ejected. There was no sign on her face of hoarded resentment. On the contrary, as she advanced upon the figure at the typewriter she was brimming with some joyful excitement.

"Ken!" she cried. "Oh, Ken!"

"Hmph?" Her father did not look up from his pecking of the keys.

"Ken, I've got something to show you. Look!"

"Um—just wait a moment, Anne." Then, bending over the leaf inserted in the machine he read to himself, "'It is, of course, to the uniform that we may trace the crystallization of all those narrowing emotions which ——'"

Anne had pricked up her ears. "What's that you're reading about uniforms?" she asked sharply.

"Just that I hate them—that's all."

"Why do you hate them, Ken?"

"Because they destroy the individuality."

"All uniforms?"

"Every one of them."

If he had ever noticed his daughter for any other purpose than to paste some new theory upon her he would have observed that the small face, so joyous only a moment before, was suddenly overcast. But this fact, together with the two foreign objects which Anne had brought into the room with her, was entirely overlooked by him. He did not know that she divided the following two hours about evenly between the thick paper-bound book and the new rope which Faith Deering had given her. All he knew was that a strange lull had succeeded the customary domestic typhoon.

"It's going to work," he announced jubilantly to Sue that evening. "This morning I was afraid Doctor Traumgarten wasn't going to be able to do any more for her than that child diagnostician we had last year, but this afternoon she was just like a lamb."

The next day did nothing to disturb this current of optimism. So absorbed did Anne continue in her two presents that her residence in the studio was as unobtrusive as her long absence from it that afternoon. It was only the next morning that the real complexities of her complex began to dawn on him.

"Ken," said she, going up to him just as he was about to begin work, "how much a day will you give me if I wash all the dishes and redd up the studio and take care of Here?"

"How much a day?" he repeated frowningly. "Why, what in the world do you want money for, Anne?"

She hesitated a moment. "Because I want a bank account," she announced at last.

"A bank account? Now who in the world ever put that into your head?"

Again Anne hesitated. Gradually a look of supreme craft invaded the hazel eyes. "Grandma!" she snapped.

Already she had found the one snug little port where all her wishes might come in from troublous seas.

The parental heart was plainly ravaged by the discrepancy between his daughter's suppressed desires and his own expressed ones. For Kenilworth did not believe in bank accounts. One of his most biting summaries of the bourgeois temperament was—"You know, the sort of man that encourages his children to save their money." It was no wonder that the surrender of these principles came after a long struggle.

At last, however, a sharp memory of his words a few days before came to decide him. "Better to be a thief than to be the victim of a neurosis." How could he be untrue to this supreme enunciation? He agreed to give Anne twenty-five cents a day for her labors.

Before the morning was over the spiritual disadvantages of the arrangement were overbalanced in Mr. Dempsey's mind by the practical advantages. Never had he been able to write so easily and so well. He attributed this entirely to certain negative conditions. He would not have admitted how, quite apart from the absence of Anne's usual cyclonic pastimes, a new sense of physical order—of a room cleared of the eruption of cigarette stubs, unwashed dishes and miscellaneous garments—had contributed to this new mental order.

Only once were his labors interrupted. That was when there dashed out to him over the screen behind which Anne was washing the breakfast dishes a sudden spray of song:

O say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming?

With a frown Kenilworth jumped up and looked down over the top of the screen. To understand the frown you must have heard that other biting summary of his—"You know, the sort of man that stands up for the national anthem!"

"Where did you get hold of that?" he asked irritably.

This time Anne did not hesitate. "Grandma," she announced firmly.

Her father suppressed something that was not a desire, and returned to his work.

"She's a throwback," he confided gloomily that night to Miss Herringforth. "I just wish you could have seen her wash those dishes to-day—two basins of water—glasses and silver first—exactly the way mother made me do it when I was a boy."

"And all these years," mused Sue, "we never dreamed that this was what was the matter with her."

"Oh, Doctor Traumgarten's a wonder," responded Kenilworth. "I was talking about him to Grace Tuthall to-day. It seems Johnny has an inferiority complex. Doctor Traumgarten put his finger on it right away—and he's coming along finely. Of course it takes work to make him answer back."

During the next few days Mr. Dempsey's evening reports to his wife were devoted to the expansion of Anne's cleansing interests.

"She spends about two hours a day now bathing and scrubbing her nails and brushing her teeth—to say nothing of the hard exercise she gets out of her hairbrush. And as for Here, she's got him polished up like a dancing floor. Upon my word that child never sights land any more. When she does, guess what she plays with. A rope! And she's learned to tie all sorts of funny knots—the reef and something she calls the sheepshank."

"Why, who in the world taught her to do that?"

Kenilworth did not know. He had not made any inquiries of his daughter regarding either the rope—which, by the way, he had detected just that day—or the two hours during which she now regularly absented herself from the studio.

It was Miss Herringforth who first became acquainted with the existence of Faith Deering. Dropping in upon the studio one afternoon on her way to make some of the abhorred fashion sketches she was greeted by a violation of custom so profound that her eyes widened almost to the boundaries of her spectacles:

"Anne! What—are—you—doing?"

All a mother's piercing solicitude was in that cry. No wonder! Kneeling on the floor in front of her brother Anne was tying a large Windsor bow under the dimpled chin.

The black silk tie was, in fact, the last of a series of more finished crimes. For that terra-cotta body was now incased in a blue chambray suit, and the chubby feet wore patent-leather slippers over their immaculate socks.

Anne looked up at her mother with an eye of Buddhistic calm.

"I'm dressing Herringforth," she announced.

"Herringforth!" breathed Sue, diverted for an instant from the original cause of her consternation.

"Yes, Sue. It's time for this child to have a name. The girls on the street all made fun of me for calling him Here, so I told them it was just a nickname for Herringforth. Herringforth Dempsey—that's what he is now."

Forgetting that her daughter was suffering from a psychic obstruction, disregarding all the healing processes of complete expression, Sue stamped her foot.

"Well, don't you ever dare to put clothes on him again! That beautiful little body of his is to grow up into its perfect heritage of freedom and grace and unconsciousness and ——"

"I will so put clothes on him again!" wailed Anne, rising from her knees and confronting her mother over the water-sleeked locks of Here. "Cap—Miss Deering—gave me this suit. It belonged to her little cousin and it's just like the one that David Copperfield used to wear, and he looks beautiful in it, don't you, Here—I mean, Herringforth?"

The cherub to whom she appealed moved from one slippered foot to another as if he were treading the pedals of a bicycle.

"Wanawearit, wanawearit," he screamed, growing red with the prejudice of his viewpoint.

"Well, you can't wear it!" cried the staunch defender of his individuality.

"But, Sue," struck up Anne through a torrent of tears, "the sc—the girls—won't play with me if he goes out like that. Nobody else's brother does it. Yes, and grandma said it wasn't right too."

"I don't care what your grandmother said," retorted Sue sharply. Then after a pause she asked with some pungency, "Who is this girl that gave you those clothes, anyway?"

A look of worship, too intense to be passed over by the ardent theorist surveying her, irradiated every nook of the tear-stained face.

"She's the most beautiful lady I ever saw," responded Anne, leaving all grief behind her on the pinions of this description. "She lives across the street in a great big beautiful apartment. Oh, gee, Sue, I just wish you could see that apartment! They don't sleep in their dining room at all. And her mother has long hair and she stays at home every day and says dear to everybody."

"Well, I've got to hand it to Doctor Traumgarten," was Kenilworth's penetrating comment upon this episode. "Here she's gone and picked out exactly the type of girl that mother might pick out! But tell me, old dear, how did she take it? Did she promise not to put clothes on Here again?"

"Oh, yes. I was quite surprised at the way I brought her round. She went away laughing and singing."

Anne's behavior upon receiving the ultimatum was not, as a matter of fact, overdrawn. However, her fount of strength was quite unsuspected by Miss Herringforth. Nor did Kenilworth, of course, connect the complete relapse which his daughter suffered the next morning with yesterday's episode. He knew only that the studio, where for the past week he had been working under the most restful influences, had been abandoned to its former state. It was so evident, indeed, that Anne's complex was again hurting her that he took her that very afternoon for a second visit to Doctor Traumgarten.

This time Anne hardly waited to seat herself in the big leather chair before she began.

"Oh, doctor," she reported eagerly, "I've had another awful dream about grandma!"

The bracing effect of that phenomenon, a recurring dream, was plainly marked on the face of the young psychoanalyst.

"Yes?" said he.

"Well, she was in the studio again, and this time she was putting clothes on Here, when all at once there came through the door a great, big, ugly ——"

At this point the willing patient paused and two students less completely engrossed by the subconscious energies would have been sure to see the very conscious energy that Anne was putting into her recital.

"Well?" inquired the analyst a trifle hungrily.

Anne gulped. At last, however, she made her decision. Between exact repetition and slight variation she finally chose the latter as the more convincing.

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"A great, big, ugly—woman!" she boomed out. "She was dressed in an old blue smock and she was carrying a big stick—no, I forgot—it was an enormous paintbrush—and she said to my grandmother, 'Stop that, you old fool.' I was awfully scared, doctor, and I started to run away, but when I got out on the stairs—no, I was out on the street this time—I ran back and grabbed the paintbrush out of her hand."

"You see!" exclaimed Doctor Traumgarten triumphantly, addressing himself to the troubled parent. "In her dreams she is always on the side of the grandmother. Now who is the lady in the smock?"

Mr. Dempsey explained that this was undoubtedly his wife. And later on, when the two retired to a rear office, he recited the circumstances that had formed the basis for the dream. It was as they emerged from this office ten minutes later that Kenilworth made his final unavailing protest.

"Of course," said he plaintively, "you understand how willing we are to make any sacrifice for Anne. Still—it is hard to see that beautiful little body of his "

"I know, I know," assented the psychoanalyst with due feeling, "but I think it is best—just for the present, of course! At first, you see, that is so often the experience—the energies that are released take revenge for their long imprisonment by a tremendous manifestation of their power. By and by, though, you will see—she will get a proper sense of proportion."

Anne understood at first sight of her father's dejected countenance that she had not dreamed in vain. And jumping up from her chair she threw her arms affectionately about Doctor Traumgarten's waist.

With a devout expression the young psychoanalyst raised his eyes to the ceiling. "She has made a transference," he whispered.

"What's a transference?" asked Anne, still clinging to him and looking up into his face.

"That just means that you like me," he answered with a smile. But to her father he whispered gratefully, "I was hoping that this would happen, you know. I might analyze her subconscious all I could, but unless she yielded herself to me in this way—unless she made a transference—my suggestion would be unavailing."

From the time of this visit Herringforth Dempsey was not to be distinguished from any other two-year-old boy in the Mews. Indeed, the complete supremacy of Anne's subconscious was now established in the Dempsey-Herringforth household. Over all subsequent situations Cæsar Complex ruled with a rod of iron. At last his doughty legions conquered that last stronghold of disorder, the wardrobe of Miss Herringforth. Just one month after the first consultation with Doctor Traumgarten Sue exchanged her smock and tam-o'-shanter for a spick-and-span suit, a lingerie waist and a toque covered with poppies. As for the bric-a-brac glasses, these were assumed only during hours of work.

Just a day after this last province had been brought under the imperial sway Sue came running into the studio where her husband was working.

"Oh, Ken," she burst forth joyously, "what do you suppose has happened? Oh, you never did hear of such luck!"

In a series of jerks her story came out. Simmons, the manager of a certain specialty shop where she had been going to draw sketches for the studio of commercial art which employed her, had asked her whether she would make all the drawings for his advertisements. He had offered her a wonderful salary, with promise of an increase. It meant that she could do the work at home and have plenty of time for the beloved painting.

"Did you ever hear of such luck?" she concluded. "But isn't it the strangest thing—I've been going to Simmons for months, and this is the first time he ever made me such a proposition!"

If she had understood how the demands of Anne's aroused subconscious had squared with those of her new employer's conscious she would not have remained in doubt.

But it was, of course, impossible to guess that only a few days before, Mr. Simmons had mourned to his waist buyer, "If only that little Miss Herringforth didn't go around in a melted hat and a faded smock I'd like to have her do all our work, but I hate to have one of those messy-looking women around the place."

She now took off the jacket of her suit and started to throw it in a heap on the chaise longue. Kenilworth, however, intercepted the movement.

"Don't!" he whispered with an apprehensive look over his shoulder. "She may be in now at any moment!"

At this warning the other vassal of Anne's malady trotted meekly off to the closet. It was five minutes after this that her husband was startled by a sharp exclamation.

"What is it?" he asked, going over to the closet door, back of which his wife was standing.

"Look!" she commanded. "Just look at this! Oh, it's all as plain as day now!" With this she thrust into his hand a paper-covered book. "I found it in the laundry bag your mother gave us last Christmas," she added grimly. "She didn't want us to know, and she thought this was the last place we'd ever look."

"But what in the world does it mean?" asked Kenilworth, blinking owlishly at the title. "Scouting for Girls—why should she have wanted to hide that from us?"

"Oh, you stupid!" fumed Sue. "Turn over to the inscription on the flyleaf and you'll see."

She did the turning for him, and together they read: "To My Little Tenderfoot, from Captain Faith Deering."

With wild eyes Mr. Dempsey peered down into his wife's face.

"Great heavens!" he cried. "Do you suppose it's happened? Is she wearing a—uniform?"

"She probably is," retorted his wife stoically. "Read over those tenderfoot tests and you'll see."

With shaking fingers Kenilworth turned back to a certain chapter.

"Of course she is," he groaned. "Why, that's the reason she wanted twenty-five cents a day—they've got to prove they can earn enough to help buy their uniforms."

"And the rope! Did you read about that? It's one of their tenderfoot tests—tying all sorts of knots."

"Yes, by Jove, and The Star-Spangled Banner—remember I caught her singing that one day? Here it is—see—they've got to know two stanzas of it."

"And all that incessant scrubbing of herself! It's one of their rules—a Girl Scout is Clean in Thought, Word and Deed."

"And the way she washes dishes! You remember my telling you how particular she is? It's plain as anything now—she's been going out every afternoon—I bet it's with that Deering girl—she's been taking her to their beastly headquarters. That's where she's picked up all this housework of hers!"

Thus, bit by bit, the motivation of the past month was unfolded before them. When they stopped the feverish skimming of the book these two fond theorists realized that, not to Doctor Traumgarten but to Captain Deering had Anne made a transference. More than this, they were finally penetrated by the fact that it was not the subconscious which had been the seat of Anne's disorder. On the contrary, it was her conscious mind that had been desiring the outlets long denied her, the outlets provided her by Captain Deering and her troop. Human companionship, play, competition—these had effected the change in their daughter.

For a long time they gazed at each other over the smoking ruins of the complex. Their dazed silence was broken finally by a knock on the door. It was the postman with a special delivery for Kenilworth. Glancing over it he handed it without a word of comment to his wife.

"My dear Dempsey," she read aloud. "Congratulations on your first two articles of the series. If you can keep on at this gait The Malady of the Military is going to be one of the books of the year! Sincerely yours, Thomas Higginson."

There was a hush before Mr. Dempsey spoke. "The Malady of the Military," he repeated at last, not without bitterness.

She looked at the husband whose published writings had always represented the most advanced line of antimilitaristic, even internationalistic, thought. She was sorry for him now, but in the end her sympathy was disintegrated by a twinkle.

"And to think," said she, "you would never have been able to write it if Anne had not got into a uniform!" Then, the twinkle developing into a laugh, she added cruelly, "I should say, The Cure of the Military—and I'm afraid the cure has gone through the family!"

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THE FIREFLY

(Continued from Page 19)

she and the other girls made them what they were, or had the men made the girls what they were, or was it fair to blame it all on the war? Had all the men in the old days been like Gordon Field or like poor Eleanor's Dick, who had been killed? And were there men to-day like Gordon Field and like poor Dick—only not in her crowd? There was Alden Ross, of course, Eleanor's professor; only he seemed so old and uninteresting to her. Oh, well, what was the use? She was in her crowd, and some day she supposed she'd marry some one of them and go on about the same as ever.

"Here we are," said Barlowe, stopping the car with a jerk. "Continue your slumber in the ballroom."

When Adrienne shrugged her opera cloak into the hands of a maid in the cloakroom half a dozen pairs of feminine eyes were directed towards her. Adrienne always dressed well, could be relied upon to have the latest thing. She was suspected of making her own clothes, but no one could prove it, certainly not by any homemade touch.

"You look scrumptious, 'Drienne," said Nita Ames, glancing over her shoulder where she was giving a last touch of fluffiness to her blond hair and shaping a cupid's bow with her lip stick. "And," she added, making way for Adrienne, "may I come home and stay all night with you? Mother and father bar entrance after two o'clock. I told them this was an early party and that your mother was going to chaperon it and I was invited to stay with you."

"The latest statement now becomes the truth," said Adrienne; "the rest still remain lies."

The cloakroom was shifting and changing like a kaleidoscope, as silken and chiffon-clad figures in gold and scarlet and black and rose moved here and there under the glaring lights, their soft voices and gay laughter rising in waves of pretty sound. Adrienne's spirits responded to the stimulus; after all, this was life, the best she knew; she must get out of it all that was in it.

"'Drienne," said Nita, "want a nip? I pinched Tom Sloane's flask from his hip pocket when I passed him in the hall. He'll be mad as a hatter! Never mind; it was through him and Butch Barlowe that I got hung up at that last dance."

Adrienne refused the nip, but there were other girls who took it.

"I'm two years older than you are, 'Drienne," confessed Nita, "and I find I can't get along on three cups of strong coffee any more—not and have pep enough for any sort of dare the boys want to offer at three G.M. Well, this is the life! I say, 'Drienne"—she lowered her voice, and her eyes grew strained—"if you meet any new men to-night, will you introduce them to me? And I'll do the same for you. I don't want to run the risk of being hung up again."

"Of course, Nita," said Adrienne hastily. There was something she hated about Nita's frankness. "You mustn't worry."

"It's all very well for you," said Nita wearily; "you never were left that way. It's a horrible feeling. And a man that really likes you won't do a thing for you if you are hung up. He seems to think you've put yourself outside the pale because you're momentarily unpopular. Do you know, I've been driven to get an extra man to-night? Eleanor's professor, Alden Ross; quite a pill, but anyhow he can dance, and he's a gentleman, and if he sees me alone he'll spring up to the rescue."

"It's rather sickening," said Adrienne suddenly.

"Play the game, 'Drienne. Go around with the bells on till some one of the spoiled loafing bunch asks us to marry him. And I can tell you men are a good deal more prone to make love to you these days than they are to invite you to marry them. Shall we go in?"

Adrienne loved to dance. Once on a good floor in the arms of a good dancer, she forgot all her disenchanted feeling and enjoyed to the full the motion, the colors, the music, even the talk of her partners.

Shortly after supper Barlowe got together the group that was to go to the road house, where there was still something better to be had than home-brew. In the car with him Adrienne felt a return of the old weariness.

"I wonder what is the matter with me," she thought. "Butch is certainly the brightest of the crowd; his chatter is always amusing when he doesn't get sulky, he has a good job and his people have money. If he asks me to marry him I suppose I will. But to-night I almost feel like trotting after Eleanor, picking out some nice, quiet, faithful soul like Alden Ross——"

The road house was a cheap-looking hotel at a crossroads. The proprietor received them jovially, and with complete absence of that respect which in the old days the patron showed to the customer.

They sat in a dingy sort of smoking room and ordered the drinks they wanted, looking on with amused sophistication when these were brought to them in earthenware cups.

"This is the life!" shouted Butch. "Say, who would ever want the comforts of home when he could have a time like this. I'd like to know?"

"Doesn't sound much like a matrimonial candidate," reflected Adrienne cynically. "Marriage is supposed to be the end of these congeries of young people arranged for them by Nature without their consciousness, perhaps, but not against their will. But maybe old Mother Nature is behind the times too."

Barlowe found her rather unresponsive as he drove her home; but, having drunk further flagons of the same, he was content to burble on with an occasional "Um-huh" from her.

It was four o'clock when she went to bed. She had been asleep only a few minutes when she awoke as if some voice had called her. For a moment she did not realize where she was. In her ears was the swing of the sea. That odor she smelt was the tang of the pine woods. That man who stood framed in the green aisle of the wood was not Butch Barlowe, was not anyone of the crowd. It was Gordon Field, no longer gay, and disillusioned, older, graver, but in essence the same Gordon Field.

Just a moment the dream persisted; then it faded, and Adrienne was in her own familiar bedroom. She got up, threw on a dressing gown and sat before her mirror. She drew her hair back softly from her face, so that her pretty ears showed. She rubbed the black line from her under lids. Her cheeks were pale, her lips a deep coral—and she was lovely. She did not see that she looked five years younger and a decade simpler; she only saw that she was something in appearance like the little girl who used to worship Gordon Field.

She went to her closet and, diving into its remote depths, found a simple, long black chiffon dress. She put it on, turned her head this way and that, made a tentative effort at draping it, and then, smiling faintly, went back to bed. Neither she nor they knew it, but Adrienne had given up her old crowd.

Two days later there was a dance at the country club. Barlowe drove Adrienne, sheathed in her blue cloak, a thick blue chiffon veil over her hair. If he had lingered near the door of the cloakroom he might have heard the cries of Nita Ames and the gasps of half a dozen other girls:

"Adrienne Foster! Are you crazy, or what?"

For Adrienne slipped out of her blue sheath and stood before them in a black chiffon gown that fell in simple lines to the old prewar dancing length. It was cut low enough to show her slender neck and part of her pretty shoulders.

"You haven't got an advance tip from Paris?" asked one girl doubtfully.

"For pity's sake, Adrienne, are you crazy?" repeated Nita.

"No more than usual," replied Adrienne negligently. "I simply got tired of the clothes we're wearing and took 'em off."

"Well, if you think you can start a new style," said Nita frankly, "you've got another guess coming. Why, you look so countrified—with your hair slicked back like a kid's and a—a sort of nursemaid's uniform on. All I hope is you won't get hung up."

"I guess I could stand it—once," drawled Adrienne, "and maybe forget about it after."

She was glad to scratch someone, for she was really nervous about her new departure. She had never before felt so unpleasantly conspicuous, never realized fully what a large part clothes play in the personality of the modern girl and what a protection it is to look like everyone else. To make a variation is permissible only if the rest of the herd will follow the variation. Adrienne might have appeared in a skirt one inch above her knees and carried it off, but to appear in a skirt eight inches below took high moral courage.

For a few moments after she stepped into the dance hall she was keenly aware of Barlowe's outraged stare and of the nudges and smiles of the other young men. She was creating a sensation all down the stag line; not the sort to which she was accustomed, not the lazy sort of adulation the men gave a girl who knew how to dress smartly and was always full of pep and bounce and beans, or whatever the current term was that meant energy for anything at any time. It was a wind of ridicule and criticism that was blowing towards her. She steeled herself to carry off the evening, no matter what it cost.

"Say, what's this mean?" Barlowe said at her side. "If it's a joke I call it a pretty rotten one, and if you've brought some real clothes with you——"

And then—and then, the miracle. Beside Butch stood, magically, a figure she remembered. A voice she had never forgotten said, "You were going to present me, Barlowe, to Miss—Miss——"

And she was looking up into Gordon Field's face—graver, older, as she had dreamed of it two nights before; but the same frank look was there, the same smile that reminded her of fresh, wholesome things.

"'Smy cousin, Gordon Field, that I told you was coming," said Barlowe in a grumbling tone. "I'm saying about this joke, it isn't going to take."

For all the impression he made on Adrienne her escort might have been talking to the desert air.

She went through the motions of answering him, of responding to the remarks of others of her friends.

She was not hung up. Gordon Field saw to that, though she would have been but for him, for plainly her innovation was not popular. It was characterized as fresh, as showing a desire to be right in the middle of the picture, as thinking herself so darned important that she could carry anything off. A few there were who laughed indulgently at "Addy's little joke," but they were a tolerant, easy-going lot who did not see that it was a pretty serious thing to have a girl at a dance whose clothes looked as if they had come out of some prewar rag bag. It just simply wasn't done!

But Adrienne was walking in another world—where there was the sea and pine woods and fresh odors. She was there while she sat with Field at supper, Butch glowering at one side. And she was there when, at Butch's proposal, some of the dancers drove off to the same old road house where they could get the same old better-than-home-brew. Field proposed to take Adrienne.

"Suits me," agreed Barlowe; "and if you take my advice, you'll find a bar of your own somewhere."

They took his advice to the extent of driving on and on in the quiet night, out into the real country, where the fields were asleep in their last stretch of winter slumber and a promise of spring was in the air. A late gibbous moon shed a gray-silver light everywhere.

"I don't know how long I've known you," said Field at last. "Is it five hours, five years or five centuries?"

"Longer than you suppose," she replied. "Have I known you long enough to tell you what a relief it was for me to see a girl dressed as you are? Simple, pretty, modest—all the good adjectives go with it."

(Continued on Page 45)

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From the
Thousand Window Bakeries

(Continued from Page 42)

"I'm afraid I haven't worn clothes like this very long," Adrienne said. "I suddenly grew sick of the kind of life I live, and the clothes seemed a symbol of it. So I changed them. You see, we are eager for excitement; keeping going. If only we can keep going like everyone else, wear the same clothes, get the same attention and don't get jilted or anything, then we think we are having a good time."

"Jilted? Are—are you engaged to—to anyone?" asked Field in a queer, abrupt voice.

"No; but don't talk about me. How white the fields look. How should people act in this old world, anyhow, Mr. Field?"

"Ever since the armistice I've been generalizing about this old world. Only this afternoon I decided that the thing to do was for a man to be as white and square as he could, get others around him of the same sort, be hard in judgment on himself and easy on everyone else. Just now that doesn't seem worth saying. Nothing seems worth while except to drive like the wind down this long white road. 'Ride—ride together, forever ride.'"

"Look again at the fields; it's as if some wizard had enchanted them, fastened them down with a silver veil. See, Mr. Field?"

"Say 'Gordon.' Haven't you known me for a thousand years?"

"Gordon, then. Oh, isn't it quiet and beautiful? The very voice of the car seems trying to go off into poetry. Oh, Gordon, I feel, I feel ——"

"How do you feel?"

"I don't know; light, innocent "

"Innocent?" he laughed. "You're like a little pure lily flower."

She reflected that if she were at the road house now someone's arm would be about her, and she shivered a little.

"I mean I feel as if someone had just made a lovely new world for me and I had stepped into it without a single hateful thought; as if I would never bother my family again, or say anything mean to any friend, or—or drink anything. Little old tags of poetry that I didn't know I knew are running through my head, like 'The night that we stormed Valhalla a million years ago' and 'Magic casements, opening on the foam of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn' and 'The dawn comes up like thunder outer China 'crost the bay!'"

"I—I feel as if I could storm Valhalla myself," replied Field. "What was the matter with me a few hours ago, thinking there was anything wrong with this good old world? I believe we're both a little mad. I hope sanity will hold off for some time."

"I don't mind being mad," said Adrienne dreamily, and she crooned, 'I am the daughter of earth and water and the nursling of the sky.'"

They did not go back to the dance. Field unlocked the door of the Foster home at two o'clock with many remorseful apologies to Adrienne for keeping her up so late. She had an impulse to tell him that never since her coming-out party had she come home from a dance at such an early hour, but she did not want to break the spell of her mood. Nothing was said about another meeting; a great deal was taken for granted.

The next day he called early in the afternoon, and they went for a long drive, and had an evening meal at a crossroads lunch room, from which Field telephoned Barlowe that he would not be back to dinner. The third day they spent wholly in the country, and Field did not telephone Barlowe at all.

As Adrienne looked back on these long drives together she could not remember that they had talked very much; and yet they must have to have learned so much about each other's tastes. One would speak a sentence and the other would comprehend a paragraph. Their silences were either full of meaning or, better still, full of contentment. When she was with Field her other life seemed miles away; when they were separated she was just waiting for him, going through the motions till his reappearance. She was so full of him that she did not even wonder what they thought of when they were separated, what his twenty-four-hour-a-day attitude toward her might be.

On the fourth day Field called in the evening and Adrienne introduced him to her family. It seemed strange to have him there as an ordinary caller. Watching him be measured by her father and approved beforehand by her mother because he had good manners, and being observed by Eleanor and indifferently accepted by Alden Ross, she tried to estimate him herself. He was not so good-looking as Butch; not so well groomed as Ross. Perhaps the world might call him merely a pleasant, presentable young man. He was treating her just as he treated Eleanor and her mother. Those other hours with him might have been a dream—or no, not that; those other hours were the reality; this was just time that had to be put in with the rest of the world which must be kept outside.

On the fifth day he and Barlowe dined with the Foster family, and again she had that strange sense that Field and she were outside their real life. Not once did he show by look or glance his consciousness of those other hours. She wondered, with a little fear, how well she really knew him; perhaps those other hours were not real at all. Perhaps those long days together had represented a mere mood, were not permanent; and still there must have been something to show the bond between the two, for Barlowe became slightly sulky, a sure sign that he was jealous. Barlowe wanted a claim on Adrienne without any obligation on his own part. His sulkiness reassured Adrienne somewhat. She was further cheered by her family's unqualified approval of Field.

"To meet a chap like that in your crowd," her father said, "almost restores my faith. The man can think and talk; he sees something beyond the tip of his own cigarette. By George, I am going to read his book!"

"You couldn't pay anyone a greater tribute, daddy," laughed Adrienne. "It's more than I have done."

"Now, father," warned Mrs. Foster.

"Yes; don't turn me against a real man by overpraising him, daddy," mocked Adrienne.

And then she sighed. Why did she have to use the old flippant manner? Why couldn't she keep this dream detached, unsmirched? If only she and Field could get away from all the world; if only other people didn't have to be watching!

And there was that party to-morrow night; they had both wanted to get out of it and couldn't. Butch and Gordon were to call for Nita Ames and then for her; Butch was going to keep her under his eyes.

The next night at nine Adrienne slipped down the stairs and into the living room. Her hair was drawn softly back from her face, showing the tips of her little ears. There was no rouge on her face, no color on her lips, no black under her deep blue eyes. The color of her eyes was repeated in her soft taffeta gown, long and simply cut at the throat in a sufficiently ample V.

"Why, it's that dress I gave you just after you graduated!" cried her mother. "How pretty it is, and how becoming!"

"Now you look something like a real girl," said Foster; "not like a high-colored poster."

"I'm glad you like me," said Adrienne; "I aim to please."

A horn tooted outside; she blew a scattering kiss to her family, put on her cloak and opened the front door. Two young men sprang up the steps to help her into the car, where Nita sat, a cigarette between her lips.

Once on the dancing floor Adrienne gave herself up to the excitement of the music, the motion. There was the same criticism of her gown, Barlowe expressing himself even more emphatically than before; but for that she cared nothing. It was glorious to dance with Field, to know that their steps were perfectly matched, to hear him whisper that no other girl in the room looked so beautiful as she did. The rhythm got into her blood; she danced the shimmy with the old abandon, though she was aware that Field was not on the floor. She laughed Barlowe into good humor. She was wildly happy; for to-night, surely, she and Field would drive again, would once more slip into their real world. How wonderful to be dancing there, to all appearances the same Adrienne Foster, when she was really another person with a wonderful secret.

Shortly before suppertime she was in the cloakroom with Nita, who was helping her pin up a silken ruffle.

"I told you that dress was too long," said Nita with amused and friendly eyes. "Of course I understand now why you are wearing this get-up. All the girls with eyes in their heads understand. You've a smart little headpiece, 'Drienne; this Gordon Field is the only one in the bunch that wants to get married. Butch gave you a line on him with advance information as to his simple taste in girls, and your own quick wits did the rest. Only you shouldn't have let Butch guess what you're up to. Butch is a poor loser."

Adrienne's cheeks were blazing.

"It isn't true, Nita! I didn't set out to do what you mean. What I've done is the one real genuine thing I've ever done; the one brave and self-sufficient thing. And now you, my own friends, this crowd I have given everything I had to, are turning against me, knocking me with it. It's cruel, beastly. You spoil everything!"

"Good Lord!" said Nita softly. "I—I beg your pardon. I—I don't exactly believe you, but I know when people really begin to care they forget the scheming part of it. Only I didn't think you could care in just a week. Here, don't answer me; I'll fly. Put some powder under your eyes."

When Adrienne went into the dance hall again her face was composed, but she was sick with spiritual nausea. She loathed herself, her friends. Those quick, significant glances the girls had cast did not mean amusement over her clothes but over the bait they considered those clothes to be. She wondered just how far the ruthless hands of her friends had torn at her dream. She wished she had asked Nita just what Butch had said. She had a premonition of unavoidable disaster. She smiled, she took whirling, gliding steps as she crossed the floor and joined one of the groups to go to the supper room. But her smile was strained and her eyes had lost their inscrutable look. She did not see Field.

Nita slipped her arm in Adrienne's.

"Don't look so—so expectant," she admonished. "He's gone. I don't know anything about it. He left excuses with Butch. Sit between Butch and me at supper, and laugh and talk your head off. There are others guessing besides yourself."

Adrienne talked and laughed through a nightmare of misery. What she said and what was said to her she did not know. The colors of her friends' dresses, their gleaming teeth hurt her eyes; their talk and laughter hurt her ears; it was anguish just to exist. Barlowe's proposal to go after a few flagons of the same was negatived; there was to be another and more brilliant dance the next night, and the consensus of the bunch was that it would be the better part of valor to go home early.

Barlowe drove Nita home first. When he got into the car again Adrienne asked, "Where did Gordon Field go?"

"Home," replied Barlowe.

"Sick?"

Butch uttered a loud caw of laughter.

"Gee, you're a cute one, 'Drienne! Guess he's sick at the game you tried to play on him. I didn't see what a darn good joke it was until I noticed him trying to eat out of your hand at your house last night; and again to-night on the floor he could hardly stand it for other people to dance with you, and then it made him sick when you danced the shimmy. When a fellow doesn't want a girl to dance the shimmy he's in that heaven-home-and-mother state that leads smack to the altar."

"When you've done laughing," said Adrienne gayly, "you might tell me what you said to tease him."

"Oh, I just told him how I told you he was thinking of settling down and wanted a good old-fashioned girl ——"

"But you didn't tell me that!"

"I did; implied it anyhow. And then I told him what a foxy dresser you'd always been, and how these clothes were a joke to get him going."

"Who told you they were a joke?" said Adrienne sharply.

"Good Lord, what else could they be? I took it you wanted a new scalp and it was a darn smart way of getting it. 'Sall same to me, if you don't get to valuing the scalp too much. I've sort of scooped you out of the bunch to play with special, and I don't expect to let Gordon cut me out just because I have to be polite to my guest. Not sore, are you?"

"Only so sore that I'd like never to speak to you again as long as I live!" cried Adrienne furiously. "It's not one word of it true. He and I were—were friends, and I—I liked him, and now you've spoiled it."

"If it's not true it's queer you are so mad," retorted Barlowe sulkily.

"I'm angry because you've taken liberties," said Adrienne tensely. "Just because we've played around, that doesn't give you any right to interfere with my

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For some strange reason painting has always been accepted as a man's job. But millions of women in this country are using the paint brush every day with skill and artistic satisfaction.

Last year thousands of women gave their cars the brilliance of newness with Murphy Da-cote. It wasn't hard, but the point is that they *did* it!

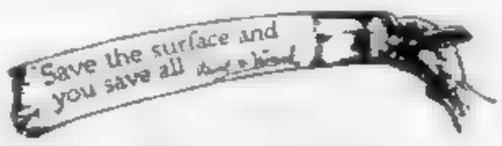
The remarkable thing about Da-cote is that anyone can use it and get good results. No great painting skill is required. Just clean the car thoroughly and, when it dries, pry open a can of Da-cote and then *paint!*

Da-cote will make up for your lack of brush skill, for it flows over the surface like a rich cream and runs all brush marks and laps into one smooth, glass-like finish.

Give the old bus a new dress this Saturday afternoon. Two hours of play will do the job. Then lock her up overnight to dry. Sunday morning you'll have a new car to flash on the highway.

Da-cote means — a coat today — dry tomorrow.

Da-cote comes in black and white and ten popular colors. Your dealer will show you dozens of color combinations on his color chart. Pick out an attractive scheme and make your car look her worth. Write to us for color card and name of Da-cote dealer.



Murphy Varnish Company

NEWARK CHICAGO

The Dougall Varnish Company, Limited, Montreal
Canadian Associate

He eats plentifully—yet he is falling off in health

The food we eat may fail to keep us fit for lack of one single vital element.

ONE single food element essential to health!

Scientists are agreed that without this one food factor—this mysterious vitamine—we lose appetite and weight and fall off in health.

We now know that many of our inefficiencies and failures are really due to lack of this health-maintaining element in food. Even though our food is plentiful, if it lacks this single substance we do not get the full benefit of it. Scientists describe this as *"slow starvation"* with all its ill effects.

This is why thousands who are eating otherwise good and wholesome meals find their energy and vigor slipping. They remain in a state of lowered vitality and are subject to common minor ailments.

The richest source of the water-soluble vitamine has been discovered to be just yeast. It has been proved in laboratory experiments to be four times as rich as spinach, the most prized of vegetables in this respect.

Fleischmann's Yeast is a food assimilated in the body just like any other food. It is highly digestible—is in fact an aid to digestion. And it increases appetite. In leading hospitals it has been proved valuable not only for these results, but for aiding intestines in their normal functions in ridding the body of waste matter. It gradually eliminates the necessity for the use of laxatives.

Eat it at any time—from 1 to 3 cakes a day. Try it as a sandwich filler or spread on hard crackers. It is good in milk, and many like it just plain. (If troubled with gas, dissolve yeast first in boiling water.)

Place a standing order with your grocer for Fleischmann's Yeast and get it fresh daily. To learn more about yeast, send for free booklet, "The New Importance of Yeast in Diet." Address THE FLEISCHMANN COMPANY, Dept. AA-29, 701 Washington Street, New York City.

Health-building qualities of yeast

If the food we eat is poor in the vitamine which yeast supplies, the body's ability to produce energy from food slows down. We then become more susceptible to disease, especially certain skin disorders and complaints which require constant use of laxatives. We cannot throw these off as readily as when we are in vigorous health.

Fleischmann's Yeast helps all the digestive organs, stimulating and restoring normal appetite. Many are eating 1 to 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast daily to supply the lack in their diet and to get the full benefit of the laxative properties of yeast.

other friendships. What right have you to—to—scoop me out of the bunch, as you call it? We're not engaged; you're not in love with me. You have no more right to take a hand in my affairs than—than Alden Ross; not so much. I—I hate you!"

"Aw, cut it out, Adrienne! I ain't ready to be engaged yet, but if you feel—why, I've always liked you better than any of the others, and ——"

"Don't dare to think I'm trying to make you propose to me!" cried Adrienne. "You—you're blunted, Butch, for all that you are the cleverest man in the crowd. You know nothing about—about a girl's fine feelings. Oh, how I hate it all! Don't speak to me or touch me!"

When the car stopped in front of her home she would not let Barlowe help her out. Stimulated by her desire to get as far away from him as possible, she rushed up the steps, inserted her latchkey and jerked the door open. Then draggingly she crept upstairs to her room, and sat down before her dressing table, staring into the mirror, which gave back to her a wide-eyed, tragic face.

She slept little, and all next day she kept waiting, waiting for a message from Field. None came. Towards dinnertime she went to Eleanor's room.

"You've got to help me," she said. "Last night I couldn't have told anyone. Now I'll go mad if I can't get him back."

She talked feverishly, painfully; Eleanor listened understandingly.

"Don't be so unhappy, dear," she said; "he's alive; you're in the same world. If you really love each other it will all come out right."

"How ever did you bear to have Dick die?" cried Adrienne. "Why, I can't bear just not to know where Gordon is at this minute, what's going on in his mind. I—I must see him, Eleanor. You and Alden must come to the party to-night; perhaps he'll be there. Anyhow I can find out something about him. Butch won't come for me. I told him never to speak to me again. I don't know what he may tell people. I want to show them all I don't care, and I—I want Gordon back. Alden and you must come; Alden must see that I'm not hung up, for with Butch mad —— Oh, Eleanor, I don't know what I want, but I feel as if I were going mad. How—how did you stand it?"

So Eleanor tried to tell what she had learned about bearing the loss of love, and Adrienne listened, learning nothing, scarcely comforted by her sister's sympathy.

"I'm glad," thought Eleanor wearily, "that I'm no longer capable of pain like that. If I don't feel wild joy, I don't feel wild grief either."

That night, for the last time, Adrienne danced with her old crowd. Defiantly she wore the black chiffon gown with which she had inaugurated her new mode. She danced and laughed in the old fashion. Butch avoided her, and more than once except for Alden Ross she would have been hung up. To all appearances, however, she was the same popular, carefree Adrienne, and her acting was good enough to convince her friends that she was heart-whole so far as Gordon Field was concerned; that if he had loved and ridden away it was nothing to her. Indeed, as Nita suggested, perhaps she had sent him away.

That night Eleanor told Adrienne that Ross had learned from Barlowe that Field had gone off to the country to begin his new book. Eleanor had his address.

"If you would like me to write, dear, or to go to see him?"

It was a new Adrienne that looked out of the sad blue eyes.

"What would be the good of that, Eleanor? He has judged me without giving me the chance to deny or to confess. I want to go after him on my bare knees, but I have just enough sense to see that if his love can't meet a little test like this it isn't the love I thought it. If we were ever married with him not really caring and me caring too much, what good would that be? I'd sooner marry Butch or someone I didn't want. All the while I was dancing to-night the thing kept arranging itself in my mind. No matter how I feel, I ought to let him go; act as if he had never existed. After all, he never said a word of love; we just felt things, or I know I did, and I thought he did too. It seemed a perfect companionship, as if we just belonged to each other without any need for words. I thought no two people ever felt as we did."

"Oh, Dick, Dick!" murmured Eleanor.

"I know; I'm going to be awfully sorry for you pretty soon, when I have melted a little. I'm not even sorry for myself now. Daddy's little firefly is pretty well burned out. Well, that's over too; good-by to the old crowd. I've been a rotten daughter and a rotten sister. I'm going to try to find out what is the decent thing to do and live up to it, even if I don't care for anybody or anything but a man who doesn't want me."

Adrienne found that it was easy enough to withdraw from her world. When she began to refuse all invitations a few callers and telephoners protested. Among her friends there were meaning whispers that Gordon Field or Butch Barlowe could have told why she cloistered herself, but after a day or two even this gossip died. At the end of a week Adrienne was as free as she could have wished to be from the importunities of friends whom, a month before, she half believed when they told her she was indispensable.

In that long week Adrienne, a novice in real living, found out what an insistent beleaguerer pain can be. In the daytime she was pretty well able to keep her attention on objective things, but at night she was no longer able to bar away her grief. Memories of Field besieged her mind—the way his eyes had bent on her own; the kindling of his smile; his deep voice. He had never touched her except to shake hands, and yet she felt as if he had held her close, spirit and body. He had absorbed her.

Sometimes she cried out: "Ah, he must have loved me! It couldn't have been a dream!" But then she would add staunchly: "Nonsense! That's always the way with girls whose love is not returned. Just because they care so much they think the man they love must care too."

Every day she took long, wearying walks, when she fixed her mind stubbornly on the external things about her. One afternoon she went on a street car into the country, and began to walk among the dead fields and bare woods. Her nerves were so tired that she was not suffering; she felt only a dreary sort of quiet, and a wonder that there seemed so much life going on in the world when she was so dead. Not until late afternoon did she turn back to the road that led to the tramway terminus.

She was tramping down the middle of the road, making her firm footfalls a sort of symbol of the way she meant to walk through whatever lot was to be hers, when she heard behind her an automobile. Without turning her head she took the footpath. The car drew up beside her. She quickened her pace, uneasily conscious that she was on a rather unfrequented way. Then Barlowe's voice hailed her, a little uncertainly.

"H'lo, Adrienne. Want a drive?"

Adrienne answered him briefly: "No, thanks, Butch. I came out to walk."

As she spoke he got out of the car, and she saw that he must have been stopping at his favorite road houses. As she began to move away he took her arm.

"Say, what's hurry?" he asked. "I'm glad you're not sore at me any longer. C'mon and ride home. Say, c'mon! I took trouble to follow you just to make up. That's the kind I am; loyal to the bunch."

For a moment Adrienne had the impulse to soothe Butch into a good humor as she had so often done before. Then, angered by her relapse towards an old convention of the brisk bunch, she pulled away her arm and said: "You had no business to follow me. Do let me alone!"

Barlowe seized her, thrust her into the front seat of the car, got in beside her and held her with one hand while he set his engine running and shifted gears.

"You can't fool with me!" he shouted. "When I waste a whole afternoon to go after you I'm going to take you home. See?"

For a moment Adrienne struggled and the car careened from side to side. Terrified, then, she relaxed.

"All right, Butch," she said. "Do watch your driving."

"'Sall right," he said; "I can drive eyes shut."

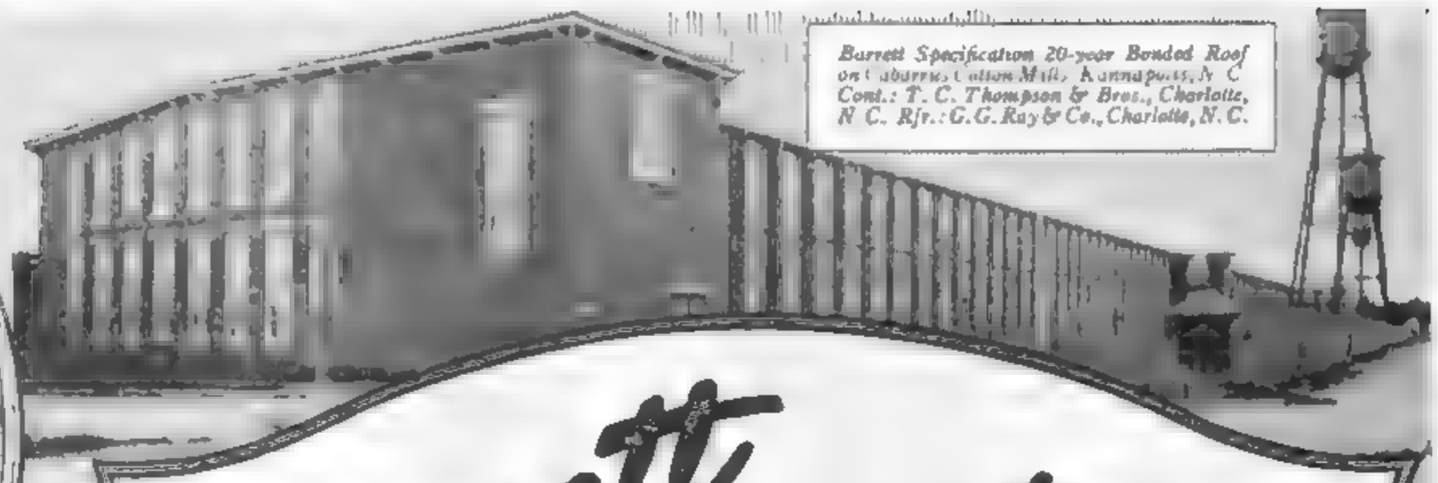
"Don't go—so fast," she panted. "My head aches."

Barlowe put on more gas with a long cackle of hiccuping laughter.

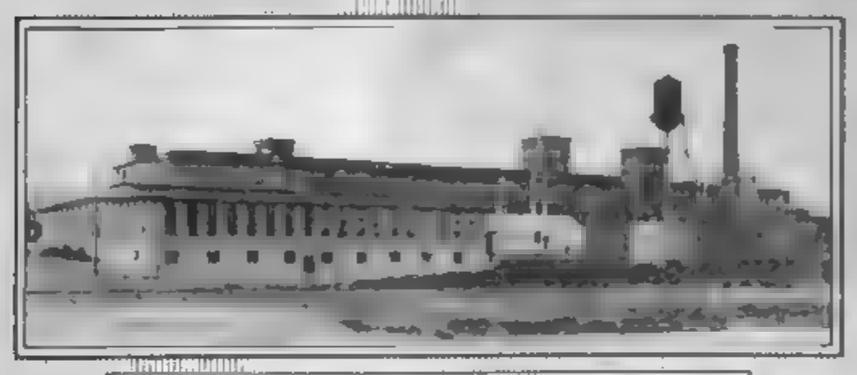
"Think you can fool me?" he said. "Think I'm so drunk I can't see through you? Like jump out, wouldn't you? 'S'nough nonsense, 'Drienne. I came out to drive you home, and I'm going to drive

(Continued on Page 49)

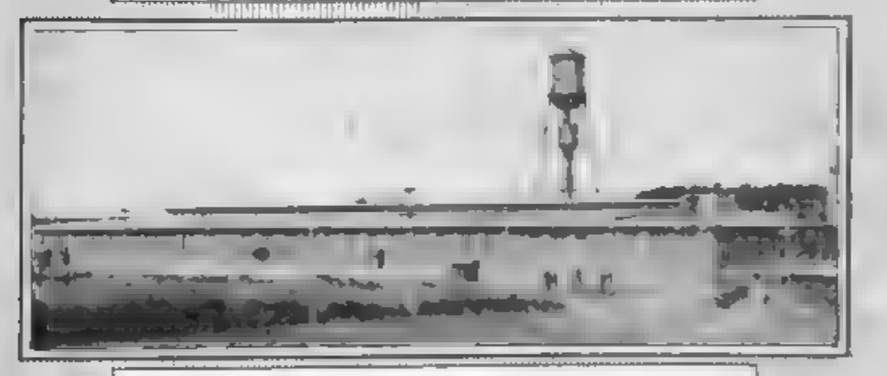
Barrett Specification 20-year Bonded Roof on American Processing Co. Mills, Mount Holly, N. C. Arch. & Eng.: R. C. Biberstein, Charlotte. Gen'l Cont.: J. A. Gardner, Charlotte. Rfr.: G. G. Ray & Co., Charlotte, N. C.



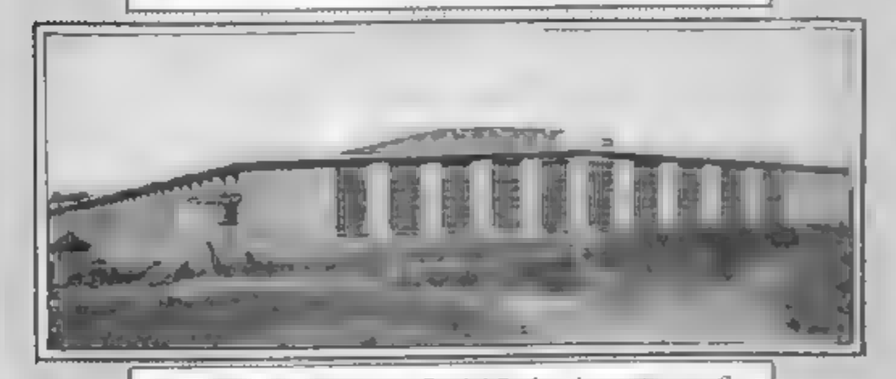
Barrett Specification 20-year Bonded Roof on Cabarrus Cotton Mills, Kannapolis, N. C. Cont.: T. C. Thompson & Bros., Charlotte, N. C. Rfr.: G. G. Ray & Co., Charlotte, N. C.



Barrett Specification 20-year Bonded Roof on Blue Buckle Cotton Mills, Rock Hill, S. C. Eng.: J. F. Norrine & Co., Greenville, S. C. Rfr.: G. G. Ray & Co., Charlotte, N. C.



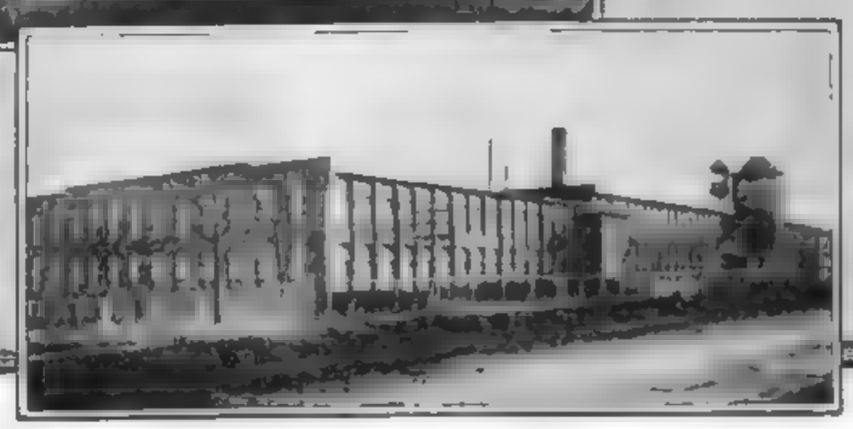
Barrett Specification 20-year Bonded Roof on Myrtle Mills (Cotton), Gastonia, N. C. Gen'l Cont.: H. B. Patillo, Gastonia, N. C. Rfr.: G. G. Ray & Co., Charlotte, N. C.



Barrett Specification 20-year Bonded Roof on Acme Spinning Co. Mill, Belmont, N. C. Arch. R. C. Biberstein, Charlotte. Gen'l Cont. J. D. Grandy, Charlotte. Rfr.: C. F. Shuman, Charlotte, N. C.

Barrett Specification 20-year Bonded Roof on Groves Knitting Mills, Gastonia, N. C. Eng.: Mayes Engineering Co., Charlotte. Cont.: J. D. Grandy, Charlotte. Rfr.: A. Y. Bond, Inc., Greensboro, N. C.

Barrett Specification 20-year Bonded Roof on Henderson Cotton Mills, Henderson, N. C. Roofer: Budd Piper Roofing Co., Durham, N. C.



Barrett Specification Roofs

"King Cotton's" Roofs are Bonded—

"THE Industrial South" is no longer a dream. It is a splendid reality. Not only is the South the world's chief producer of raw cotton, but approximately half of America's 35,000,000 cotton spindles are located below the Mason and Dixon Line.

As a rule, the big mills that house these millions of spindles are covered with Barrett Specification Bonded Roofs. For architects and engineers in the South, like architects and engineers in all other sections of the country, have a strong preference for the roof that has stood the test of time—the roof that is moderate in cost, wonderfully durable, highly fire resisting and *bonded* for a long term of years against all maintenance expense.

The Barrett Specification Type "AA" 20-Year Bonded Roof represents the most permanent roof covering it is possible to construct, and while we bond it for 20 years only, we can name many roofs of this type in service over 40 years and still in good condition.

Where the character of building does not justify a roof of such extreme length of service we recommend the Barrett Specification Type "A" Roof, bonded for 10 years. Both roofs are built of the same high-grade materials, the only difference being in the quantity used.

Before specifying or closing contract for a Barrett Specification Bonded Roof, read carefully all the stipulations in the specifications.

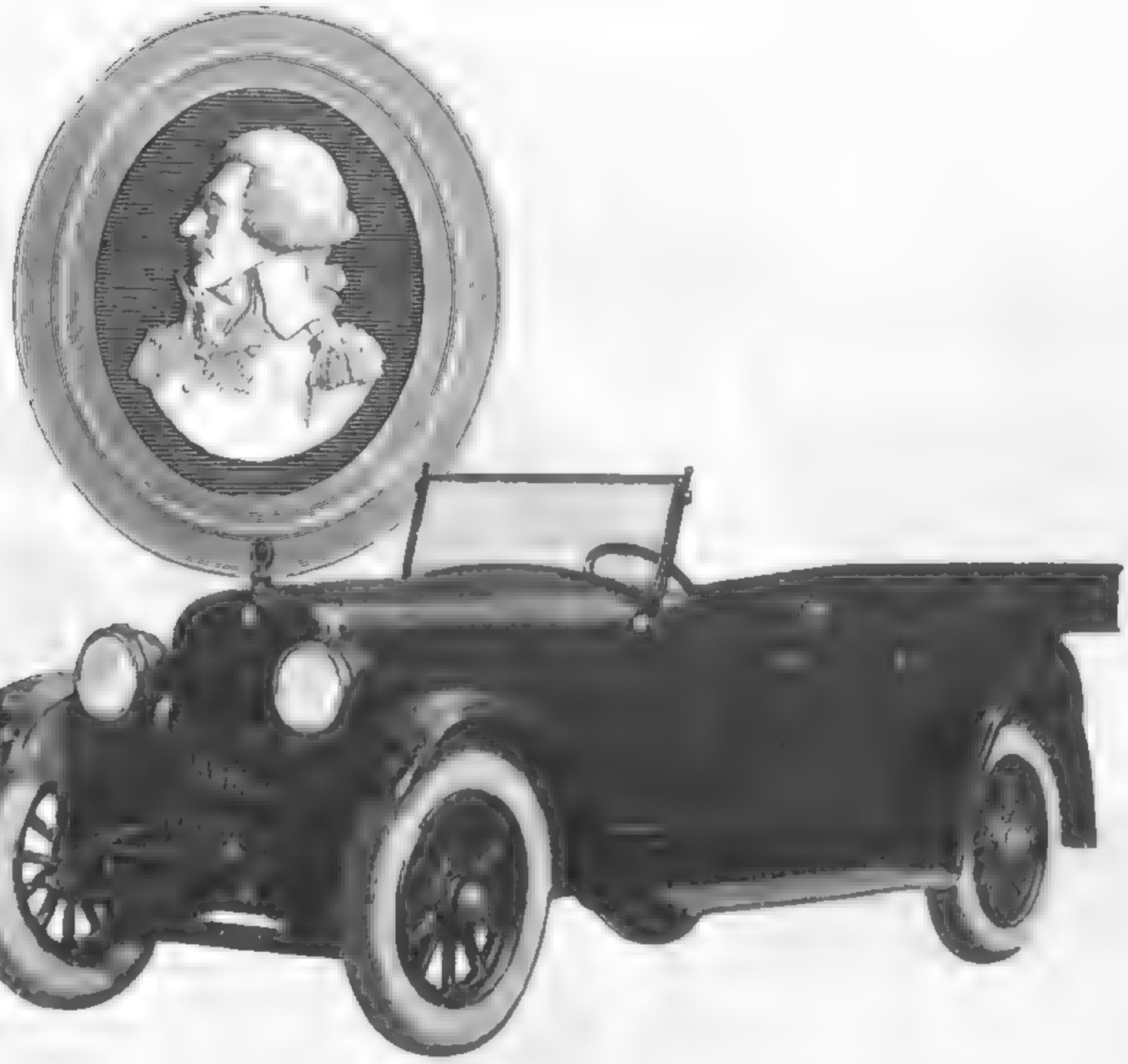
Full details regarding these Bonded Roofs and copies of the Barrett Specifications sent free on request.

The Barrett Company

New York	Chicago	Philadelphia	Boston	St. Louis	Cleveland
Cincinnati	Pittsburgh	Detroit	New Orleans	Birmingham	Kansas City
Minneapolis	Dallas	Nashville	Syracuse	Seattle	Peoria
Atlanta	Duluth	Salt Lake City	Bangor	Washington	Johnstown
Lebanon	Youngstown	Milwaukee	Toledo	Columbus	Richmond
Latrobe	Bethlehem	Elizabeth	Buffalo	Baltimore	Omaha
			Houston	Denver	Jacksonville

THE BARRETT COMPANY, Limited
Montreal Toronto Winnipeg Vancouver
St. John, N. B. Halifax, N. S.

Barrett Specification 20-year Bonded Roof on Cannon Mfg. Co., Spinning and Cotton Mills, Kannapolis, N. C. Cont.: T. C. Thompson & Bros., Charlotte. Rfr.: G. G. Ray & Co., Charlotte, N. C.



WHEN YOU COME BACK FROM THIS RIDE YOU WILL DO OUR ADVERTISING

We want you to take a ride in a LA FAYETTE no matter whether you are considering purchase now or not.

We want you to take this ride because we know it will be a better advertisement than we can ever print.

It will make you want to own this car as you never thought you would want to own a car in all your life.

When you return you will say things in its praise that we could not in modesty set up in type.

Forever after, whenever you ride in another car, unconsciously you will find yourself measuring that car with LA FAYETTE.

You will say you never knew, before you found it in the LA FAYETTE, what comfort it is possible to enjoy in rapid travel over uneven roads.

You will say you never knew the thrill of a hundred horsepower at your command until you released it in the LA FAYETTE.

You will say you never knew such mastery over distance—such confidence in any mechanism made by man.

When you drive a LA FAYETTE you need never permit another car to come close enough to go around.

Speed in it does not bear its accustomed relation to danger.

The faster it goes, the closer it seems to hug the ground.

It may be turned into a curve at high speed without lurch or skid.

Set the brakes hard as you like; the wheels stroke down like velvet, without the old familiar drumming on the road.

It is a glorious car, built for those who love fine things.

LAFAYETTE MOTOR COMPANY at INDIANAPOLIS

LAFAYETTE

(Continued from Page 46)

you home. Stop sulking, and come on back to the bunch. Missed you like blazes all week."

Adrienne leaned back, trembling, while Barlowe drove like a madman. She prayed for the moment when the tramway terminus would be reached; then Barlowe would slow down surely. Suddenly he slued the car to the left and went up a sort of lane.

"Short cut to a road house," he explained. "You'll need a pick-up after your long walk."

The road was little more than a rutted ditch. Barlowe was forced to reduce the speed of the car and to take both hands to the wheel. They lurched and staggered forward. Suddenly Adrienne gave a gasp. Straight across the road was a trench.

"Go over it like a tank," said Barlowe.

The last things Adrienne remembered were the red of his mouth as he laughed and a crooked tree that seemed flying over a fence to strike at her. Then darkness.

When she came to herself she was alone, staring up into a twilight sky. Under her head was Barlowe's overcoat, bunched into a clumsy pillow. Over her was a rug. A little distance away lay the motor car, the wind shield shattered, one of the wheels twisted off. There was no sign of Barlowe.

She felt very remote and tired, as if the real Adrienne were a long way off. Yet she had a hazy interest in her body, which lay so still under the rug. Cautiously she sat up. When she tried to stand, a shattering pain in her ankle restrained her, and she sank back helplessly upon Barlowe's overcoat. She closed her eyes, wondering whether her ankle were broken or sprained, and not much caring which. The pain increased; with it her mind lost the numb feeling that had all day given her a specious peace. Her every nerve cried achingly for Gordon Field.

Presently she heard someone approaching. She did not look up until Barlowe stood over her, a lantern in one hand, a pitcher of milk in the other. His cheek had been cut with splintered glass and was clumsily bandaged. The accident had evidently sobered him.

"I wish you'd drink this," he said. "I've telephoned home for help. There's a farmhouse near by that has a telephone."

Adrienne drank the milk. Silently the two watched the stars come out. After a while Barlowe rose.

"You'll be safe here," he said. "I'll go down to where the lane turns off to be sure they don't pass us by. I gave you a rotten deal, Adrienne. I'm sorry."

When he had gone Adrienne lay down and stared for a little while at the stars. Then she shut her eyes. In spite of pain she dozed. She came wide awake at the sound of a car that backed up the lane, stopping a few feet from the trench. From it stepped Barlowe and another—Gordon Field.

She felt no surprise when he took her in his arms and lifted her into the tonneau; no surprise when Barlowe said gruffly: "No, I ain't going, Gordon. 'S'nother car coming for me. I fixed it that way."

Had Barlowe tried to get Field? Or was it accident that he was here? No matter; it seemed inevitable that he should be taking care of her. He began to drive slowly along the jolting lane. Not until they were in the road did he speak.

"I don't know where to begin," he said. "I won't ask you to forgive me. I'll try to earn forgiveness my whole life long. When Butch let me think you were engaged to him, when he said you were only adding one more conquest—oh, I know I should have come to you, should have asked you. But then I remembered we hadn't talked of love. How was I to know that it was really true that we seemed to understand everything without words? How was I to know that it was not my own imagination that made us seem so at one?

"I'm not excusing myself, Adrienne. Trying to write my book I—I saw more clearly. I asked myself why I should be working with unrealities, words, pale characters, when you were in the world; when, if I had misunderstood you, I could go to you and say, 'Was this the truth? Or that? If this I believed was false, then your admitting it leaves me no worse off than I was. For humiliation counts nothing, if I have lost everything.' I had come back. I was in Butch's house when he was trying to reach me in the country. I could not stand the wretchedness. I thought it was a big love, mine, and I was not going to dishonor it. Was that fatuous? Will you forgive me? I can't say what I really mean. I keep pouring out words ——"

"I haven't any false pride now," said Adrienne; "I didn't want the love unless it was big. I don't mind the last dreadful week. Just you—that's all; here; now."

They drove between the quiet fields, and the silence changed from a dreamy peace to something pulsating, rapturous. Abruptly Field stopped the car and took her in his arms.

"Adrienne," he cried, "you're mine!"

"I've reached home," she whispered joyfully.

THE HOLDOUT

(Continued from Page 15)

Most of the Haleton players had early afternoon recitations or lectures and did not see the Trojans again until they met them on the university diamond. A goodly section of the grand stand was filled with the undergraduate body, whose curious cheers seemed to amuse the big-league men hugely. Rendall noted that Summerman was seated in the lower tier of seats directly behind the catcher, and that with him were Thomas Loring and his secretary. A feeling of exhilaration swept through him. Here was to be his test. He was not afraid. He didn't know just what he could do against the Trojan sluggers, but he believed he could do something.

Yet they were a formidable crowd of athletes, who handled bat and ball as easily and naturally and gracefully as a duck swims. To the student pitcher there was something almost hypnotic in the way the infielders scooped up sizzling grounders and tossed them to first or second all in one rhythmic motion, with no wasted effort and no loss of time. Beside them the Haleton players looked like striplings, and the business which they made in fielding a ball and getting it away seemed almost laborious, almost clumsy by comparison. Just the same, this Haleton team, judged by all college standards, was a good one, and Rendall knew that he had less to worry about in his support than about his ability to cause the major-league batters to drive balls that were playable.

As he picked up the ball to warm up with Shorty Mills, the varsity catcher, Shugrue, the Trojan manager, came up. "Let's see what you got, son," he said in a careless, kindly voice, taking a position behind him.

Rendall nodded, and after throwing eight or ten slow, twisting curves he lifted his eyes at the catcher, who struck his fist upon his glove and settled himself firmly. Rendall let drive his fast ball. He felt like pitching, and the sharp flat sound which came as the sphere hopped into the waiting mitt told him that it was good.

"Try it again," directed Shugrue. "It's good—only you telegraph it with your foot." Rendall sent it away, then swung around involuntarily to catch whatever expression might be upon the manager's face. It was, however, a mask.

"Anything else?" he asked.

Rendall, very much upon his mettle, shot various offerings into Mills' mitt, until finally his observer turned away without a word and walked toward his squad of five pitchers idly tossing the ball about.

"Guess he thinks I'll be batted out of the box," Rendall laughed as he and his catcher walked toward the bench.

Mills' gray eyes flashed.

"Then he's got another think coming, old boy. You've got it to-day, I don't care who's hitting against you. You can pitch for my money."

"It's my own money I'm thinking about," Rendall smiled. "I think I'll get a good offer to go with the Trojans if I can put it over to-day."

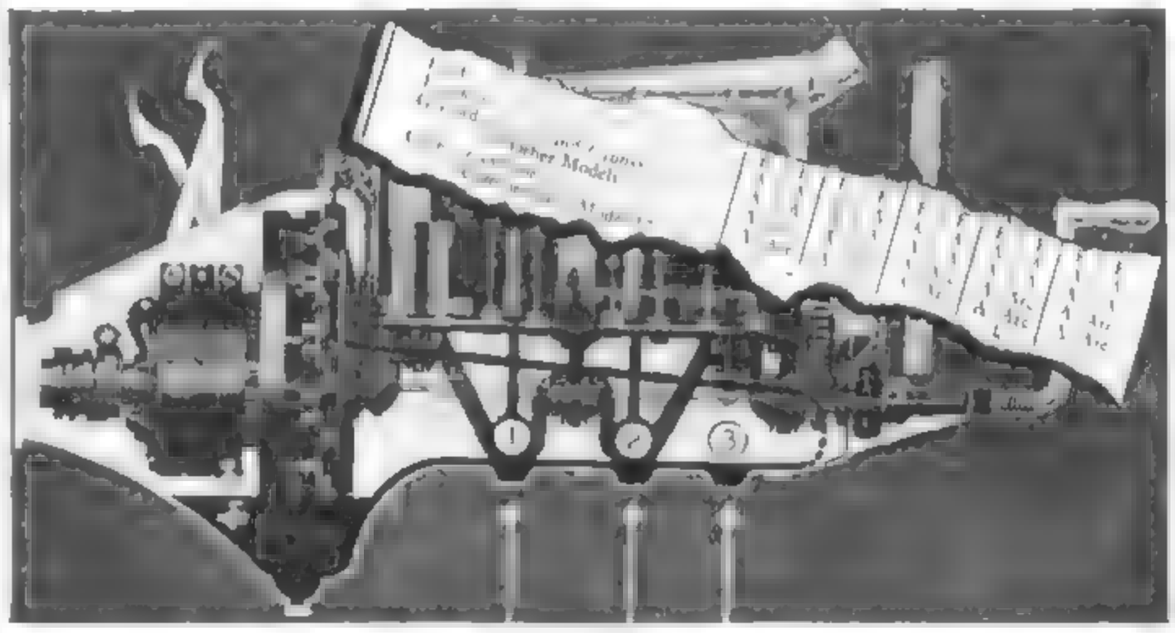
"Eh?" Mills paused, staring at the pitcher. "Is that what you've spent four years in college for?" Then he laughed. "But you're kidding."

Rendall responded in kind.

"Maybe I am kidding myself, Shorty. Otherwise I'm serious."

"I get you. Then for your own good, Jack, and for the sake of the college, I hope they knock you out of the box."

But they didn't. As Rendall went out on the mound in the first inning, and Carey,



Here is where the kerosene remains

Kerosene is No Lubricant

Warning to Ford Owners

AFTER each thousand miles you are advised to draw off your old oil and refill with new. This is sound advice.

Before pouring in new oil many motorists flush their engines with kerosene. A study of the above diagram shows why this is a grave mistake.

At the bottom of the Ford crank-case are three splash troughs—under cylinders, 1, 2 and 3. These splash troughs hold the oil into which the lower part of the connecting rods dip and splash oil to all parts of the engine. In attempting to drain off the old oil the drain plug in the bottom of the flywheel housing is removed. *This empties the oil from the reservoir but does not empty the splash troughs.*

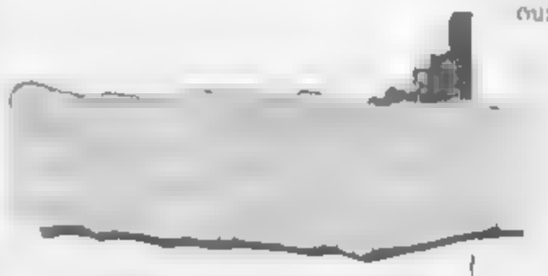
If kerosene is poured into the filler opening, it mixes with the old oil in the troughs. When new oil is added it is impaired by the mixture of kerosene and old oil remaining. *Your engine is then lubricated by an oil-and-kerosene mixture.*

Assuming that you correctly lubricate your Ford with Gargoyle Mobiloil "E," we recommend that you flush your engine with a quart of fresh oil rather than with kerosene.

Ford owners wishing full compression and freedom from carbon deposit and fouled spark plugs will be satisfied with nothing short of Gargoyle Mobiloil "E." It is scientifically correct for the Ford engine. It distributes perfectly to every friction point.

In your Ford differential you will do well to use Gargoyle Mobiloil "CC" or Mobilubricant as specified in the Vacuum Oil Chart of Recommendations.

Send for our booklet, "Your Ford—Four Economies in its Operation." In writing address our nearest branch.



The Vacuum Oil Company's Chart specifies the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil for every make and model of car. Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" is the correct grade for Fords. If you drive another make of car send for our booklet, "Correct Lubrication."

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The OWL Brand
With the Brown Band

the Trojan lead-off man, sauntered carelessly up to the plate swinging three bats, the collegian found himself filled with supreme confidence. Knowing the Trojan predilection for letting the first ball go by, Rendall grooved his initial offering and heard the umpire declare it to be suitable so far as he was concerned. The next one dropped beautifully over the plate, while the batter, not expecting so clean and abrupt an alteration of plane, made no offer at it. It was generally recognized that the withering look he bestowed upon the arbiter was merely an attempt to bamboozle him. It was quite justly appraised as a strike. Carey just managed to nick the next one—Rendall's fast ball—and had the chagrin of seeing a high foul fly settle into Mills' mitt.

Corridon flied out back of third and the famous Miller struck out. In all, a grand way to begin.

"The kid's got a bean, all right. Mixes 'em up fine." Shugrue grinned up at Summerman as he walked to the bench. Summerman nodded and smiled.

Rendall watched big Curtis as he walked out to the mound for the Trojans. Contrary to all his team mates, his face wore a serious expression. It was clear that he intended to go hard, and further it was clear to Rendall that his intentions were thus not so much because he was worried about the collegian batters—or would ordinarily have been worried—as that he was fearful of himself. There was a slight but significant distinction here which Rendall thought he could appreciate.

But apparently he need not have worried. The Haleton batters were plainly nervous, and Curtis' delivery, beautifully placed, fast, but devoid of break, sufficed to retire the side in order.

In the Trojans' second turn at bat Rendall—the day being unseasonably balmy—began to unhook his fast ball. He had it under perfect control, and it snapped up under the bats of the big leaguers in most annoying fashion. Coupled with this, he had an elusive change of pace, and apparently this was about all he needed; or, as some might say, all that any pitcher will ever need in whatever company, provided he is strong, well poised mentally and has a mind instinctively attuned to combat with batsmen.

The innings went up to the seventh, and while the Haletonians had been able to do nothing against Curtis, the Trojans had fared no better against Rendall. They had sent long, booming flies to the outfield—a lot of them, but they were easily negotiable. There were none of those crashing, sizzling hits through the infield, or those line drives that rise as they travel like a well-hit golf ball and swell a player's extra-base record.

And thus came a change in the attitude of the Trojans. On the bench there were a tenseness in the lines of bronzed faces, a general leaning forward, an interest in all that was going forward which embodied pride of calling and a growing chagrin that they should thus be held helpless. And in the seventh, when Smiley, of the Trojans, laid down a bunt and got to first on a scramble for the ball between Rendall and the first baseman, the bag being left uncovered, there came from the Trojan bench that series of sharp staccato barks which heralds among professionals a belief—or hope—that a break in their favor is imminent. Shugrue himself went out to third base, sending in the rookie coacher.

But Shorty Mills, sensing an attempt to steal, called for a pitch-out, and then nipped the runner short of the second bag as cleanly as could have been. The next batter sent a whistler just inside of third which would have yielded two bases had not Wadsworth, guardian of the hot corner, speared the liner with his gloved hand before he really knew he had it. The stentorian Haleton cheer swept out upon the field, drowning the ironic cries that poured forth from the Trojan bench. Shugrue placed his palm to the side of his mouth:

"Oh, you big guy, Rendall! If I had your luck I'd go out sellin' eyeglasses in a blind asylum."

Rendall jerked his chin upward in a silent laugh.

"Got any for your battery?"

"Why, you big stiff! One of these fresh college guys, eh? I told the boys not to show up your yella streak before the college. But it's off now! You won't last another frame!"

Rendall appreciated that the manager was testing the ease and celerity with which that dreaded mental apparition technically known to the baseball profession as his goat could be produced. The collegian was congenitally unfamiliar with any such representative of the ruminant tribe, and wished Shugrue to know it. On the other hand, in view of possible future relations, he did not wish to be set down as fresh, so he merely smiled and turned to the batter, who flied out to deep center.

In the Haleton half of the seventh an utterly extraordinary thing occurred. The college men began to hit Curtis' delivery as though he were the moundman of a small fresh-water-college outfit.

Spurgeon, the Haleton coach, a former big-league player, called the turn on the Trojan hurler as the Haleton team came to the bench for their half of the seventh.

"You can get the big fellow," he said, standing in front of the bench and gesturing jerkily. "He's got nothing but his rep to-day. There isn't enough stuff on anything he throws to pad a crutch. That's straight. You're all faded by his name, you are. You ain't looking at the balls he throws. Now go out there and pound the big stiff to a whisper! Make him show, boys! On your toes! The ball is in Reardon's mitt before you offer. Take a tumble to yourselves! Get wise, for the love of Mike! Go on up, Canning, and push the pill out of the lot!"

Canning was a tackle on the football eleven, a young giant with clear blue eyes, who was afraid of nothing, not even of Hap Curtis. The college man was a hard hitter, but inconsistent, and Curtis had been getting him all day on a high ball, inside.

Now he walked up to the plate, smiled impudently, and then as Curtis wound up and let go he held his ground, meeting a fast one with all the strength that was in him. There was no need to look to see whether it was a hit. The resounding crack of ash against horsehide was evidence enough. As the runner rounded first he saw the center and left fielders sprinting toward the running track. He crossed the plate standing up, while the well-ordered Haleton cheer degenerated into sheer hysteria.

Mills singled sharply over second, Corridon knocking down the ball handsomely but being unable to field it. Archer, the Haleton first baseman, sacrificed Mills to second and he went to third on a grounder between first and second. Rendall scored him on a long fly out to center. Sankey, the next batter, singled and Landon sent him to third on an unmistakable two-bagger.

In all that was occurring Rendall sat with his eyes glued upon the famous Trojan hurler, who unquestionably was undergoing such humiliation as he had never before experienced. All about Rendall his team mates were dancing, shouting, gesticulating, pounding one another upon the back, and the stands were a riot of emotion. But Rendall sat immobile, his breath coming through half-parted lips with a whistling sound.

Back home when he was a boy there had been an old steel print from Landseer upon the parlor wall entitled Death of the King. A magnificent stag was upon the earth in death agony, while above him stood the hunter, leaning upon his gun, an expression of triumph upon his features.

He had never liked that picture. He had always been rather sorry for the stag—being a lover of animals—and had disapproved of the look of murderous exultation upon the hunter's face. That picture was in his mind now as he looked toward the pitcher's box where Curtis stood in the midst of a group formed by the captain and two infielders. And then as the captain glanced toward the bench and Shugrue signaled for Curtis to come out Rendall for the first time could understand and appreciate the emotions which were thrilling the deer killer, which were illumining his face, in that old engraving.

He had pitched other moundmen down and out, a lot of them; but they were college pitchers. This was big game—his first killing. With kindling eyes he watched the fallen pitcher stalk across the diamond to the bench. Victory! When he entered the league in the summer the papers would have something to say concerning him other than that he was a college pitcher, and he could talk bigger money. He would too. He was no piker bush-league rookie. He had shown.

Then came, suddenly, emotions of another sort—Curtis. How about him? Here was no mere sporting incident; here was a

(Continued on Page 52)

Gier Tuarc STEEL WHEELS

THE GIER TUARC is a new steel disc wheel that is absolutely interchangeable with wood wheels. Consequently the Gier Tuarc Wheel also is equipped with a demountable rim.

In changing from wood wheels to Gier Tuarc Wheels, you simply replace the wood wheels with Gier Tuarc Wheels—a change made in a very short space of time, and without changing a single nut or bolt on the car itself. Only four Gier Tuarc Wheels are required.

In changing tires on the Gier Tuarc Wheel, you simply change the rims—not the whole wheel. In other words, you change tires just as you do on any wood wheel equipped with demountable rims. Moreover, note that the valve stem coming on the *outside* of the Gier Tuarc Wheel makes it just as convenient to inflate tires as in wood wheel construction.

This new wheel is distinguished by its gracefully curving "two-arc" lines, which make not only for strength and simplicity of construction, but as well for the sheer beauty of the wheel itself.

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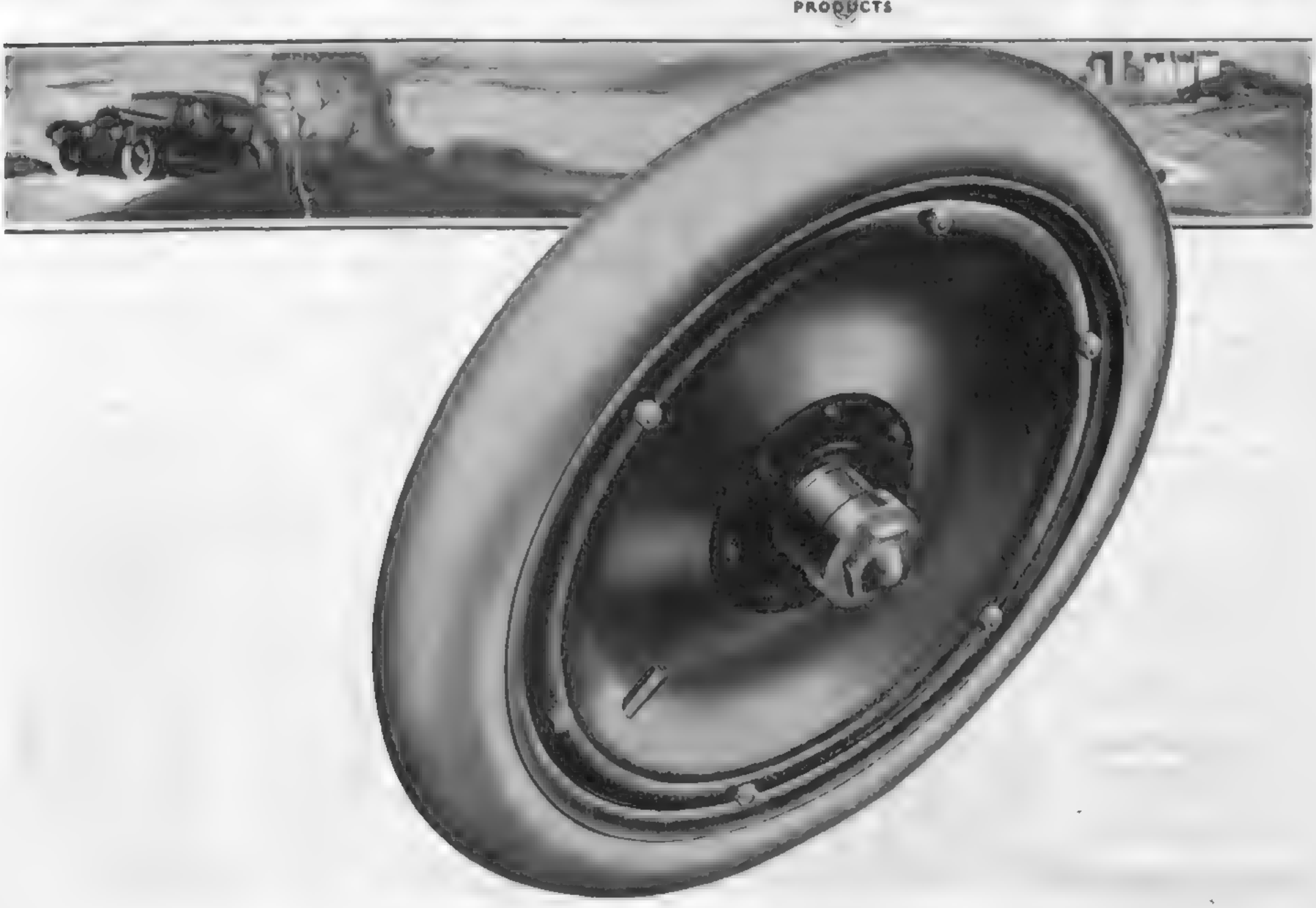

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Table Lamp

The lamp shown above will be featured during 1921 by electric light companies and other electrical dealers participating in the MILLER co-operative plan.

It is one of the many attractive "servants in the house" which depend for their usefulness on the electric light and power company of your home city.

Whenever you turn on the lights of this lamp you are really setting to work for you the brains and hands and investment of your city's most vital industry.

The lamp shown above will delight any May or June bride, and is not expensive: $14.95 (west of Rockies $15.95).

Choice of three finishes: Antique Bronze, Dark French Brown with gold relief, Florentine Relief.

Write for name of nearest MILLER distributor

Edward Miller & Company

Established 1842

Meriden, Conn.

(Continued from Page 50)

case of bread and butter, a real life tragedy. Again that picture occurred, but Rendall now was thinking of the stag just as he had when he was a boy. He saw the fallen pitcher reach the dugout, saw the Trojan manager and substitute silently make room for him on the bench. A wave of compassion swept over Rendall. He wanted to go over to him and say something, he knew not what, but something with a smile in it and a helpful word.

When his attention returned to the game he found that Sankey had been caught at the plate.

Rendall pitched like a man possessed in the eighth, and the Trojans went out on two outfield flies and a trickling grounder. Haleton could do nothing in her half, and the Trojans came in for their last inning.

Carey, squat and bow-legged, was at the bat, a grim expression upon his deeply lined face.

Rendall smiled at him. In a few minutes the game would be over and Haleton—incidentally himself—would be glorified. Perhaps he thought too much about this. At any rate Carey outguessed him on a curve ball and straightened out the hook through short—a clean single. It was, in view of Rendall's previous state of mind, unsettling. He threw an inshoot which landed directly between Corridon's shoulders.

The yipping of the Trojans assailed his ears like machine-gun fire, while every taunt known to big-league vocabulary came to him from the two men on bases. Dusty Miller was at the plate. He had not hit for less than .350 the past four years, and in the game thus far had made two of the Trojans' four hits. He was tall, and had a face which was swarthy—creased like old parchment. His eyes were as hard and cold as steel disks.

Miller ordinarily was a silent man, but now as he faced Rendall he drew up his hickory-nut face into a wrinkled smile.

"Slip it to me, kid," he drawled; "I want to read the trade-mark."

Rendall foolishly obeyed Mills' signal for an outcurve. Miller guessed it. Without moving from the plate he swung at the ball an instant after it broke. The sound of the mighty impact reverberated in Rendall's ears like lightning splitting an oak tree.

An urchin in the far distance collected the ball. No doubt he has it yet.

Rendall stood watching the laughing leaguers jog-trot around the bases with vacant eyes. Then being a fighter by instinct, he turned to his catcher and smiled. Not another single hit was made off his delivery, but his team mates, who had been playing better than they knew how, cracked and began to make errors. By the time the Trojans had been retired they had scored five runs, while in the final half the Haletonians died supinely.

"You pitched a grand game, Rendall—wasn't your fault you lost." Shugrue touched the boy on the shoulder as he was making his way across the field. "I hear you'll be ready to sign next June."

"Next June—yes."

Rendall's voice was spiritless. He was suffering a strong reaction. At the door of the varsity dressing room Thomas Loring and Summerman were waiting.

"Well, Jack"—the great man was smiling—"Summerman says I know a pitcher when I see one. When's your graduation day?"

"June twentieth, sir."

Loring turned to his secretary.

"Note that down, Carlton. Summerman and I'll come down that day. We can't have you any too soon. You'll go far, young man. Great opportunity. For your own information"—Loring lowered his voice—"you'll have every chance to show what you can do, for Summerman tells me that Curtis is going fast."

"Going!" Summerman's voice was irritable. "Gone—he has! He's lost it. Last year you thought he was as good as ever, Mr. Loring. I told you different. He won a majority of his games, yes, but it was mostly control, and there wasn't a game he worked in that every man on the team didn't have a horseshoe on the end of his bat. It's a bad hole we're in, Mr. Loring."

"Oh, well!"

Loring gestured angrily. A silence fell upon the group. Rendall shook hands with Loring and Summerman and then ran into the dressing room. Somehow the one thing in his mind was a picture of Curtis as he had walked off the field in the seventh, his face set, grim, without a ray of anything that might have relieved its expression of stony despair.

III

NEXT day Dean Poindexter of Haleton sent for Rendall to come to his office. Rendall had stood well in his studies throughout his course and had behaved himself with sufficient decency to keep him aloof from any disciplinary measures which the dean otherwise might have felt impelled to apply. So his relations with the official had been marked always by kindliness on the dean's part and, on the part of both, respect. So Rendall had none of those disagreeable emotions as he made his way to the executive offices which certain of his fellow students might have experienced upon a similar errand.

"Mr. Rendall," said the dean, sitting back in his chair and tapping his finger upon a newspaper clipping which lay upon the desk, "I have just read something that disturbs me a bit. In the account of the splendid game you pitched yesterday there occurs a paragraph to the effect that you had entered into a verbal agreement to sign, upon graduation, a contract with the Trojans—in other words, that you are to become a professional baseball player. Is that true?"

Rendall smiled easily.

"Yes, sir, I think that's about true."

"I'm sorry to hear that, Mr. Rendall."

"Sorry?" Rendall stared at the man.

"The faculty of Haleton, Mr. Rendall; all who have been devoting their time and their thoughts to your development—in fact, I may say all of Haleton, undergraduates, alumni, all—would view with regret the carrying out of your intention."

"I don't see why, sir. It is a personal matter, affecting my own future; I have to look after that."

"It is just because it is a matter affecting your own future that we are concerned, Mr. Rendall. I have been interested, deeply interested in your career here. You came to us a raw boy, your only asset an ambition to make something of yourself. Haleton took you in, provided you with opportunities in the way of employment that would enable you to stay here."

"Yes, sir. I appreciate that."

"And you, of course, understand that the aim of Haleton, as it is of every educational institution, is to supply to the world men of trained intellects, who are also cultured, who are upstanding, who have ideals as men and as citizens. You will see that the nation depends upon us to do this, and that wherein we fail, so fails the nation in accomplishing all that it aims to do in the professions, in business, in the arts and sciences."

"Yes, sir." Rendall was flushing.

"Haleton has given you four years of her best. Now of you she expects your best; she expects it of you more than most, because in you resides so much that is supremely worth while, so utterly promising. You are but one man in a nation of more than a hundred million, you may say. I know you well enough to say that you are more than that. You are of those youthful elect who are qualified to lead many, to organize thought and define public opinion, or at least to be a force in interpreting and furthering the best thought and the highest ideals of your time in—and, yes, beyond—whatever sphere you may occupy."

"But, Dean Poindexter, can't I do and be all you say and yet play professional ball at a fine salary for a few years?"

The dean smiled gently.

"Think over that question and answer it yourself, honestly—say to-night when you are in bed."

"But, dean, I have a mother who has been working so that I needn't have to support her while in college. She is entitled to some consideration. I could start in at money I probably shouldn't be able to earn in three or four years, and then look what a successful pitcher gets—seven, eight, ten thousand a year—world's-series money thrown in sometimes."

"Well"—the dean gestured—"I can't answer you on the score of quick returns, Mr. Rendall. Undoubtedly it is the easiest way. But do you want the easiest way? Ah, think it all over for yourself! I don't wish to seem to be coercing you or swaying you against your better judgment. I wish merely that you will use the intelligence we have developed for you at Haleton and that you will apply the ideals we have tried to impart." The dean's voice had grown cold. "Good morning, Mr. Rendall. Of course you will come to see me if I can help you in any way to your final decision."

"Thank you, sir."

Rendall left the office with burning face. He had caught the dean's viewpoint clearly, but felt himself to be by no means in accord with it. In the first place, Poindexter could not appreciate the closeness of his relations with Thomas Loring, a great captain of industry, to offend whom would, to say the least, be impolitic. He had shown Loring that he could be of value to him in a business way, and the old man had tacitly admitted this, saying something vague and yet sufficiently clear to Rendall about an association after he was through with baseball.

As for Haleton—well, the university had done well by him. Yet he had done well by the university. He had paid for all he had, and worked hard to pay it. The university hadn't supported him and it hadn't supported his mother. Pitchers lasted ten years in big company as a rule. By that time he would have a fine nest egg and could make use of his engineering degree. He would keep up with his future profession, of course, through study and reading, and in the fall and winter months he would have adequate time in which to keep in step. Rendall raised his face in a broad grin. How little these faculty men, Dean Poindexter and all, knew about the world and life in general, anyway!

IV

COMMENCEMENT season at Haleton was accompanied by the most perfect June weather. Tree and bush and the flawless green campus dripped with brooding sunlight, and ivied wall and canopied turf slumbered in the heavy shade. It was as though Haleton were drawing down about her gray towers and mellow walls every natural element that would enhance her venerable charm and make her immemorial to those who were leaving her precincts for the wide, wide world. Rendall felt it all, every bit. He had had four hallowed years here; had made friends whom he would never forget, and held a store of memories which, as the day drew near when all must end, became increasingly poignant.

On the day before the annual commencement baseball game against Haleton's chief rival Rendall approached Shorty Mills, his catcher, who was standing on the gravel path watching the clouds sail over the chapel tower.

"Hello, Shorty, old boy."

Mills turned, flushing slightly. There had been a coolness between the two ever since the Trojan game when Mills had expressed so pointed an opinion concerning his friend's professional baseball ambition. He was a serious boy, filled with ideals.

"Shorty, we're getting out of this fine old place soon. Let's shake. Life is short, you know."

"Yes, I'd like to shake hands, Jack. I never had any feeling, anyway—except, of course, about your turning professional. It's still on, I suppose."

"Yes, you bet. Summerman will be down to-morrow for the game, with a contract. It will have to be a good one though."

"Jack, don't you get all this—I mean Haleton? I've just been watching the clouds sail over that old tower just as they've done for more than a hundred years. We come and go, but the old place stays all serene."

"That's just it—it stays and stands. What difference does it make about us—what we do?"

"That tower stands there proud and beautiful and stern, Jack, only because of what the generations she has looked down upon have done and are doing. Haven't you thought of that, old man?"

"Well"—Rendall hesitated, he gestured irritably—"what the devil's the matter with everybody, anyway? What's the matter with me? Here I am feeling like a cutthroat, and I've no right to feel that way. And I won't either. So far as that goes, there are Haleton men robbing lambs in Wall Street. But they don't care, and nobody else does."

"There are bunches of people who care, Jack. You care. There isn't a Haleton man not playing the game right who isn't hurting not only Haleton but the entire college cause."

"Oh, shut up, Shorty! I love you, but you make me sick. Go to the deuce!"

With a gesture Rendall turned, plunging away.

He had just rounded the chapel corner when he ran full into a tall, stalwart man, pulling up just short of collision.

(Continued on Page 55)

Why the Beauty of Your Hair Depends upon the Care You Give It

THE beauty of your hair depends upon the care you give it. Shampooing it properly is always the most important thing.

It is the shampooing which brings out the real life and lustre, natural wave and color, and makes your hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because your hair has not been shampooed properly.

When your hair has been shampooed properly, and is thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, smooth and bright, delightfully fresh looking, soft and silky.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why discriminating women use Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure, and it does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your hair look, just

Follow This Simple Method

FIRST, wet the hair and scalp in clear, warm water. Then apply a little Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo, rubbing it in thoroughly all over the scalp and throughout the entire length, down to the ends of the hair.

Rub the Lather In Thoroughly

TWO or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

When you have done this, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly, using clear, fresh, warm water. Then use another application of Mulsified.

Two waters are usually sufficient for washing the hair; but sometimes the third is necessary. You can easily tell, for when the hair is perfectly clean it will be soft and silky in the water.

Rinse the Hair Thoroughly

THIS is very important. After the final washing, the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of good warm water and followed with a rinsing in cold water.

After a Mulsified shampoo, you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is.

If you want always to be remembered for your beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage, and it will be noticed and admired by everyone. You can get Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter. A 4 oz. bottle should last for months.

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COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO

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Now then—

"Bring on the bring-ups! Call out the calculators! Let's get at it! It may be 90 in the shade outdoors, but it's cool and airy in here. We are going to keep cool, and we are going to be comfortable; and then we are going to do our work."

THE ELECTRIC FAN has earned a place in modern business practice that is as permanent as the sanitary drinking cup or the individual towel. It is one of the important agencies through which the wise and comprehending employer makes his office or his factory a place in which it is pleasant and healthful to work. And also *a place in which more and better work is accomplished.*

Fans for business purposes must be durable and sturdy; they must produce a lot of breeze for a little current; they must be carefully adapted to the particular service for which they are used; and they must operate without noise. This list of requirements covers exactly the specifications which Westinghouse Electric Fans are built to fill.

Any Fan is nine-tenths motor, and therefore Westinghouse Fans, which are equipped with the wonderful Westinghouse Motor, are nine-tenths right to start with. The rest of the job is up to mechanical standards that are fully as high.

There is a very complete line of Westinghouse Commercial Fans, which includes, besides the usual sizes of desk and wall Fans, certain special types designed for use in such places as theatres, stores, and restaurants.

All of these may be obtained from your electrical dealer.

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RESIDENCE AND COMMERCIAL FANS

(Continued from Page 52)

"I beg your par—oh, Hap Curtis! Mr. Curtis, I'm glad to see you."

"I'm glad to see you, Rendall." The big pitcher's voice was quiet. "I've been looking for you."

"All right, come on up to the room."

In his room Rendall faced the man, feeling certain that he bore a contract from Summerman, and somehow a contract just at the moment was something he least wanted to see. But Curtis' first words undeceived him.

"I had a tip," he said, "that Spurgeon, your coach, is going to quit this year. I wanted you to take me to your graduate manager and help me land the job."

"But—but ——" Rendall gasped in surprise. "But you're not through with the Trojans."

"I'm through with them all," was the steady reply. "I'm in! You've seen my record so far. I'm through! I haven't even got enough stuff for a bush-league club. I've blown good!"

Rendall whistled, remembering that day when Curtis had walked off the Haleton diamond, done in, beaten.

"Gee, that's rotten!"

"Shugrue," continued the pitcher in a low monotonous voice, "is going to ask for waivers on me all along the line. Then at the end of the season I'll get my release, so I want a job."

"But—but—you're not broke, are you, Mr. Curtis? I thought a man as successful as you have been would ——"

"It costs money to live, son. Oh, I've got some twenty-five thousand dollars in the bank. But I can't live on that; I've got to work. I don't know anything I can do better than coaching—except perhaps run a cigar store or billiard room."

"Gee!" Rendall studied the man. "Well, I think you can land that coaching job. I'll take you around to Bill Deming in a minute, but first I want to ask you something. You know I'm going to be offered a contract with the Trojans. Do you think I can make good?"

"Yes, sure! You've got it, all right, more than any young pitcher I ever saw."

"I'm glad you think that way."

Curtis rose suddenly.

"Don't you sign that contract, Rendall! Don't do it!" He paused as Rendall stared at him, and then went on, "Kid, I think you can win out in the big league. But why don't you go out and win where it counts?"

"Where it counts?"

"Sure! I like you, Rendall, and I'm talking straight. I was a college boy like you, and I was tempted like you and I fell. Don't do as I did. It's bunk. Look here, you don't think you'll ever get to be any better pitcher than I was, do you?"

"No, I don't."

"Well, I'm coming to you asking help to get a coaching job, and I'm thirty-seven years old, pretty near. When you're my age you don't want to be looking for a coaching job. You want to be sitting behind a big desk pushing buttons. That ought to be your gait. Think it over."

"Are you kidding me, Mr. Curtis?"

"Kid nothing! Keep out of baseball, that's my best advice, and I ought to know what I'm talking about. Look at me! I'm through at my age, and I ought to be in a place where I'm just beginning to be good. The things that come quick and easy are not usually the things that last, son."

"I suppose that's so."

"You take my tip, it's so! Even the men who quit baseball with a bigger roll than mine haven't got anything but their money. Not a thing! They're through, nine-tenths of them—more than that. They've given their brains to baseball. Kid, win where it counts."

"Win where it counts!" Rendall went toward the door murmuring. Abstractedly he walked out, closing it so that it slammed against the leaguer. "Oh, I'm sorry. Guess I wasn't all there. Come on and I'll take you down to the graduate manager's office."

▼

BEFORE a crowd of some twenty thousand alumni, most of them in variegated costume of colorful hue, with their wives and children and fathers and mothers and sweethearts, the air redolent of June, vibrant with cheer and song and the music of bands, Jack Rendall pitched against the nine of Shelburne University the greatest college game of his career, letting his opponents down without a hit, while his team mates batted out four runs.

After the game Rendall made his way through the surging flood of humanity gyrating about the field to the clubhouse; and then, having bathed and dressed, cut across the campus toward the Haleton Inn, where Summerman and Thomas Loring awaited him. He walked with tense steps. He was filled with a nervous exhilaration which was not entirely due to the effects of the game. As he hastened along a classmate stopped him.

"Jack, one minute! There's an old man been looking for you all afternoon. Said his name was McCracken."

"McCracken! Who the deuce is he?" Rendall paused with knitted brows and then hurried on. "If you see him tell him I'll be at the inn. Darned if I know who he is."

At the entrance to the inn Rendall paused, drew a deep breath and then entered. Pressing through the lobby, mechanically responding to greetings and words of congratulation which beat upon his ears from all sides, he sprang up the stairs to one of the bedrooms which Loring had engaged.

The place was blue with smoke issuing from cigars which Loring, Summerman and McArthur, the club secretary, held in their mouths.

"Well, Jack"—Loring reached out his hand—"Summerman tells me he never saw a better pitched game than you won to-day. He says that after a couple of years, when you're sweetened and seasoned, you'll be a big asset to the Trojans—that is, if you develop as you ought to."

Rendall cast a sharp look at the man, and then turned as Summerman cleared his throat.

"Yes, you'll develop, Rendall. You may not even have to be farmed out—most of them are. But you'll come along, anyway—one year, two year, already. We'll take the chance on you."

"I see." Rendall's voice was dry.

"McArthur, you will give me that contract, please." Summerman took the document and adjusted his eyeglasses. "The Trojans," he said, "will give you three thousand dollars the first year, with a five-hundred-dollar bonus for signing the contract. That goes whether you are farmed out or not. That is generous, eh?"

"The Puritans offered me that two weeks ago. The Grays would do better."

"Rendall"—Loring's voice was angry—"what have you been doing—playing two ends against the middle and we the middle? What do you ——"

"No, Mr. Loring, I haven't been dickering. I merely am telling you facts."

"Well, then, what terms do you want?" Loring shook his head reproachfully. "I didn't think I'd have to ask that, Jack. I thought you trusted me."

Rendall straightened, facing the man.

"You don't have to say that. I—I—don't want any terms. Mr. Loring, I've—I've decided not to go in for professional baseball. I came here to ask you to let me out of the promise to join the Trojans."

Loring stared at the boy a moment, and then placed a hand on Summerman's shoulder as the man, with an oath, sought to rise.

"You—you want me to let you out of your agreement with me? Is that what you said? What's the matter with you, Rendall?"

"Nothing—nothing except I don't feel it is the thing for me to do. The thought has been working upon me for more than a month. I think I can do better by myself and by my college. That's the reason I asked you to let me off."

"Rendall, are you a welsher?"

Rendall spoke as though he had not heard the question.

"Everything I have thought, everything that has happened to me of late has pointed against going into baseball. It—it—I just can't seem to make it right with myself. And this morning I had a letter from my mother saying she'd consider her four years of sacrifice wasted if ——"

"Rendall, are you a welsher? Are you double-crossing me?"

The boy's face was drawn, desperate.

"No, sir, I'm not a welsher. I've asked you to let me off on my agreement."

"I see." Loring's voice was quiet, but there was a quiver of suppressed emotion in it. "You want to be let off after I've been stall-feeding you for three years! After we've let two good opportunities to get promising pitchers go because we counted on you! You want to welsh!" Loring's voice rose. "Haven't you any gratitude at all?"

(Continued on Page 57)

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(Continued from Page 55)

"Mr. Loring, I feel I paid my way in your employ; that I earned every cent you paid me."

The man stared at him, then smiled.

"Oh, I see! I haven't wasted my business training on you. You're a slick customer, Rendall. All right, I'll play along with you. Summerman, make that contract read forty-five hundred dollars for the first year and five hundred dollars bonus for signing."

Rendall watched the baseball man as he penned the suggested alterations in terms.

"It doesn't matter at all about the terms, Mr. Loring. I've asked you to let me out of my promise."

"Eh?" Loring sprang to his feet. "Well, I won't let you out! Do you take me for a fool? If you're not a welsher you'll sit down there and sign that contract."

Rendall moved toward the table, then stopped.

"As a man of honor I'll have to sign that, but you can't make me of any use to your club."

Loring smiled grimly as he prepared to make capital of the line of thought which Rendall had suggested.

"As a man of honor you will make yourself of use to the club." His voice became gentle. "Rendall, it will pay you to be honorable with me. Do you suppose you will lose out anywhere along the line when I am back of you and believe in you?"

"Mr. Loring, I ask you to let me out of my promise. I've thought it all out—everything."

Loring's voice rose in a gruff roar.

"Well, I won't let you out! You fool, I know what is best for you! Can't you trust me? Take that pen and sign that contract if you're not a mean, double-crossing welsher! You talk of honor! All right, now go on and show some."

Rendall stood with head high, staring at the man with burning eyes. Finally he gestured.

"All right, I will trust you. Give me the pen, Summerman."

In a deep silence he walked toward the table, but had not reached it when a knock sounded on the door, which immediately opened, admitting an elderly man with a gray beard.

"Ah"—the voice was querulous—"howdy, Mr. Loring. Rendall, there you are, eh? I've been pursuing you all afternoon." Seeing the boy's doubtful expression, he smiled. "I am Mr. McCracken, you remember, of the Acme Steel Corporation. You spent the night with ——"

"Oh, Mr. McCracken, of course!" Rendall dropped the pen he held and advanced swiftly to the old man. "Certainly am——"

He stopped as the steel man abruptly raised his hand.

"We haven't time for civilities. My train is about due and I must hurry. But first I must thank you for your efforts in my behalf, which brought Mr. Loring's offer to buy my company. I am sorry, Mr. Loring, but generous as your bid is, I have had a change of heart, due, you may be interested in knowing, to this boy here. I may as well tell you, Rendall, that you gave me a new impulse. I reorganized our sales department along lines you suggested, and we are getting results. We'll get more when the market is better. So, Mr. Loring, I dictated a letter to you last night, declining ——"

The interruption was a sharp, throaty outcry from Rendall, who throughout had been standing as though dazed.

"Just a minute, Mr. McCracken, please! This is terribly important!" He swung upon Thomas Loring. "Mr. Loring, you talk about honor! You do! Who was it that came to you and put you next to the McCracken mine and mills? I did! I gave you a full report—as full as you'd let me, and told you the Acme mine was the richest little mine in the country—and you smiled me off ——"

"Young man, I ——"

"Let me finish, Mr. Loring! I'm talking now! You turned me off as though it was just a kid notion. You almost killed my ambition, and then behind my back you go to the front, using my information and my tip as a basis and try to put the thing over without my knowledge and without a word of acknowledgment to me. And you did it so that you could shunt me out of business into professional baseball. All right—that lets me out. I can't trust you and I'll sign no contract with anyone I can't trust. I have the right to withdraw my promise, and here and now I do withdraw it."

"By the living ——"

Loring pawed inarticulately at his throat. McCracken confronted Rendall inquiringly.

"What is all this? What on earth have I done?"

"Nothing, Mr. McCracken, except that Mr. Loring wanted me to sign to play professional baseball with a team he secretly owns, and ——"

"Just a moment, Rendall!" McCracken gazed curiously at Loring, and then his eyes returned to the boy's face. "I—I hope you won't do anything so criminal as that. For, you see, although I am an old Haleton man, I came here to-day not so much to see our team defeat Shelburne as to tell you that I want you in my company. I want a new head for my sales department—and above there are more important things waiting. Have you any obligations to Mr. Loring?"

"No, I haven't," Rendall's voice was passionate. "I'm released."

"Get out of this room, Rendall!" Loring advanced a few steps toward the door, panting heavily. "Get out!"

"Good day, Mr. Loring." McCracken moved across the doorsill and turned to slip his arm through Rendall's as the collegian followed him.

"As I was about to say, Mr. Rendall, we have, as you know, the best mines in the country, and as good a plant as any. Do you want to come in and help us win?"

Rendall turned a solemn face upon the old man.

"I always want to win where it counts," he said.

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IF THEY HAVE THEIR WAY

(Continued from Page 21)

Two newspaper men were out of jobs—and let us note here that many of these organizations which we may for want of a better name call job bureaus, as well as some which are the real thing in power, are operated by newspaper men. These two young men organized a nice job bureau which they called the Bureau for the Extraction of Sunshine From Cucumbers, and soon had a national organization, with offices in Washington, experts, engineers, stenographers and the rest of it, and representatives to appear at every hearing before any committee which could by any stretch of its authority be regarded as dealing with the cucumber-sunshine question. Bills were introduced, new congressmen intimidated, and old Solons labored with when they could be got at. Reports and circulars were sent out, and the membership grew rapidly and extended not only to those who intended, when the law passed, to enter the cucumber-sunshine business, but to owners of cucumber patches, actual or potential; and the drainage and irrigation of potential cucumber lands was just about to be taken up by the boys, when something happened. The very worst happened. Congress passed their law! Alack and welladay! Ruin stalked abroad. There was no more leaguing and bureauing to do. There was one bureau the less. The boys were ruined by success, and had to go back to work again.

The secret of a successful job league very often lies in having an issue that can never succeed. I remember a fine old gentleman who must have shuddered at his narrow escape from success. I never knew a more industrious job institutist. Three experienced legislators out of four would run from him as from the Old Man of the Sea, to whom he bore some resemblance.

He did lots of good. He had a good case. He presented it ably. He championed an idea when it was in the agitational stage, and he did it very well indeed. Finally an awful day came. *Dies iræ!* Disaster faced him. His law was about to be passed! He was facing the calamity that overtook the sunshine-from-cucumbers organization, the worst misfortune which can come to a man in the job-council business—he faced success. But he was wiser than those boys, and he escaped. General Grant lost thousands of men in making his change of base from the York to the James, but our nice old job committeeman made quite as radical a change of base in the face of the enemy, without the loss of a man or a dollar, so far as I know. He trumped Fate's ace by shifting the demand of his bureau to a demand for something that could never, never come to pass. And he got by with it.

All Sorts and Conditions

Let me not convey the thought, however, that the job bureau is the only sort engaged in governing our governing bodies. This would be a very gross error. There are institutes, committees, conferences, leagues, headquarters, and the like. Neither are the bureaus without good causes, nor bereft of important causes that are bad. Some of them are great luminaries, shedding light on their subjects, and an occasional gleam on Congress or the Cabinet or great divisions of the Government or even the White House itself. Some are like those heavenly bodies that give no light, dark stars, which exert a gravitational pull on the luminaries. When you see a great governmental light wabbling or swaying out of its grand, promised and pledged orbital sweep, it is fair to consider whether or not the eccentricity is due to the pull of one of these unseen dark stars. But whether the bureau works in light or in darkness, whether its cause is bad or good, it is an organized minority, working for laws and regulations to apply to the persons or pocketbooks of us—the great unorganized majority. This is the real point.

Nearly all these numerous bureaus have offices. Perhaps a majority of the offices are in Washington. Some have names that are self-explanatory. Some have no names at all. Some wolf bureaus have sheep names. Some that were originally job federations merely have grown until they represent much more than bread and butter for their organizers. Some are in the transition stage between mere ostensibility and the real thing. Many of these bureaus and societies have been organized by sincere people who strive to make them something better than mere jobs, and some are run by consecrated souls who stick on year after year at beggarly stipends wrung from reluctant contributors to the great cause, when they could go out into the world, and by an equal outlay in brains and energy make what the average man would call a success in life, instead of what to the world's eye looks like a failure. Some actually get smaller pay than the university-educated technical research workers of the Government, if you can believe it! Some of them I greatly admire. Some, I suspect, ought to be deported. Anyhow, they represent organized minorities, even those to which I belong.

Among Those Present

Without exception, almost, they seek to bring pressure on Congress or some branch of the Government or on political parties. The American Federation of Labor is one of them, and last year tried to influence the conventions, and then the election. You know with what success. The American Railway Association is another, and in a different way did the same thing. To the extent to which these organizations—be they institutes, corporations, brotherhoods, sororities or what not—control the nation, and that is to a very large extent, they crowd out the great unorganized majority, of which you and I, dear reader, are members.

Would you like to see a list of some of them? I have compiled—with some difficulty, after I got the first hundred or so—a list of organizations, in which the obscure and the prominent, the useful and those that are perhaps not so useful, the ones active for radicalism and the bureaus of conservatism are mingled. There may be some repetitions. Many of those included may deny that they belong. Here they are, however:

American Country Life Association
American Committee of Justice
American Bankers Association
American Dyes Institute
American Legion
American Federation of Labor
American Woman's Legion of the Great War
American Automobile Association
American Farm Bureau Federation
American Association of Colleges
American Association of Mexico
American League of Justice of California
American Posture League
American Bar Association
American Wholesale Coal Association
American Short Line Railroad Association
American Mining Congress
American Child Hygiene Association
American Medical Liberty League
American Home Economics Society
American Library Association
American Medical Association
American Public Health Association
Association for the Advancement of Progressive Education
American Manufacturers Export Association
American Association of Engineers
American Beet Sugar Association
American Bureau of Trade Extension
American Publishers Association
American Realty Exchange
American Patent Law Association
American Railway Association
American Electric Railway War Board
American Agricultural Association
American Train Dispatchers Association
American Women's Relief Committee
Anti-Saloon League
American Peace Society
American Union Against Militarism
Association of Railway Executives
American Railway Security Owners Association
American Association for the Advancement of Science
American Association of the Joint Stock Land Banks
American Chemical Society
American Civic Association
American Civil Liberties Union
Asphalt Association
Association for Prevention of Tuberculosis
Astrological Research Society
American National Live Stock Association
American Women's Emergency Committee
American Alliance for Trade with Russia
American Association for Labor Legislation
American Nurses Association
Boy Scouts of America
Board of Home Missions
Brotherhood of Railway Clerks
Brotherhood of Railway Signalmen
Bureau of Jewish Statistics
British Canadian Society
Board of Temperance of the Methodist Episcopal Church
Chamber of Commerce of the United States of America
Child Health Organization
Chemical Alliance Incorporated
Citizens Medical Reference Bureau
Community Development Service
Community Center Association
Carnegie Foundation
Council of Young Men's Hebrew and Kindred Associations
Council of Jewish Women
Council of Church Boards of Education
Council of National Defense
Child Welfare Society
Committee of Manufacturers and Merchants on Federal Taxation
Cane Growers Association
Christian Science Association
Coöperative League of America
Dixie Freight Traffic Association
Elizabeth Cady Stanton League
Eastern Agricultural Bureau
Federation for Child Study
Federal Highway Council
Farmers Educational and Coöperative Union
Freethinkers League
Federal Council of Churches
Farmers National Headquarters
Farmers National Council
Friends of Ukraine
Free Press Defense League
Grand Army of the Republic
General Federation of Women's Clubs
Girl Scouts of America
Gentlewomen's League
Hawaiian Protective Association
Highway Industries Association
Housekeepers Alliance
International Kindergarten Union
Interstate Cottonseed Crushers Association
Institute of American Meat Packers
Institute of Independent Manufacturers of Margarin
Independent Order of B'nai B'rith
Interchurch World Movement
International Health Board (Rockefeller Foundation)
Irish National Bureau
International Association of Machinists
International Association of Rotary Clubs
International Brotherhood of Electric Workers
International Brotherhood of Steam Shovel and Dredge Men
Ink Association
Japanese Association Incorporated
Jewish Press Service of America
Journeymen Barbers Union
Korean Relief Society League
League for the Preservation of Sunday Recreation
League of Foreign Born Citizens
League for Medical Freedom
League of American Pen Women
League of Free Nations Association
Lithuanian National Council
Lithuanian Information Bureau
League for Preservation of American Independence
Maintenance of Way Employees
Manufacturing Chemists Association of America
National American Council
National Association of Manufacturers
National Budget Committee
National Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs
National Women's Association of Commerce
National Civic Federation
National Women's Christian Temperance Union
National Congress of Mothers and Parent-Teachers Associations
National Federation of Teachers
National League of Women Voters
National Inside Association of America
National Catholic War Council
National Committee for Constructive Immigration Legislation
National Organization for Public Health Nursing
National Security League
National Kindergarten Association
National Council of Women of the United States
National Order of New Patriots
National American Woman Suffrage Association
National Merchant Marine Association
National and State Bankers Protective Association
National Progressive Education Association
National Popular Government League
National Opera Association
National German-American League
National Fertilizer Association
National Coal Association
National Retail Drygoods Association
National Public Works Departments Association
National Physical Education Service
National Petroleum Association
National Lumber Manufacturers Association
National Lime Association
National League of Commission Merchants
National Industrial Conference Board
National Grange
National Founders Association
National Council of Cotton Manufacturers
National Automobile Chamber of Commerce
National Association of Real Estate Boards
National Association of Credit Men
National Board of Union Women's Associations
National Society of Daughters of the American Revolution
National Women's Trade Union League
National Conference of Catholic Charities
National Society for Humane Regulation of Vivisection
National Board of Farm Organizations
National Catholic Welfare Council
National Child Labor Committee
National Tuberculosis Association
National Education Association
National Women's Peace Party
National Consumers League
National Woman's Party
National Congress of the Building and Construction Industry
National Mouth Hygiene Association
National Community Board
National Canners Association
National Bureau of Wholesale Lumber Distributors
National Oil Bureau
National Association of Railway and Public Utilities Commission
National Committee on Gas and Electric Service
National Committee on Public Utilities Conditions
National Federation of Federal Employees
National Federation of Postoffice Clerks
National Association of Letter Carriers
Navy League
National Association of Colored Races
National Committee for Armenian and Syrian Relief
National Temperance Bureau
National Association for the Protection of American Rights in Mexico
National Association for Constitutional Government
National Civil Service Reform League
National Committee on Prisons and Prison Labor
National Committee to Secure Rank for Army Nurses
National Industrial Council
National Committee for Soldiers' and Sailors' Relief
National Negro Business League
National Committee for District of Columbia Suffrage
National Patriotic Press
National Voters League
National Forestry Association
National Army Nurse Corps
National Association Collegiate Alumnæ
National Association of Women Painters and Sculptors
National Business and Professional Women's League
National Community Service
National Consumers League
National Federation of College Women's Clubs
National League of American Pen Women
National Red Cross Nurses
National Association of Mercantile Agencies
National Camp and Health League
National Cereal Beverage Association
National Child Health Council
National Conservation Association
National Federation of Milk Producers
National League of Commission Merchants of the United States
National Parks Association
National Petroleum Association
National Preserves and Fruit Products Association
National Retail Dry Goods Association
National Varnish Manufacturers Association
National Federation of Federal Employees
National Women's Pen League
National Women's Press Club
Order of the Eastern Star
Osteopathic Association
People's Reconstruction League
Polish Women's Alliance
Plumb Plan League
Polish Information Bureau
Peace League of the World
Private Soldiers' and Sailors' Legion
Physicians' Protective Association
Prisoners Relief Society
Portland Cement Association
Prepared Roofing and Shingling Manufacturers Association
Russell Sage Foundation
Rivers and Harbors Congress
Railway Accounting Officers Association
Railway Mail Association
Roofing Manufacturers Association
Southern Commercial Congress
Society for American Preparedness
Society of American Indians
Salvation Army
Sons of the American Revolution
Smokeless Coal Operators Association
Service Star League
State and Prevention Health Officers Association
Slovak League of America
Southern Industrial Education Society
The Associated General Contractors of America
Trade and Transportation Bureau
The Authors League of America Incorporated
The Proprietary Association
Tanners National Council
Texas Cotton Association
United Garment Workers of America
United Typothetæ of America
United States Sugar Manufacturers Association
United States Potash Producers Association
United Daughters of the Confederacy
Vocational Education Association
Western Petroleum Refiners Association
Women's Section of the Navy League
Women's Auxiliary to the Railway Mail Association
Women's International League

(Continued on Page 63)

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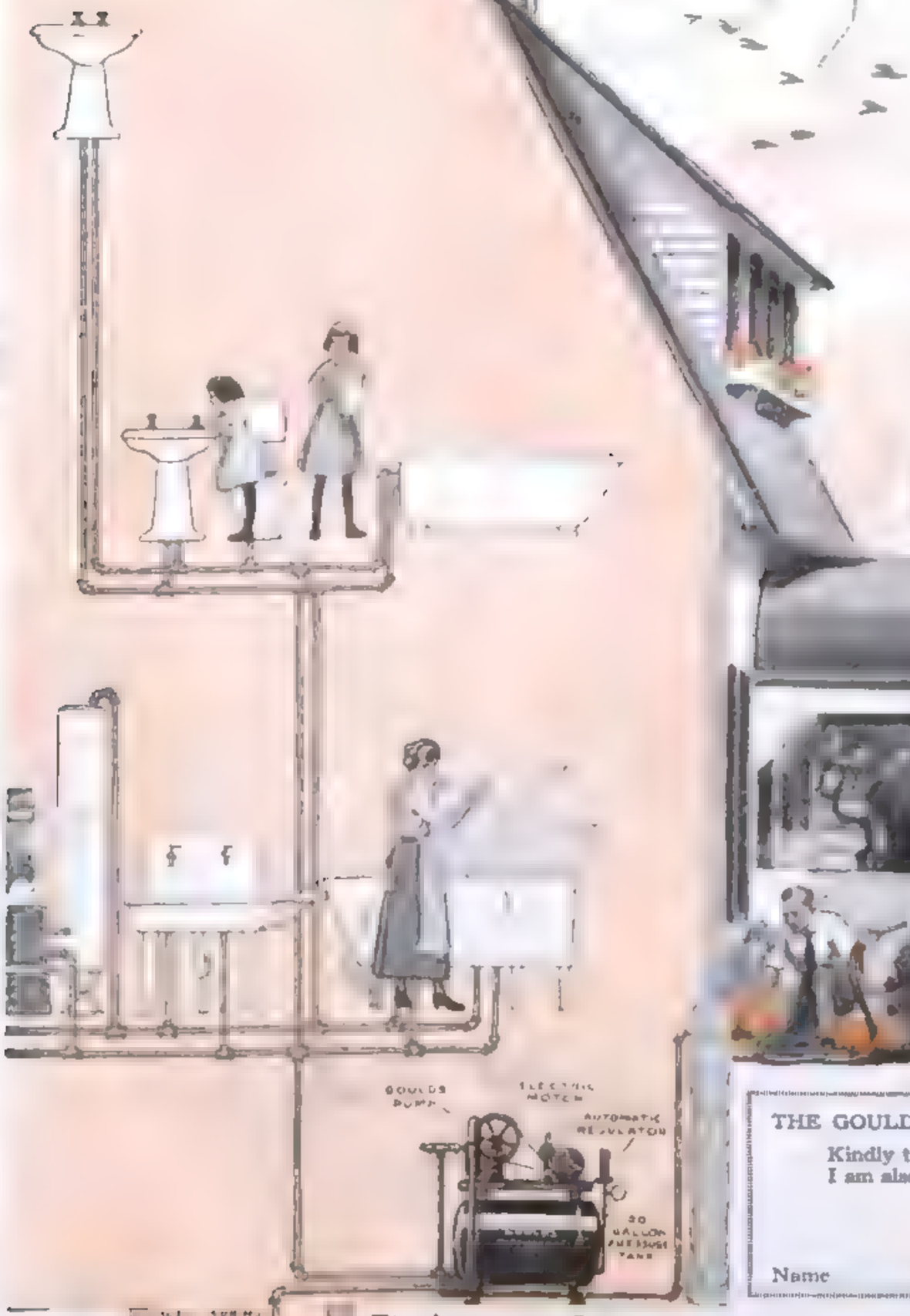

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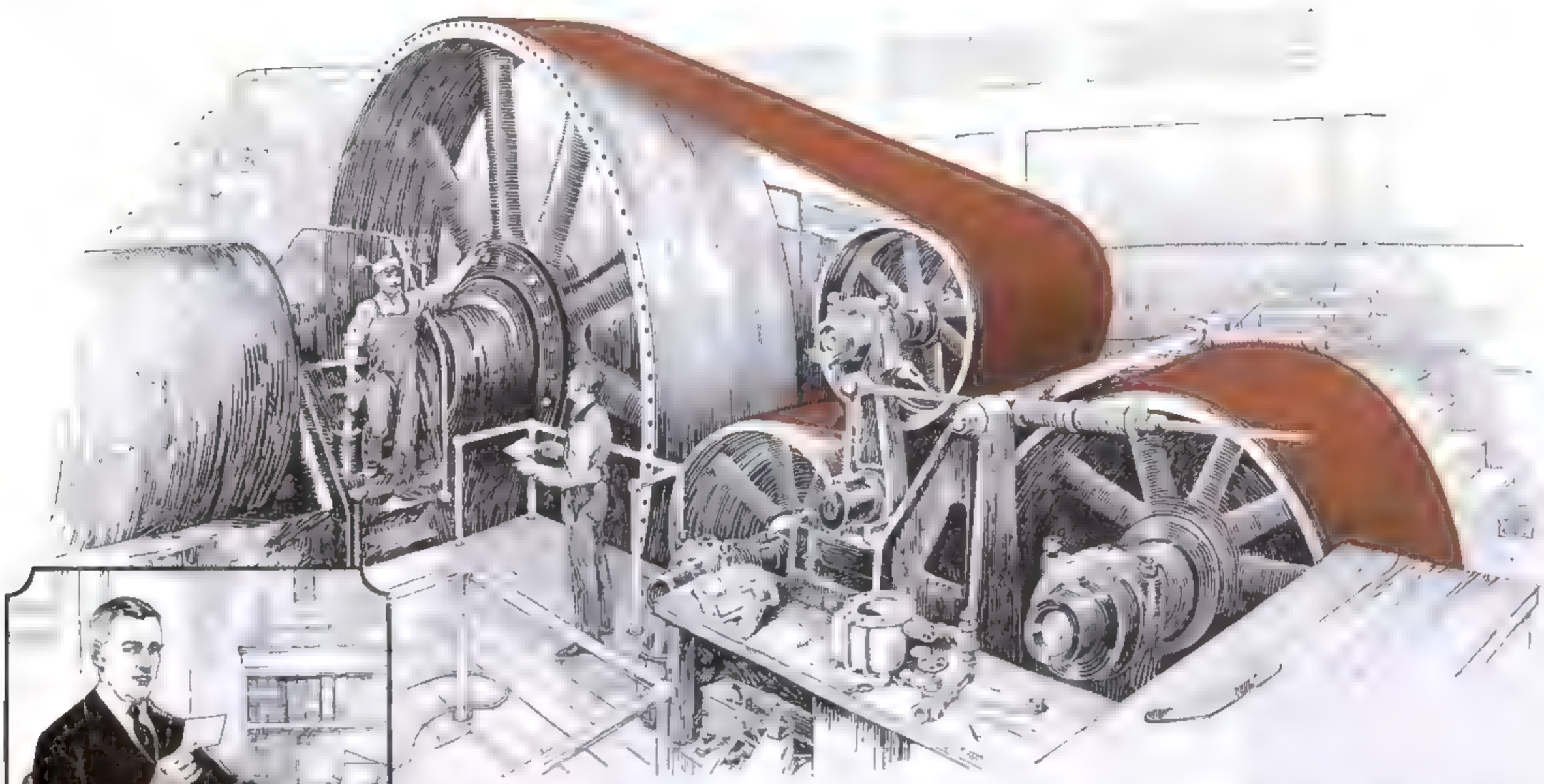

"There were 24 business cards—"

The purchasing agent took the salesmen's cards from his desk. Twenty-four manufacturers of belting—some of them making first-grade leather belting—one or two making belts of unquestionably high quality. Yet the purchasing agent said: "There is only one belt for us—Graton & Knight."

In this particular plant they kept records of every belt, from the largest to the smallest, and over a period of years the economy of Graton & Knight Belts had been proved.

Why? Where is the difference?

It is here: Graton & Knight engineers studied and classified the drives in all kinds of industries and under all manufacturing conditions. Then they made a Standardized Series of belts to get "the right belt for the drive."

That is the *real* difference. The other reasons are the enormous number of hides tanned by Graton & Knight, giving them unlimited choice of leather for the job; the long experience of Graton & Knight tanners and belt makers; and the Graton & Knight idea to help manufacturers with their transmission troubles.

A free survey of the power transmission in *your plant* will be made at your request.

Send for Bulletin No. 101-A on "Standardized Leather Belting."

THE GRATON & KNIGHT MFG. CO., Worcester, Mass., U. S. A.

Oak Leather Tanners, Makers of Belts and Other Leather Products

Branches and Distributors in All Principal Cities

Exclusive Export Representatives: Belting and Leather Products Ass'n, Inc., New York City

Graton & Knight

Standardized Series

Leather Belting

Tanned by us for belting use

(Continued from Page 58)

Women's National Press Association
Young Women's Christian Association
Young Men's Christian Association

The writer asked a man who probably knows as much about this matter as anyone for his opinion as to the most powerful of these bodies in the Capitol. He reached into a drawer and brought forth a list of thirty-four.

"These are the big ones," said he.

"But your name is not here?" I suggested interrogatively. "That makes thirty-five."

"This is a business office," said he.

"Well," said I, "suppose there was a bill to be introduced in which you were interested. Which would you rather have, all the members of both houses of Congress against it and these thirty-five ——"

"Thirty-four," said he.

"—— all these thirty-five for it—or the other way around?"

"You mean before the public line-up?" he asked.

"Yes, before the legislators were publicly committed."

"You know me," said he, "and you know which I'd take."

I do not think he would choose his list from the Congressional Directory. I could add hundreds of names to the list, and in fact hardly an issue of the daily papers comes to my desk from which I cannot get additions from the news of bureaus appearing before governmental bodies or in process of organization, or of campaigns being made. I have no doubt I could with justice and propriety take some names from the list. But not many. Some are mere job bureaus. Some are enormous organizations. Some claim great arrays of voters behind them. Some carefully avoid any such claims, but have the power to sway the voters just the same, or perhaps samer. If the reader will carefully study the above list of more than two hundred seventy names, with all its inevitable lack of completeness, he will have a bird's-eye view of the organized minorities who are influencing our governments.

A Topsy-Turvy World

It is interesting to think of the counter-currents and cross currents of these influences, and of what would happen if they had their way. Perhaps it is just as well that they to some extent kill each other off. A good deal of the time of Congress is taken up with the ceaseless tug of war of conferences, unions and leagues, which resemble the two snakes which began to swallow each other, beginning at their tails. After a while they succeeded and there were no snakes left. But what will happen if they have their way?

Country life, if they have their way, will absorb most of our population; but city life will at the same time be built up enormously by urban-tending transportation, government building loans and the like, so that city life would absorb most of our population too. If they have their way the Japanese will be free to come in as freely as British or French; but they would come in only in small numbers, in proportion to their numbers already here; and they will not be allowed to come in at all. If the bureaus have their way the bankers will be allowed to control business without limit, but the Government will stop them from doing this by curbing the banks and giving personal as well as real-estate credits. The soldiers will get a big bonus at once. The public-health service, the vocational-education board and the war-risk insurance will be practically turned over to the service of the ex-soldiers; but, though turned over to the soldiers, the public-health service will, in addition to applying itself to this work, also devote itself to rural sanitation on a great scale, and will carry on a nation-wide campaign against venereal diseases. Yet it will have all its health work in maternity and the health and physical development of children taken from it and given to another service. Also, there will be no public-health service. Nobody will be obliged to submit to quarantine or to treatment either remedial or preventive, for smallpox, bubonic plague, tetanus, tuberculosis, cholera, yellow fever, syphilis, trachoma, hookworm, leprosy, enterocolitis or any other plague or contagious disease; but also the public-health service, after it is abolished, will conduct vigorous campaigns to stamp out by law all these and other diseases, and we shall be mainly governed by the health authorities. But the fact will be recognized and acted upon by the Government that there are no such diseases. There will be no such thing as a sanitation and medical policy backed by law; but compulsory medical treatment will be universal.

If they have their way all labor will be unionized and the closed shop universal; but also there will be no labor unions, and the employers will be backed up by law in their resistance to collective bargaining.

Mere Contradictions

If they have their way there will be a Department of Fine Arts, headed by a member of the Cabinet, with the unfailing urge to power, and authority over operas, movies, statuary, pictures, education in the fine arts, and eventually, I suppose, over what appears in these columns. There will be a Department of Aëronautics. There will be a Department of Education, which with the aforesaid urge to power and through the use of United States government funds, may easily strip the states of all responsibility for and most of their control over education. There will be a Department of Transportation. There will be a Department of Forestry. There will be a Department of Mines. There will be a Department of Electricity. There will be a Department of Roads. There will be a Department of Public Safety—and we shall need it, brethren, we shall need it! There will be a Department of Public Health, which will be abolished and have a member of the Cabinet at its head. We shall become a nation of cabinet makers. A meeting of the Cabinet will be difficult to distinguish from a mob.

If they have their way every country road and side trail will be paved for the use of motor cars and trucks. Under the Departments of Roads and Transportation the motor truck and car will take over much of the traffic now handled by the railways, except for the fact that the Department of Aëronautics will put the traffic up in the air; and also that there will be inland waterways running everywhere, built by the Department of Waterways, for whose benefit the erosion of the deforested slopes and the consequent silting up of the streams will be prevented by a nation-wide reforestation policy, to be carried out by the Department of Forestry.

If these organized minorities have their way the farmers will have in addition to the Federal Farm Loan Bureau a personal-credit system; but the present loaning interests will at the same time keep them from getting it. Warehouses will be erected for the storage of farm products, but hoarding of these things will be prohibited. Alcohol will be distilled from farm waste, but no alcohol will be produced for fear someone will drink it. To ask the waiter for some of the old stuff will be prima facie a crime.

If they have their way cotton will be stabilized in price, and wheat, wool, livestock and corn will be similarly treated. But clothing and food will be cheapened. Both the consumer and the producer will be given a free hand to do as they please, through government regulation, if they have their way.

Rates on the railways will be lowered for the traveling and shipping public, but they will be raised for the railways. There will be a prohibitive tariff on everything we raise or make, and on everything which under such a tariff we might, could, would or should raise or make; but importation of foreign goods will be encouraged so as to enable the nations of the world to pay what they owe us, and on the theory that if you sell abroad you must also make one hand wash the other by buying abroad.

If these organized minorities have their way coal, oil, the cereals, copper, meats, leather and other necessaries of life will be declared public utilities, and their production and distribution controlled and regulated, if not carried on, by government commissions. At the same time their owners will be left in absolute control of them, the principle being recognized that competition regulates price. The railways will be taken over by the Government. The railways will be run on the Plumb plan. The railways will be run by their present owners.

We shall have a navy as large as any three other nations on earth. We shall have a navy as large as any one other nation. We shall build no more battleships. We shall keep in training a mighty army. We shall make the army the greatest educational institution on earth. We shall disarm, and have no army or navy.

We shall raise our taxes on land values exclusive of improvements. We shall raise them by a tariff, which shall be at the same time prohibitive and revenue-producing. We shall abolish the excess-profits tax and raise our revenue on a sales tax. We shall do nothing of the sort. We shall resort to a real-estate tax for revenue, exempting all improvements under ten thousand dollars.

We shall protect the big oil companies in Mexico, and invade that country if necessary to give it good government—this sort of good government. We shall let Mexico work out her own problems, the oil question among others. We shall protect the small oil companies in Mexico as well as the big ones. We shall protect nobody.

We shall amend the amending clause of the Constitution so as to make future amendments easy. We shall accept the ideas of the framers of that instrument as the world's greatest prophets as well as statesmen, and not amend it at all.

If they have their way we shall have no Sunday baseball, no Sunday papers, no Sunday trains, no Sunday golf, no Sunday automobiling, no Sunday at all except the religious Sunday; but each person being properly the judge as to his behavior on Sunday, the observance of the day will at the same time be left to the individual conscience, free from legal sanctions. The prohibitory law will be relaxed so as to permit the selling of all kinds of alcoholic drinks over the bar; but such selling will be confined to eating places, and only ale, beer and wine will be sold. It will be a finable or perhaps a penitentiary offense even to offer to buy any kind of alcoholic drink, and even home brew will bring its possessor under the ban of the law. At the same time the so-called New Jersey idea will prevail. Nobody will be allowed to hold office who has ever loaned money to the liquor trade, even though a banker.

Health Work

The health of our people gives rise to many associations and leagues, and affords activities to many organized for other purposes. So, if they have their way the public-health service, though denied appropriations to carry on the work we have always regarded as necessary, will not be allowed to deal with the health problems of maternity and infancy. That will be turned over to the children's bureau cooperating with the bureau of education, through a division of child hygiene. Some of these schemes seem well on their way to passage. The bureaus supporting them are in the above list. The women of the country seem to be making a fad of supporting these organized minorities.

If they have their way, according to Doctor Lumsden, who testified at one of the hearings—that is, "if the trend to specialization in health work should continue, and if the demands upon Congress for the building up of many big administrative health forces should prevail, the expense would be stupendous, and the waste of government money appalling. We could foresee one force in Washington and the state governmental machinery to look after the health work of expectant mothers and babies, another big department for children of under-school age, another for women who are not expectant or recent mothers, another for children of school age—and I believe there is a bill calling eventually for thirty million dollars a year for school-hygiene work—another for industrial hygiene, one for tuberculosis, another for acute communicable diseases, and one for the promotion of mental hygiene—which by this time might be seriously needed."

This witness can scarcely realize the necklaces of pearls he has cast at the feet of organizers of the job leagues of the future. Any competent job councilor could get underwritten a council or a committee or an association for any one of these great national problems in six months.

"If we think of the representatives of these various agencies all over the country to do field work," the doctor goes on, "we get a vision of what would be doing at the county courthouse on some bright morning. We should see an automobile starting out to carry a nurse to look after a mother thirty miles away in one corner of the county; another automobile leaves just behind the first, carrying a specialist to look after a school child living, perhaps, in the same home to which the first is destined. Then another starts, and then another, until we see on the road, just far enough apart to keep out of one another's dust, ten automobiles, variously labeled, each carrying a specialist or superspecialist engaged to do some one kind of health work for that county. It would be entertaining, but expensive. The taxpayers of a community would never think of supporting such a proposition, and they would probably have some long, long thoughts to express to Congress."

Yes, but do you know of any Washington agency for which we are or have been taxed to be abolished because of these long, long thoughts? They and the taxes go right on.

If they have their way the public-health service will be ruined by the scattered and irreconcilable federationizing of various councils and leagues—and at the same time it will be ennobled into a full-fledged department.

Save the Men of Fifty!

Not that I am opposed to all these measures. I think now of something for which the people might be taxed with profit—to the organizers, anyhow. Take men past fifty—there should be a service for conserving them. Look at the situation: We rear a man to the age of fifty, getting him through the crises of measles, chicken pox, enterocolitis, poliomyelitis, mumps, scarlet fever, whooping cough, tennis, baseball, holes in the ice, swimming, lovesickness, choice of occupation, and early blunders until he has become practically immune to old diseases and new ideas, settling down to tobacco, golf and the Republican Party. He is our great factor of safety. And what happens? He goes and dies on us. The waste of men past fifty is simply criminal. Brethren, these things ought not so to be! There should be a law passed to conserve men past fifty, and the public-health service should have nothing to do with it except to run errands for whoever is in charge. And who should be in charge? Well, that is something to be pondered, and when we get our federation underwritten we shall have special pondering equipment for that purpose.

A Connecticut lady in writing to the House of Representatives in opposition to the Sheppard-Towner Bill for the protection of infancy and maternity grew rather caustic at the provision that the advisory committee provided for in it should be composed, to the extent of at least half, of women. She suggested that as long as jobs were sought they should be given to mothers, and that the amateur advice of spinsters and childless women is not what the mothers of this country need. Now if they want jobs the law for the conservation of men past fifty —— But no! I will not yield to the temptation to be smart at the expense of the spinsters who have made the name "old maid" revered by their devotion to the welfare of the race. It is a cheap jest, by whomsoever indulged in. When one thinks of the great women to whom we owe so much, and who, though unwedded, have brought forth in travail great reforms, ideas pregnant with good for the liberation of mankind, with the amelioration of evils which have degraded and imbruted us, with the promise of peace to a distraught world; who have sent gleams of light into darkness; who have been the mothers of motherhood itself—ere I, who am unworthy to unloose the latchets of the shoes of their ideals, allow myself to descend to this scurrile quip, may my

National Bank of Commerce in New York

Unemployed Funds

Funds temporarily uninvested need not lose earning power.

Reserves accruing for taxes, estate funds awaiting distribution, surplus accumulating for building operations or for dividends may be deposited under special arrangements subject to payment of interest at rates which vary according to conditions.

NATIONAL BANK OF COMMERCE IN NEW YORK 1839

Capital, Surplus and Undivided Profits
Over Fifty-five Million Dollars

typewriter be gummed up and ankylosed at every joint, and my fountain pen dried up!

Look over the field of bureaudom, however, and consider it well. It is a part of our Government—unofficial, but nevertheless a part of it. It is a confusing, a distracting spectacle of countercurrents, divisive strife, cathauling and interference with the Government. Everywhere it is a display of class consciousness, except as to some good lobbies to which I belong, as the National Popular Government League, and the National Community Board, which latter seeks to organize everybody. Some of these classes have good ideas, some bad; some represent light, some darkness; some are, as things go, necessary to counteract others. To say that it is all wrong would be going far. Mere job bureaus are mischievous. The strong bureaus are useful or harmful, according to the taste of the observer; but they are influential. That is the main point—they are influential organized minorities.

I suppose in a manner of speaking many of these bureaus are lobbies; but I have not called them that, because the popular notion of a lobby is something quite different. Should not their influence, and that of all others seeking as minorities to influence legislation, be exercised in an open and legal way?

Senator Kenyon, of Iowa, has introduced a bill to legalize and control them and make their activities public. It proposes that every person or organization seeking to influence legislation shall register, and describe what it is it wants. There will be such a docket in every department also. There will be punishments for lobbying in an unauthorized and illegal way. Why not? Their working on public officers is a part of government—a big part. Even though this law drives back to the provinces, whence they came, all the lame ducks with the privileges of the floor—still, I ask, why not? Open lobbying openly arrived at—surely we can all agree to that.

THE NAVAL RESERVE A GREAT NATIONAL ASSET

(Continued from Page 7)

in April, 1917, with the idea that they could obtain high rank by some quick magic were soon undeceived. They and their associates soon learned that Mr. Edison was right. A lady, enthusiastic over the achievements of Mr. Edison, said she envied his inspiration.

"Madam," he is reported to have replied, "if I have had any inspiration, nine-tenths of it was perspiration."

When the war began, the first need of the Navy was capable officers. There were only four sources of supply to supplement the graduates of the naval academy: First, experienced men already in the Navy, especially those who had risen to the grade of warrant officers, and whose practical training particularly qualified them for the immediate duty in hand; second, men in the merchant marine with seagoing experience who were available immediately for important duties; third, civilians who had served in the naval militia; and fourth, able and active young men in civil life who felt the call to service afloat. The first three classes were at once taken into the Navy and given positions of responsibility, and they more than measured up to expectations. Some of them indeed rendered, in the places to which they were assigned, service which has never been excelled.

From Shops to Ships

But there was need for many more officers, and we turned to the apt and alert young men in schools, in shops, in professions and on the farms. Most of them received their intensive training on board ship, but the Navy was able to give 1700 a special course at the naval academy. These secured their designation by competition with all other reservists, and therefore came with the imprimatur of approval from ships or shore stations. After the thorough intensive course at Annapolis they went immediately to service afloat, and from admirals and captains I received such reports as gave proof of their efficiency. Quickly mastering the rudiments of naval learning and practice under the stimulus of war, they did so well that they were keen competitors in efficiency in the special duties they performed with those who had enjoyed a full four-year course at the naval academy. I have in mind a case illustrative of others which gave a new high place to reservists. A young attorney was ordered to the special training at the naval academy, took to naval studies as a duck takes to water, graduated at the head of his class, was sent abroad as officer in a destroyer, and showed in a marked way what a civilian can do who has a trained mind when he applies it to a new and abstruse subject. Not only was he proficient in the books taught at Annapolis; he was soon quite at home on the destroyer, and by concentrating upon the practical job showed that brains and will can accomplish whatever they undertake. There were others like this young man who did the job splendidly, and many more whose regret was that the war ended before they got a chance to go overseas and take a whack at a sub.

Before hostilities ended 30,358 reservists were commissioned or warrant officers, nearly three times as many as the total, 10,590, in the regular Navy. They served on vessels of every type, from submarine chasers to battleships. On the transports the larger percentage of the officers were reservists. The usual plan was to have the duties of the captain, executive officer, chief engineer, gunnery officers, senior supply and medical officers performed by regulars, the others being of the reserve force. Out of a total of, say, thirty officers on board a transport twenty-four of them would be reserve officers. They were on duty on deck, in the engine room, in the sick quarters, in the supply office and in practically every part of the ship.

The rapidity with which these civilians were turned into competent officers was remarkable, and this was due not only to their native aptitude and zeal but to the ability and energy which the regular officers devoted to instructing the newcomers. As in all other activities of the Navy, it was teamwork that won. Naval officers receive a broad and thorough training, not only in navigation, engineering, gunnery, ship construction, strategy and tactics but in diplomacy and history, and most of all in how to deal with men. And regulars and reservists worked together with a unity of purpose and effort that brought immediate results.

Of course these new men could not in a few months acquire all the knowledge of a regular officer who studies for years and makes the Navy his lifetime profession. There is truth in the old saying that it takes ten years to make a thorough naval officer. But it was found entirely practicable to take intelligent young men of education and brains, or brains and aptitude, and train them within a few months for the specific duties which they were expected to perform—and which they did perform with credit to themselves and the service.

Special Reservist Schools

Special schools for teaching reservists of various kinds were established. Some were for instruction in deck duties—those performed by an officer on the bridge of a ship conducting its movements. This included the command and direction of a division or company of the crew. It also required a knowledge of navigation, and most of the navigating officers of the reserve were drawn from those who had served in the merchant marine and had seagoing experience. Other schools taught engineering duties, involving the study of electrical and steam engines and all the various parts and functions of a ship's machinery. From these schools the officer candidates, who were not confirmed in their commissions until they actually demonstrated their fitness, were sent to sea, where they continued training aboard ships in the duties they were to perform, the engineers going to the engine room, the deck officers to the bridge. Commanding officers were required to give them every opportunity for instruction, and to report in from one to three months on their efficiency.

The candidate was given every chance to learn and qualify; older officers helped him all they could. But it was up to him.

(Continued on Page 67)

Douglas Fir
Northern White Pine
Idaho White Pine
Western Soft Pine

Western Hemlock
Washington Red Cedar
Red Fir and Larch
Norway Pine

A NEW STANDARD OF EFFICIENCY IN THE USE OF MATERIALS

WHEREVER business men gather together today you hear of economies in production —new standards of efficiency for labor, for machinery and in the distribution of finished products.

Reconstruction demands lower production costs and higher relative values.

It demands a new standard of efficiency in the use of materials; and especially true is this in the use of lumber.

It may surprise you to know that the service value of the average purchase of lumber could be increased 100% if the buyer chose the most practical wood and the most economical grade for a given purpose.

Lumber is more intimately woven into our complex industrial fabric than perhaps any other basic material. In the production of coal, in the manufacture of machinery, in the distribution of countless commodities where we least expect it, lumber touches every home, every farm, every business in the land.

That is why an enlightened lumber service is important in this period of industrial reconstruction and in the great era of home-building that is ahead.

Lumber is capable of the same close analysis as is a bar of steel or a block of concrete.

For years there has been accumulating a mass of close-knit knowledge about the kinds of wood, their service values and adaptabilities.

Few men are aware how well-rounded and scientific this knowledge of lumber is.

The strength of the various species. Their durability. Their service qualities.

What kind of lumber is best adapted to the manifold industrial uses. Which will give the longest service under exposure to the weather. What kinds are most suitable for construction purposes, and what for interior trim.

Add to this the advanced knowledge of wood preservation—and you begin to see the far-reaching benefits of this lumber service.

What we advocate is conservation and economy through the use of the right wood in its proper place.

To this end we will supply to lumber dealers and to the public any desired information as to the qualities of the different species and the best wood for a given purpose.

This service will be as broad and impartial as we know how to make it. We are not partisans of any particular species of wood. We advise the best lumber for the purpose, whether we handle it or not.

From now on the Weyerhaeuser Forest Products trade-mark will be plainly stamped on our product.

When you buy lumber for any purpose, no matter how much or how little, you can look at the mark and know that you are getting a standard article of known merit.

Weyerhaeuser Forest Products are distributed through the established trade channels by the Weyerhaeuser Sales Company, Spokane, Washington, with branch offices and representatives throughout the country.

WEYERHAEUSER FOREST PRODUCTS
SAINT PAUL · MINNESOTA

Producers of Douglas Fir, Western Hemlock, Washington Red Cedar and Cedar Shingles on the Pacific Coast; Idaho White Pine, Western Soft Pine, Red Fir and Larch in the Inland Empire; Northern White Pine and Norway Pine in the Lake States

Your Kind of Hosiery and Underwear—*All of a Kind*

MANY a man would be surprised to go through his outfit of underwear and hosiery, and see what a *mixture of different brands* he is wearing.

In short, his wardrobe reflects the shifts and changes in his dealer's stocks.

This whole matter of giving uniform and dependable value to the customer rests with the merchant.

He can do it almost overnight—sending *direct to the Mills* for a complete, standardized stock of "Allen A".

Each garment of the celebrated "Allen A" Summer Wear, **COOPER'S-BENNINGTON** Spring Needle Underwear and **BLACK CAT HOSIERY** now bears the Label of "Allen A"—the mark of the *Maker's* identification and responsibility.

"Allen," the name of the *Makers;* their personal pledge of responsibility to you. And "A"—the standard mark of first and finest grade.

There is no difficulty at all about it.

Thousands of merchants are carrying "Allen A." Their number increases by the hundreds every month.

The "Allen A" Service is more than thirty years old.

It comprises the full range of weights, sizes and kinds.

Whatever the market conditions, your dealer will give you *your kind* of merchandise, all of a kind—and always the same in quality, wear and comfort.

Allen A

The Maker's Mark of Identification on

"Allen A" Summer Wear and **COOPER'S-BENNINGTON** *Spring Needle Underwear* for Men and Boys—all the wanted fabrics, generous and easy-fitting

BLACK CAT HOSIERY—*Reinforced*—Silk, lisle, wool, cotton, for Men, Women and Children.

The Allen A Company
Kenosha, Wisconsin

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B.C.

(Continued from Page 64)

It was a matter of quick action. The man had to prove his capability. It was astonishing how many made good. Those who failed were the exception. Thousands of petty officers and men from the regular Navy went through these courses successfully and won their commissions. Several thousand others were drawn from civil life, some coming into the Navy direct from school or college, others from offices, stores, shops or farms.

A typical reservist was Lieut. Wesley G. Martin, officer of the deck of the President Lincoln when she was attacked and sunk by the German submarine U-90. When the first torpedo was sighted—there were three of them racing toward the ship—Martin had the helm thrown over and sent out the general alarm. Before the ship could answer her rudder two torpedoes had hit almost simultaneously right under the bridge, and a moment later the third hit the stern. But Martin had acted promptly and correctly, and the ship might have been saved if it had not been for the triple blow which struck her. Martin, who had been a jewelry manufacturer before the war, graduated from the officers' training school at Pelham Bay, New York, had been assigned to the President Lincoln, had proved his ability, his commission was confirmed and he took his place among the ships' officers.

Supertransport

So it was with many others on this vessel, and this illustrates how the greater number of the 30,000 reserve officers were trained. They went at it with a determination to win; they were willing to study and work day and night, and tackle any problem, no matter how difficult. With such material the regular officers found it a pleasant and inspiring task to teach them the duties they were so anxious to perform.

Looking over the list of officers of the cruiser and transport force, I find that eight were on Admiral Gleaves' staff, eighteen on that of Admiral Jones. Of the 166 officers who served on the Leviathan, the largest of all transports, ninety-three were reservists. On the George Washington there were sixty-three out of the total of 100. Thirty-five served on the President Grant, sixty-nine on the Mount Vernon, fifty-one on the Great Northern, forty-three on the Orizaba, twenty-eight on the Pastores, thirty-three on the Pocahontas, twenty-four on the Powhatan, thirty on the Princess Matoika. Of this large force, which took 911,000 American soldiers to France and brought back 1,700,000, there was not a transport or cruiser which did not have a large proportion of reservists in its officers and crew. The carrying of the American Army to France and bringing it home has been called the greatest transportation job in history—and the reservists did their full share of the work.

It was the same in the naval overseas transportation service. Many people who are familiar with our work in troop transportation do not seem to realize that the Navy, in addition, manned and operated the largest cargo fleet ever conducted under one management. This comprised a total of 490 vessels, 3,800,000 dead-weight tons, of which 378—2,900,000 tons—were in operation before the armistice. Five thousand officers and 30,000 men were required to man these ships, and many thousands more were in training to furnish crews for the hundreds of vessels that were being built by the Shipping Board. If the war had lasted a year longer, which many expected, the N. O. T. S. force alone would have been larger than the entire Navy was before the war. The crews were made up largely of reservists, and they proved notably efficient. This ocean-freight service, built up in a single year, transported 6,000,000 tons of munitions, supplies, food and fuel for our forces abroad and our Allies, carried commercial cargoes to and from points where tonnage was unavailable, and proved one of the most important links in the supply of Army and Navy, as well as an invaluable aid to the Food Administration in carrying provisions to distressed regions of Europe.

Of our 350 submarine chasers which were on patrol duty in French and English waters, in the Adriatic and all along the American coast, the large majority were manned by reservists, who performed this hard and often monotonous duty with a cheerfulness that was unfailing. These sturdy little 110-foot boats stayed at sea in all kinds of weather, and braved storms that even the largest vessels did not relish.

More than 100 chasers manned by American crews and fifty turned over to the French made the 3000-mile voyage across the Atlantic, and for weary months engaged in antisubmarine work, while those in home waters formed the larger portion of the patrol of our Atlantic Coast.

Men of all trades and professions were in the reserve. Millionaires from New York and Newport served alongside young fellows who a year before had been plowing behind Missouri mules. An heir of one of the country's largest fortunes was a seaman gunner, and his mate in the same crew was a strapping youngster who had been working in a factory.

An officer who went out for a run on a sub-chaser from Brest thought there was something familiar about the grimy seaman who was testing the forward gun. As he turned he recognized him.

"Well, of all the things!" exclaimed the officer. "You're the last man in the world I'd ever expect to find here. The last time I saw you you were the ladies' favorite, engaged in photographing every débutante and stage celebrity in New York. How did you get into the Navy?"

"Well, it is funny, even to myself," he laughed, and told him the story.

He had made a picture of a well-known actress and her baby and was on his way back to the studio when he struck a recruiting party holding a meeting in the street. Aroused by the enthusiasm, he felt he ought to do his bit. He enlisted on the spot, turned over his studio to others, and in a month was shooting a gun on a subchaser instead of a camera. And he stayed on that boat until the last horn blew and the boys were ordered home. One of his mates at the gun was a former actor, another a clerk in a store.

One day in New York four young fellows suddenly walked out of a motion-picture studio and enlisted. Two of them were high-salaried photographers, but they said nothing about that and went in as seamen. Several months afterward a call was sent out for a few men experienced in photo work. One of these four was found shoveling coal at Pelham. He had been for three years the photographer for Sidney Drew, but he was plugging along at coal passing and doing a good job until found fitted for other work.

Naval aviation was made up largely of reservists, and the naval-reserve flying corps grew during the war into a force of more than 26,000, with 1500 qualified pilots and 4000 student officers in training. Not only were hundreds of bright young men enrolled as prospective aviators, but thousands of skilled mechanics were enlisted in the ground personnel. Colleges, technical schools and industrial plants aided our own stations in training, and specialists, engineers and technicists assisted in instruction, organization and construction work.

Bluejackets of All Trades

Without the reserves who came in from civil life it would have been impossible to create in such a brief period the large aviation force, with scores of stations, which rendered conspicuous service in Europe and America. It was not flying duty alone, arduous as that was, but construction and operation on a large scale. In building and maintaining stations and forces on the French and British coasts and in the Adriatic we had to have men capable of handling all kinds of machinery, and it became a saying that the naval aviation force could do anything that came to hand. Enrolled from every walk of life, no matter how difficult a problem might be, there were always men familiar with requirements able to cope with the situation.

At the big air station at Killingholme, England, contracts for the buildings had been made, but it became evident soon after the arrival of our aviation personnel that unless we did the work ourselves that station would never be built in time to permit active operations or house the men in comfort. But Lieut. M. E. Kelly, with a detail of 200 American bluejackets, built in thirty days twenty-eight barrack buildings of brick and concrete, each twenty feet wide and sixty feet long.

At the air assembly and repair base at Pauillac, France, during an inspection by congressmen of the Naval Affairs Committee, one of the party, Congressman Peters, of Maine, looked at his watch and remarked, "My watch is broken and I have tried both in Paris and at Bordeaux to get it repaired, but was told that it would take two weeks to do so."

Lieutenant Commander Briscoe, in command of the repair base, told the congressman that it could be fixed on the station.

"But," said Mr. Peters, "I have only an hour to spend here."

"All right," said Briscoe, "we can do it."

An instrument repair man was sent for. He took the watch and fifteen minutes later handed it back to the astonished congressman, who found it running and set at the correct hour.

"Well, well, I didn't think it could be done," remarked the man from Maine. "I didn't know that you had such skilled mechanics in the service."

"That's nothing," said Briscoe. "We can build a locomotive here—and run it, too."

It was a fact. The mechanical personnel of the naval reserve flying corps was competent to manufacture, overhaul, repair and operate almost any mechanical device made in America.

The flying personnel was made up of a group of especially qualified and energetic young men. Whether engaged in antisubmarine patrol, in bombing German U-boat bases and destroying enemy ammunition dumps, or chasing Zeppelins over the North Sea, it was all in the day's work. No task was too exacting or hazardous for those young enthusiasts to undertake, and some of them gave their lives in the service. Ensign Potter, disappearing beneath the waves in a sheet of flame off Helgoland, after fighting an overwhelming force of German aircraft, exhibited no greater courage than Lieutenant MacLeish, who was shot down over the Flanders Front after fighting off a dozen German aircraft to permit his comrades in slow bombing planes to escape to safety. Flying over the Alps in giant Caproni planes, patrolling the North Sea in small blimps in fog and rain, attacking Austrian shipping in Pola Harbor, fighting a submarine off Dunkirk with machine guns and bombs, and shooting German observer balloons in Flanders, were among the exploits of the naval-reserve aviators, who made a record that has seldom been equaled.

The Wisdom of Admiral Blue

The United States had no naval reserve and no naval-reserve legislation until Congress authorized it on March 3, 1915. But for this legislation I do not see how we could have promptly provided naval personnel for the war. It will always be a monument to the wisdom of the then chief of the Bureau of Navigation, Admiral Victor Blue, who was again called to that post after serving as captain of the Texas under Rodman in the North Sea Fleet, that the legislation was made ready and prepared against the day which we hoped would never come, but which did come with all suddenness upon us. Soon after he took charge of the bureau, in 1913, we began work toward building up a reserve. Steps were taken to encourage and expand the naval militia, and in February, 1914, the bill, which had been urged for years without success, was passed, linking these state organizations with the Federal service and in time of war placing them at the call of the President. A board was created to formulate standard professional examinations for officers and men, and to devise plans to carry the new legislation into effect, and a Division of Militia Affairs was organized under the Bureau of Navigation. There were then in the naval militia 596 officers and 7132 men, of varying efficiency.

This was a beginning, but it was by no means sufficient. The formation of a naval reserve was urged, and its establishment was authorized March 3, 1915, though the personnel was limited to men who had served in the Navy. It was the act of August 29, 1916, that permitted the building up of a reserve on broader lines. This created a naval-reserve force of six classes—the fleet naval reserve, of former officers, and enlisted men who had completed as much as sixteen years' service in the Navy; the naval reserve, men of seagoing experience; the naval auxiliary reserve, men employed on merchant vessels suitable for naval auxiliaries; the naval coast-defense reserve, in which civilians without previous sea experience could be enrolled; the volunteer naval reserve, whose members obligated themselves to serve in the Navy in

(Continued on Page 70)

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(Continued from Page 67)

any of the various classes without retainer pay or uniform gratuity in time of peace; and the naval-reserve flying corps, composed of officers and student flyers and enlisted men qualified for aviation duties. At the same time a marine-corps reserve of five classes was authorized corresponding to the naval-reserve force.

It was also provided that in case of war or national emergency the naval militia were to be mustered into the Federal service as national naval volunteers.

This was the basis upon which was built up the vast naval-reserve force of more than 300,000 which was enrolled, trained and put into service during the war.

Beginning with a few hundred the force grew rapidly after the break with Germany. Upon the declaration of war the naval militia were mustered in, and from 877 officers and 12,407 enlisted militiamen and reserves in service April 6, 1917, the number grew in six months to 77,000, in a year to 123,000, and by the end of hostilities reached a total of 335,447—30,358 officers and 305,089 men. The highest point reached by the regular Navy was 10,590 officers and 215,672 men—total, 226,262.

Nearly all these were volunteers, as it was not until the autumn of 1918 that the selective-draft law was made to apply to the Navy as well as the Army, and only a few thousand men were drafted into the naval service.

This force of more than 500,000 men and 40,000 officers, the largest personnel ever possessed by any navy, could not have been created if we had not had a naval reserve established on a broad basis, with no limits to its expansion.

Except for a few thousand ex-service men and merchant seamen, this immense reserve force was made up of men who had had no seagoing experience, men who had to learn the game from the beginning. And the rapidity with which they were turned from landsmen into sailors reflected credit on instructors and apprentices. Though nearly all our ships and stations engaged in training reserves as well as regulars, the typical reserve camp was at Pelham Bay. We needed a training station near New York. We had to have a good waterside location with plenty of space, well drained and wholesome, and we found it in the park at Pelham, which the municipal authorities generously tendered for temporary use. New York was the chief port of naval ships sailing to and from Europe, and the Navy had need to call upon the municipal authorities for assistance of every character, particularly to care for the reserves. In this respect, as in others, all America had cause to honor the metropolis for its unselfish patriotism. Ten miles from the heart of the city, with water on two sides, Pelham Bay was an ideal location.

Pelham Bay Station

In selecting the officer to lay out and command this camp we were fortunate in securing Commander William B. Franklin, an Annapolis graduate who had served twelve years in the Navy, had kept up his interest in the service as an officer in the New York Naval Militia, and who as president of a large industrial corporation had enjoyed wide business experience. In a few weeks a camp with a capacity of 5000 to 6000 was created, afterward enlarged to 15,000 and eventually capable of providing for 25,000 men.

One of the most important functions of the Pelham station was the development of suitable officer material. The men were given to understand that they had the chance of becoming officers if they acquired the necessary knowledge and proved their fitness for command; but first of all they must learn the rudiments of naval practice, must learn to be seamen and serve in the ranks.

"It is not expected that any of you is at present fully equipped to become an officer, or that all of you will ever be fitted to assume the duties and responsibilities that a command entails," said Commander Franklin in one of his weekly talks to the men. "What we do expect is that everyone will do his utmost. Decide right now that you are here to make good and that you are going to do so. We are all here for a common purpose—to organize, instruct and equip a competent, well-disciplined naval-reserve force that will be a help to the Navy and a credit to the country. Every officer on this station is here to explain and instruct. Take advantage of any instruction you receive, of any opportunities for study and advancement, conduct yourself so that you compel the respect of your associates, and you will make good."

Individual responsibility was continually impressed, the importance of alertness, energy and constant study. And the recruits learned the rudiments of seamanship as rapidly as they picked up the lingo of the sea. Many of them won their commissions and made excellent officers. I made it a habit during the war, whenever my duties called me to New York, to run over to Pelham. Being myself in the reserve class, called from civilian life to service with the naval force for a period, the chance to touch elbow to elbow with these chaps was always embraced, and after every visit I returned to Washington with a new inspiration and a new zeal. Many young reservists won promotion—I say won, because commissions were not handed out at Pelham. They were awarded by demonstration of fitness. The course was so thorough that the reserves called it the reserve naval academy.

Universities and technical schools placed their facilities at our disposal. At Harvard we had the largest radio school in the world; at Columbia a school for training in gas engines; at Yale, Princeton and other colleges naval units in which students trained until they were called into active service.

We had reserves in training at stations and schools from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the Great Lakes to the Gulf.

A Little Action Wanted

There never was a finer lot of young Americans gathered together than were in this naval reserve force. Their ruling idea was to get to sea, to go where the fighting was, and they were never satisfied.

One day a youngster serving on a merchant ship came to an assignment officer and said, "Captain, I'd like to get a transfer."

"What's the matter?" asked the officer.

"Well, sir," he answered, "I've been going across on merchantmen and I've been torpedoed three times. I'd like to get on a destroyer or a submarine chaser where I can see a little action."

There was pressing need for officers, and at the beginning of the war some inexperienced civilians were enrolled, in the rush of the first days, as ensigns or junior lieutenants, without examination to test their capacity. The one mistake of having reserves to enroll for coast-defense service only, in which a number of men without training were given commissions, was the occasion for some criticism of that class of reservists. But most of them hastened to apply for transfer to a reserve class for any duty at home or abroad, and I issued an order that no promotions or commissions should be given to men who were not enrolled for general service. With that order the occasion for whatever just criticism existed ended. A stop having soon been put to this early policy, it was ordered that all promotions were to be made from the ranks; that a reservist must enroll as an enlisted man, do his term of service and prove his fitness before he could receive a commission. And everyone appointed an officer had to make good aboard ship or in the duty to which he was assigned before his commission was confirmed. Those who did not prove their fitness were demoted or disenrolled.

The idea of some who thought family or political influence would get them a commission was the subject of not a little good-natured ridicule in the service, which found expression in verses like these:

I never thought I'd be a gob—
You see, dad owns a bank—
I thought at least I'd get a job
Above a captain's rank.

But woe to me, alack, alas!
They've put me in white duds;
They don't quite comprehend my class—
They've got me peeling spuds.

It was not easy work, this learning to be a seaman and studying to be an officer. But it made men of those boys, and the fact that promotion depended on their own efforts, that there was a fair field and no favor, inspired them to effort as nothing else could have done.

More than 40,000 recruits were trained by the battleships of the Atlantic Fleet, which was kept busy in this essential duty from the beginning of the war. There was

(Continued on Page 73)

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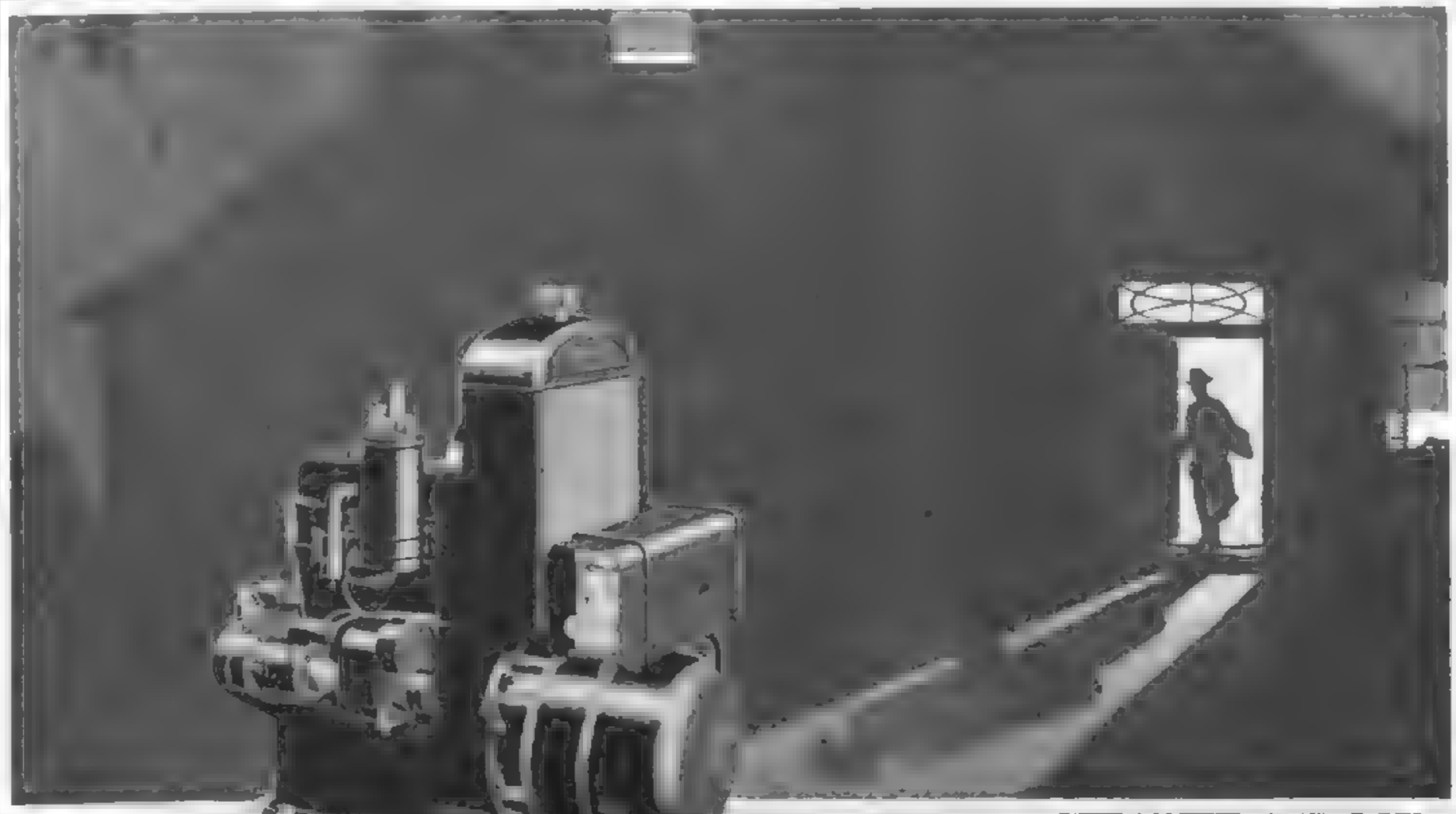

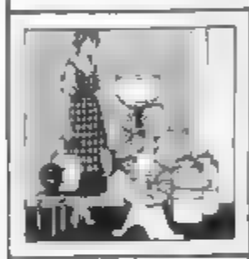

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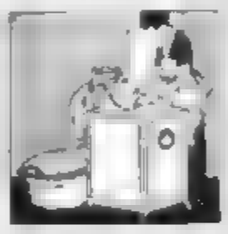

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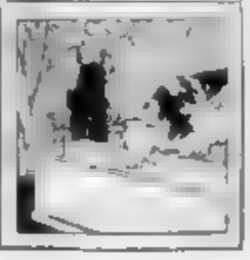

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(Continued from Page 70)

pressing need of engineers, firemen, gunners and steersmen, and only experience aboard ship could qualify men for these duties. Early in 1917 a training squadron of eight battleships was based on Yorktown, Virginia, called then, so that its location should be kept secret, Base 2.

This squadron was composed of the Alabama, Illinois, Kearsarge, Kentucky, Maine, Missouri, Ohio and Wisconsin, and, removed from observation, carried on intensive training under whip and spur. It was an ideal place, up the York River, the entrance to which was protected by nets and mines. Removed from danger of attack by submarines, removed from the distractions of city life, the young men entered upon their strenuous duty with spirit and energy. It was quite as strenuous a life, too, for the officers charged with turning out men for quick and important service. A six weeks' course was instituted, divided into two periods, the ships being two weeks under way, the third week at anchor, so that the novices were given a month's active service at sea, and two weeks' instruction in upkeep of machinery. Each ship had sixteen engine drivers, thirty-two oilers, thirty-two water tenders and 200 firemen under training, in addition to gunners, coxswains, quartermasters, boatswain's mates, electricians, radio operators, signalmen, stewards, cooks, storekeepers, yeomen and seamen.

Ready-Made Crews

Men were trained in units, so that complete engine and fire room forces, deck crews and gun crews could be furnished on order. These were sent to troopships, cargo transports, patrol craft or any vessel that was to be manned. When the vessels were ready to be taken over the crews were there to man them. During the entire war not a single vessel turned over to the Navy was delayed in sailing for lack of a crew, and this was due to the comprehensive system of training aboard battleships and cruisers, as well as ashore.

The battleship force, in addition to thousands of new men for their own crews, trained for other vessels 2091 commissioned officers, 7197 petty officers and special ratings; 807 armed guards, comprising 6476 men, and 28,788 men of the engine and fire room forces—a total of 44,552. When it is considered that all these had to be qualified for special duties, involving in some cases a high degree of skill, we can appreciate the magnitude of this training accomplished by the fleet.

War taught us the vital necessity of having a large naval reserve and of keeping it in training, ready to be called upon in any emergency. With demobilization the hundreds of thousands who had been in the service returned to civil life, but they did not lose their interest in the Navy. The only question was how to preserve this interest, to link them to the Navy. This meant that we must provide an adequate organization and training facilities, enough retainer pay to compensate in some degree for loss of time from business or work, and recognized rank and promotion for officers and men.

Slight modifications of the law of 1916 enabled us to establish the present system, which provides for three distinct classes of naval reservists: First, those who will be called upon to man combatant ships of the Navy; second, the auxiliary reserve, made up of officers and men of the merchant marine; and third, the reserve flying corps. In addition, there is a small class known as the volunteer naval reserve, made up of eminent professional men who when war or an emergency arises are willing to give their time and efforts to the Navy, but who in time of peace receive no remuneration and are not required to perform any duty.

The aim is to provide such a large and efficient force that in case of war the Navy will have enough competent reservists to perform all duty at sea and ashore, and will not have to commission additional officers or enroll untrained men, but will be able, on mobilization, to man every ship and station. Military authorities agree that the nation which can mobilize first has a great advantage, and that in war every day counts.

The lines along which a war is to be fought, whether offensive or defensive, may be determined by the result of the first naval action. A navy should be prepared to wage offensive warfare from the beginning, to insure success in the first naval actions and to reap the benefits of that success. For this a large and efficient reserve is essential. With an ample trained personnel, naval forces can be immediately concentrated on winning command of the sea, reducing shore activities to a minimum. Officers will not be compelled to devote their energies to recruiting and training thousands of men before vessels are fully manned and sent to sea.

The better trained men are, the fewer the number that will be required. If we had had, when the late war was declared, 100,000 men and 10,000 officers in the regular Navy and an active reserve of 12,000 officers and 150,000 men, naval authorities believe that we would have been able to perform every task imposed upon the Navy, when, under the conditions that existed, we had to enroll and train twice that number. Recruiting and training under war conditions are enormously expensive, and it would be an immense saving to the Government, as well as in the interest of efficiency, to do this work in time of peace. A fraction of the interest on what war training costs would maintain a reserve large enough for all purposes.

At the present time there are about 200,000 in the naval reserve force, but many of these, who feel they cannot spare the necessary time for the duties required, are leaving the service.

The Navy Department plans contemplate a reserve of 120,000 men, with the necessary officers; and it is felt that with proper encouragement a force of this size can be maintained.

Congressman Kelley's Report

If this large reserve had not been in existence Congress could not, with safety, have reduced the enlisted strength of the regular Navy below the 143,000 authorized in 1920. Representative Kelley, chairman of the subcommittee on naval needs of the House Appropriations Committee, stated in presenting the bill to the House that "the committee proceeded upon the general theory that the world has not yet become so settled that it would be safe to reduce the potential strength of the Navy at this time." He added that by maintaining the naval-reserve force they could reduce the actual strength, which was fixed by previous legislation at 143,000, to 100,000.

"The committee," said Mr. Kelley, "considered the question from every aspect and came to the conclusion that it could safely be done. We have a naval reserve of men who have served from four months to four years in actual warfare, who have gone into the naval reserve. There are approximately 100,000 to 120,000 men in that reserve. In case of need the Navy could draw on this reservoir of trained men to supplement the 100,000 regulars to fill up all the ships and make available practically the entire Navy. Years ago that could not be done, because we did not have the reserve.

"When the war ended there were 500,000 men in the Navy, and they have gradually gone out, and as they have gone out a large number of them have enrolled in the naval reserve, and that is the reservoir of safety upon which the country can very well rely, and makes it possible to reduce in time of peace the number of men in the regular Navy from 143,000 to 100,000."

Reservist Cruises

The naval-reserve force is not composed exclusively of those who served during the war, but any young man of good character who is physically qualified is eligible for enrollment. Those who enroll come under the jurisdiction of the naval districts in which they reside, the headquarters of these districts in continental United States being Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Hampton Roads, Virginia; Charleston, South Carolina; Key West, Florida; New Orleans; Great Lakes, Illinois; San Diego, California; San Francisco, and Bremerton, Washington. There are also a few reserves in Hawaii and the Panama Canal.

Efforts are being made to provide training for reservists in every district, and for this purpose thirty-six vessels have been assigned. These will engage in weekly and week-end cruises, and it is planned that most of the training shall be conducted during the summer months, when weather conditions are favorable and men are free at certain times to leave their occupations. Many reservists plan to spend their vacations on shipboard rather than at resorts.

Reservists are also, when possible, taken on foreign cruises, getting the advantages of travel and active service on battleships and cruisers. Eight hundred reservists last summer participated in the midshipmen's practice cruise to the Panama Canal Zone, Hawaii, Seattle, San Francisco, Los Angeles, San Diego and Guantánamo. Another attractive cruise was that of the cruiser Frederick last July to Antwerp, where navy athletes took part in the Olympic Games; to Holland and later through the Baltic Sea to Russia, stopping at English ports on the return voyage. Sixty reserve officers and 700 men participated in this cruise. A hundred officers and 800 men made the trip on the Atlantic and Pacific Fleets to South America a few weeks ago. Last year ten eagle boats manned mainly by reservists made the trip from Portsmouth, New Hampshire, to San Francisco, stopping at various ports.

Congress last year provided for two summer schools for boys, with a six weeks' course at the stations at Great Lakes, near Chicago, and Hampton Roads, Virginia. This was to give them an opportunity to gain some knowledge of the naval service with a view to enlisting later in the Navy or enrolling in the reserve force. Boys between the ages of sixteen and twenty years

(Continued on Page 76)

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Tight grip, loose grip. Grip with the whole hand and grip with the tips of the fingers. Grip close up under the head and grip at the very end of the handle.

Variation as much as 18 degrees in approaching the razor to the face.

In short—every variation of beard, skin and temperament reflected in a man's use of his Gillette.

The First Shaving Instrument of Precision

A GROUP of Technical Experts then started out to perfect the Gillette mechanically—to make it finer and more accurate, an *instrument of precision*.

Thousands of measurements and calculations had been worked out, when three remarkable discoveries were made.

These were the *Gillette Fulcrum Shoulder*, *Overhanging Cap* and *Gillette Channeled Guard*.

The New Improved

These three discoveries proved to be the crux of the whole problem. For the first time in *any razor* here is *micrometric control* of blade position.

A shaving edge rigid and straight—in perfect contact with the cap through its whole length.

Here is that thing long sought but never before achieved—a shaving edge guarded from the face but *free to the beard.*

All in all, it took some 45,000 calculations, proved out by more than 19,000 actual shaving tests, to make the New Gillette an accomplished fact.

It is now ready the New Improved Gillette Safety Razor.

A radical improvement over the old-type Gillette, and the *first shaving instrument of precision* ever invented.

Gillette Fulcrum Shoulder and Overhanging Cap

AT the right you see a diagram *(much enlarged)* of this epoch-making improvement—the New Gillette Safety Razor. You see the *Fulcrum Shoulder* and *Overhanging Cap.* You see how the blade is *biflexed* between Overhanging Cap and Fulcrum Shoulder.

It is flexed once into the inside curve of the cap. This is the "minor flexure"—the curve for easy gliding action and play of the wrist in shaving.

It is flexed a second time—more sharply and on a shorter radius—by the grip of the Overhanging Cap the whole length of the Fulcrum Shoulder.

This is the "major flexure"—a mighty advance, make no mistake about that!

It holds the blade rigid and flat the whole length of the shaving edge.

It gives exactness to 1/1000 inch—a micrometric precision impossible with the old-type Gillette, and never even dreamed of with any other shaving device ever produced.

Gillette Channeled Guard

FOLLOW the New Gillette over the face, and see the results of the Channeled Guard.

The skin lies flat against the tangent of cap and guard.

The beard springs upright against the shaving edge.

The edge comes automatically against the beard at the very surface of the skin.

It cuts *square* across the hair—each hair slipped *clean through.*

Cut hairs and lather go into the Channel. They cannot jam in between blade and guard and cap.

They cannot clog the shaving action. Your razor edge is free every inch of every stroke of your shave.

75% More Efficiency and Comfort —More Shaves from Your Blades

SHAVE once over with the New Gillette, and you'll find your face smoother, cooler, fresher than after going twice over with any other razor, even the old-type Gillette.

Adjustment is automatic.

Your wonderful Gillette Blades can now give you *all* the luxury of the finest shaving edge in the world.

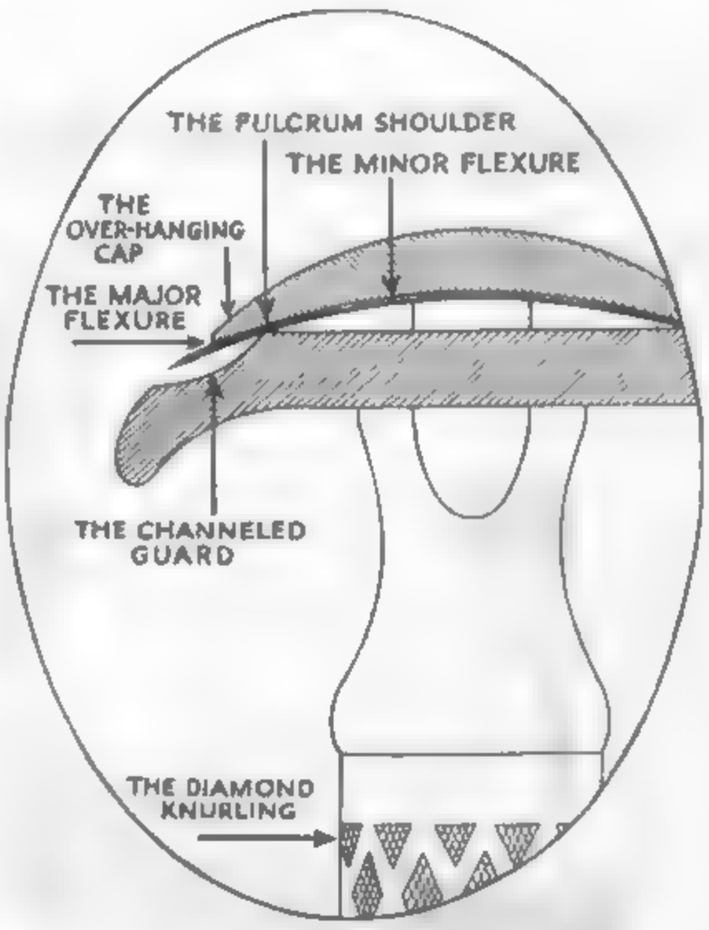
Better shave—longer service—more shaves from your Blades.

All Over the World

FOR nearly 20 years the Gillette Company has been serving men all over the world with Gillette Safety Razors and Blades.

A long-standing, world-wide resource almost without parallel—now putting this new shaving improvement at the service of the greatest number of men in the shortest possible time.

The New Improved Gillette Safety Razor will be sold by more than 250,000 Gillette Dealers in every corner of the Civilized Globe.



The New Improved GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR

Uses the same fine Gillette Blades as you have known for years—but now your Blades can give you *all* the luxury of the finest shaving edge in the world.

Identify the New Improved Gillette by its

Fulcrum Shoulder
Overhanging Cap
Channeled Guard
Micrometric Precision
Automatic Adjustment
Diamond Knurled Handle
Diamond Trademark on Guard

Finer Shave—Longer Service
More Shaves from your Blades

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Shaving Sets and Traveler Outfits

$5 *to* $75

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Denmark	Jugo Slavia	India
Sweden	Hungary	Union of South Africa
Norway	Ukraine	
Germany	Roumania	Cuba
Austria	Argentine	Porto Rico
Italy	Brazil	Virgin Islands
Spain	Chili	Mexico

NOTE:—The Gillette Company assumes full responsibility for the service of Gillette Blades when used in any *genuine* Gillette Razor—either old-type or New Improved Gillette. But with *imitations* of the genuine Gillette it cannot take responsibility for service of Blades.

Gillette

Gillette

SAFETY RAZOR

Boston, New York, Chicago, San Francisco, Montreal, London, Geneva, Paris, Milan, Amsterdam, Port Elizabeth, Rio de Janeiro, Buenos Ayres, Sydney, Singapore, Calcutta, Constantinople, Tokyo, Madrid, Brussels, Copenhagen, Shanghai

Don't blame the boy

You can make his shoes wear twice as long —*now that science offers you WonderWear*

WONDERWEAR, a liquid easily applied to shoes, at home, contains pure Korite, the recent scientific discovery that *makes leather wear twice as long.*

The Explanation

When leather is tanned, the strong chemicals shrink the delicate leather fibres into bundles, which are dried, stiffened and made brittle. The Korite in WonderWear immediately and gently opens these bundles. The fibres return to their original completely interwoven position, as before they were tanned. The leather is made *permanently* flexible and easy to the feet and will *withstand twice as much wear.*

A single treatment of WonderWear

—Reduces the shoe bill ½
—Keeps your feet dry
—Allows shoes to shine as usual
—Makes new shoes as comfortable as old shoes
—Saves painful breaking-in.

WonderWear is as good for the finest women's and children's shoes as for the heaviest lumbermen's boots. It is as invaluable to the banker as to the postman or office worker.

Sold by drug, hardware, shoe, house furnishing, sporting goods, luggage, department, novelty and general stores.

To Shoe Wearers:
If your dealer cannot supply WonderWear we will mail you a full sized can for 50c. or a Trial sized can (enough for 2 pairs) for 25c.

To Retailers:
We will supply you direct until your jobber can do so.

To Jobbers:
We will co-operate with you fully; write us.

Korite Products, Inc.
91 Bedford Street, Boston, Mass.

Laboratories: Wollaston, Mass.
New York Office: 130 W. 42d St.

WonderWear
A KORITE PRODUCT

You will recognize WonderWear by this label in Blue and Orange.

(Continued from Page 73)

were accepted for admission, but the consent of the parents was required in every case. Each applicant was required to enroll in the reserve force for three months; to pass the necessary physical and other examinations, and to bring certificates as to his character. Uniforms were furnished and expenses of board and lodging were met by the Government. A thousand boys took advantage of these opportunities, and the results proved most encouraging to parents, as well as to the Navy. Hundreds of letters were received by the commandants praising the camps and the fine training given the students. One mother wrote that her son was enthusiastic over the drills and exercises, praised the conditions, food and quarters, and was especially impressed by the fairness of his superiors.

"I have another son who, I hope, may have the same advantage next year," she said. "I hope the results obtained by the Navy Department will be so satisfactory that this training of our young men may become a permanent institution."

"I wish to take this opportunity," wrote another, "to thank you and through you all connected in any way with the welfare of my son for your kindness and consideration toward him. I know he will come back home with a heart full of boyish love and gratitude toward the gallant officers of the finest Navy in the world and pleasant remembrance of his short but delightful sojourn under their instruction."

One boy wrote his parents that he was sorry the time was going so quickly, as there were so many things he would like to learn, and that the time was all too short to gain the knowledge he wanted.

These boys were inspired with a love of the sea that made them want to enlist in the Navy forthwith. A system like this is a valuable training in patriotism, in development of character, as well as physical development, and in cultivating the qualities that make for good citizenship. It ought to be continued, and summer training be made available not only at Great Lakes and Hampton Roads, but also at Newport on the North Atlantic, on the Pacific and on the Gulf.

Enrollment in the naval reserve is for a period of four years. Though the law requires certain training each year in order to maintain efficiency and to enable reservists to draw pay, all such training and duty are entirely voluntary.

Developing a Reserve Force

When first enrolled officers and men receive twelve dollars a year and the necessary clothing and uniform allowance when they report for training. When confirmed in rank or rating the pay is two months' base pay of the reservist's rank or rating. To be confirmed, three months' sea service is required, but this may be taken in short periods during the four years. After confirmation the pay is from sixty dollars a year up, depending upon rank or rating. In addition, attendance is required at thirty-six drills each year, or other equivalent duty, this being under the direction of the commandant of the naval district.

After the weeding-out process now in progress has been completed the naval reserve will be on an efficient footing, and it is the desire to promote enlisted men who are best qualified and who can pass the necessary examinations for commissioned rank. It is planned that in time all officers of the reserve force, except medical officers, will come from the enlisted ranks. This opens the field for young men to enroll and gradually work up to commissioned rank. Their civil employment will not be interfered with, but they will be encouraged to take training and participate in cruises at such times as their occupations will permit, mainly in the summer.

The reserve is being organized into units, every member being attached to a unit for drill, instruction and mobilization. A quota has been assigned to each naval district, divided into subquotas for each state, and further divided into quotas by ratings. It is desired to concentrate the reserve force to a large extent along the seacoast and navigable waters in order to have them in close proximity to mobilization centers.

This reserve should be self-administered under the supervision of officers of the Navy, and for this purpose it is proposed to have a limited number of reserve officers on permanent active duty. These will be charged with the training and instruction of the reservists under the supervision of commandants of naval districts, who, to insure proper supervision and inspection of units, should have on their staffs several line officers and at least one supply and one medical officer.

With the working out of the present plans, in the course of a year or two a reserve for the combatant forces of the Navy will be available which will be well trained, efficient and of ample size; concentrated in populous centers where it can be mobilized without delay, and capable of satisfactorily performing any duties required.

In any future war in which our country may be engaged, if so great a calamity should again curse the world, it is almost certain, as was the case in the last war, that an overseas offensive will be required. If such is the case, every available ship of the American merchant marine will be necessary to maintain our lines of supply and communication. For this reason officers and men employed on vessels suitable for use as naval auxiliaries in time of war should be enrolled in the naval reserve and trained periodically. This, however, is a matter that also concerns the shipowners and others connected with the shipping interests, and for it additional legislation will be necessary. However, many officers now in the merchant marine served in the Navy during the war and have reënrolled in the reserve force, and they form a good foundation for training the personnel of the merchant marine, should that be authorized.

"Commodore" Edison

When in 1915 I requested Mr. Edison and representatives of eleven engineering societies to become members of the newly created Naval Consulting Board it was with the idea of creating a high-class naval reserve of scientists and specialists who would give the country the benefit of experience and experiment. It was realized that in the future, as in the past, military progress, particularly as to the instruments of war, must enlist the genius and talent of civilian experts. Civilians gave us the Monitor and the Merrimac, the submarine, the aëroplane, the flying boat.

A highbrow reserve of practical engineers was needed to work with naval experts in the days before the war. Accordingly, on July 7, 1915, I addressed a letter to Mr. Thomas A. Edison, who had refused to devote his great inventive genius to warlike subjects except at the call of his country. In that letter I outlined what a distinguished body of scientists, composing something in the nature of a scientific naval reserve, could do for their country. In the letter I said that "one of the imperative needs of the Navy is machinery and facilities for utilizing the natural inventive genius of Americans to meet the new conditions of warfare as shown abroad," and went on to inform him of "my intention to establish a department of invention and development to which all ideas and suggestions, either from the service or from civilian inventors, can be referred for determination as to whether they contain practical suggestions for us to take up and perfect.

"We are confronted with a new and terrible engine of warfare in the submarine, to consider only one of the big things which I have in mind," I wrote him, "and I feel sure that with the practical knowledge of the officers of the Navy, with a department composed of the keenest and most inventive minds that we can gather together, and with your own wonderful brain to aid us, the United States will be able, as in the past, to meet this new danger with new devices that will assure peace to our country by their effectiveness."

The service rendered by the Naval Consulting Board is one of the high lights of naval efficiency. During the war Mr. Edison had an office in Washington and a ship was assigned to him. He was much of the time making experiments afloat, so much so that he was referred to by some of his friends as "the Commodore." There was no authority of law for any navy title, but the President conferred upon him a Distinguished Service Medal.

What civilian scientists had done for the Navy before the United States entered the war was so fully known and appreciated that when the Council of National Defense was organized they requested the naval

(Continued on Page 79)

More Power—

for every type of motor

For the heavy-duty motor truck; and the tractor's steady pull; for full power in the passenger car; and continuous high speed in the airplane; for motor-boat, motor cycle, or stationary plant; —Wherever the gasoline engine serves its many purposes, there also American Hammered Piston Rings serve their single purpose of maintaining maximum power. They are *permanently leakless.* You can get them from your dealer or garageman.

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A sudden thunder storm and then — treacherous, skiddy pavements.

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Highest quality, trouble-free, long-continued service, and a tread that is *guaranteed* not to skid on wet, slippery pavements; yet sold at prices approximately the same as those asked for *ordinary* makes of tires.

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(Continued from Page 76)

board of civilians to become the Board of Inventions of the Council of National Defense, which was a fitting recognition of signal service, as well as securing to the council a going agency of able experts.

Now that the war is over, the need for a reserve of civilian engineers, experts and scientists continues to be of the highest importance. Naturally, in peacetime the country does not spend so much money in the construction of new craft, but wisdom dictates that there be no cessation in experiments, and that new devices be perfected and jigs and patterns made ready, so that any war munition may be turned over to manufacturers for rapid quantity production in case of an emergency. The Naval Consulting Board proposed a naval laboratory, which is being constructed, and they will devise measures and will make experiments in that laboratory and in their own.

Shortly after the war it became my duty to name the new destroyers whose construction was begun during the war. Until the World War gave us new naval heroes we had given our destroyers such distinguished names as John Paul Jones, Barry, Decatur, Porter, McDonough and Farragut. No destroyer had been named for a civilian who in a brief period of naval service demonstrated fitness in sacrifice to rank with the immortal naval leaders. In March, 1917, Kenneth MacLeish, of Glencoe, Illinois, enlisted in the reserves, and in a few months won promotion to ensign in the reserve flying corps; went to France in October, 1917, where he became a member of the northern bombing group, and took part in many air raids over the enemy's lines, winning promotion to lieutenant.

While on a raid his squadron was attacked by a dozen enemy airplanes. Fighting desperately to enable his fellows to escape, MacLeish's plane was shot down and he was killed. Brave and daring, like his comrades, he is worthy of all honor, and one of our fastest and latest destroyers is named the MacLeish, in his memory.

A Letter All Should Read

His spirit, his fortitude, his Christian faith were a trinity that gave him immortality. Writing to his parents just before he was killed, young MacLeish penned a classic which will live with his fellow reservists. It breathes the spirit that dominated the young Americans of 1917–18, and I wish every youth in America could read it and feel MacLeish's sense of duty and devotion. Here it is:

> In the first place, if I find it necessary to make the supreme sacrifice, always remember this: I am so firmly convinced that the ideals which I am going to fight for are right and splendid ideals that I am happy to be able to give so much for them. I could not have any self-respect, I could not consider myself a man, if I saw these ideals defeated when it lies in my power to help defend them. . . . So you see, I have no fears, I have no regrets. I have only to thank God for such a wonderful opportunity to serve Him and the world. . . . And the life that I lay down will be my preparation for the grander, finer life that I shall take up. I shall live! . . . You must not grieve; I shall be supremely happy—so must you—not that I have "gone west," but that I have bought such a wonderful life at such a small price, and paid for it so gladly.

In war it was the ambition of reservists, as it was of the regulars, to serve in the place of danger, and they gave full proof of courage and daring. The Navy's roll of honor contains the names of 274 who made the supreme sacrifice, seventy-eight of them killed in action; and of the total casualties, 3544 were reservists.

During the war eighteen reservists were commended for acts of personal bravery, 110 for courageous and heroic action. Four Medals of Honor were awarded reservists; eleven received Distinguished Service Medals; the Navy Cross was awarded to 265 officers and fifty enlisted men, and special letters of commendation for exceptional performance of duty were sent to 171 officers and twenty men of the naval-reserve forces.

This is a record that glorified all the reservists, not alone those marked for special distinction but the thousands who were of the same stuff and spirit.

One deterrent to an efficient reserve has been found in the unwillingness of some military men to discard old methods when new ones have demonstrated their superiority. Paraphrasing the lines of Pope, this should be the motto in Army and Navy.

> *In training, as in fashions, the same rule should hold,*
> *Alike fantastic if too new or old:*
> *Be not the first by whom the new are tried,*
> *Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.*

There are some military men in this country, as well as abroad, whose minds are not open to the lessons of the World War. They still speak slightingly of reserves. Not long ago I met one of these men who think what was taught at West Point and Annapolis twenty years ago is the last word in military instruction. If he could fix policies the newly adopted vocational education would be abandoned in order to give more time for the old-time drill, much of which the war made obsolete. Such men do not recognize that the new methods of warfare have made the old methods as antiquated as the ironclad made sailing ships.

Much of the time spent in drilling and drilling to the point of fatigue is worse than wasted. After enough drill has been given to enable soldiers to be perfectly familiar with the practice, the only additional drilling necessary is to keep them fit and up-to-date. Every hour additional is but weariness to the flesh. The time so employed should be utilized in teaching men the reasons for the maneuvers, the why of the system, and instruction in the schools, so that if lacking elementary education they may learn enough to take advantage more readily of the study of strategy and tactics and arithmetic and geography and history.

"Knowledge is power" applies to making soldiers and sailors as it does in civil life. Given equal spirit and will and mind and physical fitness, the man who knows the most, whether he is a regular or a reservist, will make the best fighter. The only way to learn to do anything well is to do it over and over again until it becomes second nature. It is in this that the regular has a vast advantage over the reservist, an advantage which the reservist must recognize and overcome by practice and practice and more practice, after the books he has learned have made him familiar with fundamental principles.

The advocacy of compulsory universal military training is based upon two principles: First, that in a democracy the duty of national defense rests alike upon all capable of rendering military service; and second, that in order to render this service efficiently experience is essential.

Better Than Regulations

The selective-service law was the essence of democracy in war, even if reserve officers did sometimes follow the bad example of unwise regulars in demanding a wide chasm between officers and privates. Discipline must be maintained, but wise military men are learning that men who are taught and treated as comrades and equals make the only type of soldier which a republic should call to the colors. Give to young men who make up the reserves the incentive of real democratic efficiency in the military which prevails in our civil life, and you increase their keenness and efficiency more than by all the numberless regulations which too often impede the making of good soldiers and sailors.

In the absence of general military training it would be helpful to every boy in America, in habits of self-discipline as well as military knowledge, if the army and the navy schools could be open in the vacation season for an intensive short course and if basic military training could be a part of the curriculum of our schools. This would afford an ever-existing reservoir from which the fighting strength of the republic could be quickly drawn—a potential force, too, which would be ready upon instant call.

American manhood can be readily mobilized only by maintaining a well-organized reserve force. The country now could not if it would and would not if it could maintain a great standing army and enough naval personnel in peace to meet war needs. Parents and schools and Government must unite for the training of boys and young men, first in the simple rudiments, and later in yearly camps and cruises. Such opportunity will make young men fit and clean and strong, conscious always that if their country is imperiled they can quickly come to its defense.

Editor's Note—This is the last of a series of articles by Ex-Secretary Daniels.

R. H. DOBELL
Architect
Hoquiam, Wash.

Modernize *the* Old Home *with* Red Cedar Shingles

Here's an example of a good old-fashioned house, modernized with Red Cedar Shingles.

Red Cedar Shingles are being used for this purpose on thousands of homes, because home owners the country over realize more and more their infinite possibilities for remodeling and modernizing. They adapt themselves to practically any style of architecture—both old homes and the modern colonial and bungalow types.

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Any contractor will tell you that Red Cedar Shingles for side walls are the most economical of all standard siding materials. And it is a fact that because of their peculiar insulating qualities there is a substantial saving in the cost of heating a Red Cedar shingled house.

Here are the things that recommend Red Cedar Shingles—economy in first cost, minimum upkeep, no paint or repainting, long life and architectural beauty.

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Let us send you our Distinctive Home Booklet. It contains many suggestions for building economically with Rite-Grade Inspected Red Cedar Shingles.

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* See opposite page

WARREN
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"Why, I threw that old thing away!"

MANY a man has heard from the lips of wife, secretary or maid the explanation that "It didn't look as if it could be anything, so I threw it away when I was straightening up."

Usually the thing lost is a booklet, a catalog, a house magazine, or some pamphlet so poorly printed and generally unattractive that feminine instinct prompted the thought that it was worthless.

Printed catalogs and books intended to sell goods are not well planned if they ignore the growing importance of the woman customer and the weight her opinion carries in determining any kind of purchase.

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We want every buyer of printing to be familiar with the names and uses of Warren's Standard Printing Papers. Once each month we issue a printed book on one of these papers. These books serve a double purpose. They show exactly the kind of work that can be done on the paper, and they may be cut up and used as dummy material for a number of different style booklets. Thus the book this month is printed on Warren's Cameo. It shows specimens of type faces, type pages, title pages, covers, illustrations, rules, borders, decorations, etc., that are exactly the sort of thing needed for the first steps in planning printing.

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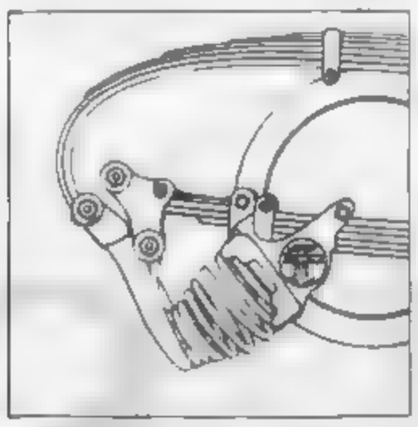

This illustrates the Hassler model now made for the Dodge Brothers Car—giving it perfect luxury and added smartness. Four Hasslers to the set—and they do not change any part of the car. Ask your Dodge Dealer.

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TRADE MARK REGISTERED
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THE ISLANDERS

(Continued from Page 5)

"It was enough for Aunt Em. And Judy didn't like him anyhow. If she doesn't like anyone, they can't do her any good."

"Then you'd better not bring the case to me, Poss, because she won't like me. I can tell you that now."

"But, darn't all, Woody, you're way off! She will like you. She's perfectly willing—says so."

"How do you mean, 'willing'? She knows nothing about me."

"Well, she seems to. Knows where you live. Says she's heard about you."

"Oh, she's heard about me, eh? Where? How?"

Poss sat up a little stiffly.

"Really, Preston, I don't know," he said. "I didn't ask, to tell you the truth. I don't see that it makes much difference. Of course if you don't care to take the case you've only got to say so, you know."

"Nonsense!" The doctor's voice was still irritable, but his good smile flashed out at the puzzled eyes that faced him. "No, no, no," he added hurriedly; "not at all. Don't be an ass, Poss. Of course I'll take the case. I only meant that your aunt might have more confidence in one of the older men."

"But that's just the idea!" his friend assured him eagerly. "That's why Aunt Em wanted me to speak to you; she thought it might be a good idea—you not being an old fuddy-duddy, and all. See? She thought Judy might mind you better. And I think there's a chance of it, myself," he added thoughtfully.

"Oh, she'll mind me, all right."

Poss produced from somewhere behind his flapping cigarette an amazing and piercing whistle.

"You think so?" he queried. "You really think so, old boy? Well, well, God be with you! I've known Judy for twenty years—and I repeat, God be with you!"

"Look here," said the doctor abruptly, "I'd like to get this straight: Are you and your cousin engaged or anything?"

A faint flush crept over the architect's blond skin.

"Lord, no!" he said. "We've known each other too long for that. It—it's always been a fad of Aunt Em's, more or less, but—but we don't see it, exactly."

"Um. You don't or she don't?"

"Oh, both of us don't—off and on."

"I see. Well, you're much better off, Poss. It's a risky proposition for whoever marries that girl, I can tell you."

"Oh, come, you don't think that old Stanchon worries me a particle, do you? Why, I'd marry Judy to-morrow, as far as that goes!"

"You'd have your hands full."

"Look here, Woody, anybody'd think you knew her, to hear you talk! You've never even seen her!"

"As you say, I've never met your cousin," Woodward replied imperturbably, "but at the same time I'm glad that you're such old friends that no romance is possible in that direction.

"Will your aunt see me first, perhaps? Or shall I take the history of the case directly from the patient? As a matter of fact ——"

Henry's grizzled head followed a discreet knock.

"Lady ter see yuh, doctah; she ain't got no 'pintment."

"I'm not in a hurry. I can wait," a woman's pleasant contralto sounded behind him.

Postlethwaite bounded from his chair. Scowling terribly he indicated by a frenzied series of gestures an immediate necessity for leaving the office by the window or the lavatory.

"It's Judy!" he whispered cautiously. "Can I get out?"

Woodward rose calmly, opened a door in the corner and pointed through it, still smoking.

"I'll be ready in a moment, Henry," he answered.

As Poss with infinite precaution tiptoed through the corner door the doctor took his seat and, still smoking, pressed the electric button on his desk.

"Doctah's ready now, miss," Henry announced importantly. "This way, if you please."

As the girl entered Woodward rose, crushed out his cigarette and met her.

"Did you fall in, this time?" he asked.

She burst into a clear, pleasant laughter.

"No, I walked," she said. "See here! Has Possum been here, by any chance? I smell his cigarettes!"

Woodward stepped to the window and threw it higher.

"I'm sorry if it's close," he remarked politely. "So much dust and noise and smell come in with the air, in New York, that one has to take one's choice sometimes. Won't you sit down?"

She sat tentatively on the broad leather arm of the patient's chair.

"I knew Possum would come, you know," she said, glancing shrewdly at Woodward. His face was utterly blank. "Why didn't you speak to me that morning in Chicago?" she demanded abruptly.

"I was busy with my patient," he answered. "The porter said you were all right, and I could see that you were, for that matter. Did you sleep well afterward?"

"Very well, thanks to you. You shouldn't have given up your berth that way, though; it was too much."

"It would have been too much for you, perhaps, to sleep in such a confined place," he answered gravely; "it makes a great difference to people subject to that kind of nightmare."

"They're pretty awful," she agreed, and nodded brightly at him. "You see, I think it was all the fault of my nurse when I was little. She used to tell me the weirdest stories—about wolves and strange people that lived in the woods, you know—and so I got ——"

"You have evidently been reading up your case," he interrupted shortly. "It's a very unwise habit, I assure you. No layman can possibly form any sort of judgment from such reading; it is difficult enough for us, and we are checking it up every day by all sorts of experience. Drop it."

A rich color flooded her smooth, sallow skin.

"But I never said I ——"

"You don't like history, I suppose?"

"No," she answered sullenly.

All her animation had vanished, her full lids drooped; she huddled against the chair.

"Nor nature study? Birds? Flowers?"

"I loathe them!"

"I see. Now Miss Judith, if I am to undertake this case ——"

"I knew Possum was here!" she cried victoriously. "You might as well have said so!"

Woodward pressed his lips together.

"If, as I say, I undertake this case," he repeated, "it will be necessary, of course, for you to coöperate with me absolutely to the best of your ability. Otherwise any further consultation is senseless and a waste of my time."

"I'm really not an idiot, Doctor Preston," she said, seating herself squarely in the chair with dignity, "and I naturally would do what was going to make me well, wouldn't I? Do you think it's any pleasure to me to faint away in all sorts of places?"

"I don't know," he answered simply.

She flushed again and her pupils widened. She rose impulsively from the chair, then sank back suddenly and closed her eyes. A few slow heavy tears rolled over her cheeks.

"I'll—I'll go," she murmured, catching her breath like a child. "I see you don't want to bother with me."

"Now, as to doing what is best for yourself," he went on quietly, as if there had been no interruption whatever, "it would be easy enough if you had broken your back, for instance. If you were told to lie in a certain position and not turn your head you would obey implicitly, because it would be clear to you why you must. Or, again, if you had developed tuberculosis, you would willingly sleep out of doors and drink milk, because you know, or think you know, that these things would be good for you.

"But when I tell you to study English history, to eat no sweets, and to bring me a description of ten of the common birds around your country place before I see you again, your cooperation is not so certain, because you do not see the connection between your particular symptoms and my particular remedies. Do I make myself clear?"

She only nodded quietly.

"I am sure you understand me," he went on easily. "Will you agree to do this?"

"You know nothing whatever about me!" she burst out, facing him, wet eyed. "As a matter of fact, I don't eat nearly so many sweet things as most of my friends, and I walk a great deal. I can walk ten miles."

"I'm quite sure you can," he agreed promptly. "I don't remember mentioning walking to you. And I said no sweets at all, not less than your friends eat. I will give you a list of books."

She rose and rubbed her cheeks dry.

"I wouldn't play golf if it was to save my life, so there's no good saying so," she remarked abruptly.

"I don't blame you. I think it's an infernally silly game myself," he replied. "Look in again in a couple of weeks, will you?"

"I may—and I may not. I don't believe you even know what my last name is. If you think it's the same as Possum's you're mistaken."

"It's quite immaterial what it is. Good afternoon," said Preston, and rising he bowed slightly as she left the room.

Alone, he stared thoughtfully out of the dusty, noisy, smelly window.

"I think I had you there, young lady!" he muttered grimly.

IV

IT WAS not until August that Postlethwaite turned up again on a sudden insistent appointment.

"Aunt Em simply drove me here," he complained fretfully. "She's dying to come herself, but you see she promised Judy she'd not consult you, and Judy swore that she'd drop the whole thing the minute Aunt Em broke her word. And Aunt Em's honest. Look here! Why did you turn Judy down? Just when she was getting on so splendidly too. She's worse than ever, now."

"I didn't turn her down," Preston replied briefly.

"She says you wrote her that you were through with the case. She's awfully angry."

"That's not quite exact," said the doctor carefully. "I told Miss Wells that in the event of her failure to follow my treatment I should naturally relinquish the case. She did fail, and I kept my word."

"But, look here, Woody! You can't do that exactly, it seems to me. That's not the way to get anything out of a high-strung girl like that! Just because she got a little impatient making your darned old rugs, and went out and bought one instead! She hadn't had one of those turns of hers for a long while, Aunt Em said. And now she's got sulky again, it seems, and won't speak to anyone. She really looks bad, Preston—thin as a rail. I—I don't think it's right, honestly."

Preston twisted restlessly in his tottering swivel chair.

"Your cousin's case is in her own hands," he said slowly. "It is complicated, in a way—and very simple at the same time. Three or four weeks in a place I can send her to would absolutely prove my point to herself and her family. And yet you all refuse to ——"

"Bosh and nonsense! We don't refuse at all. She refuses. You know that. We can't bundle a girl into a sanitarium ——"

"It's not a sanitarium."

"Well, into a boarding house, run on your ideas, for your patients, then—it's much longer to say!—unless she's willing to go, can we?"

Preston straightened his chair and faced his visitor.

"You mean that if I can get her there you're willing?" he asked.

"Surest thing you know!" Poss agreed eagerly. "Absolutely!"

"And no questions asked?"

"Not a peep. Not a whistle. Aunt Em says you know more than all the rest of 'em put together."

"I don't allow any letters, you know. If anything important happens, I let the family know, of course."

"Anything you say, old man. If only you don't give her up."

"Very well. I won't give her up," said Preston briefly. "Have your aunt bring her to that hotel I told you of at Pine Harbor."

(Continued on Page 35)

Ten Proven Units

Demand that *each* and *every* unit be of proven quality in the car you purchase. Don't accept merely one or two, because you *can* have a car that is of proven quality throughout.

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MOON

Photograph Six-48 Sport Roadster

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The water swirls through the clothes in a figure 8 motion four times as often as in the ordinary washer.

And what a simple matter to have everything snowy white when a 1900 Cataract Electric Washer stands alert and waiting. You notice its bright copper tub, and see with pleasure that there's not a thing in it to rub against or catch the clothes, not a part to lift out and clean after the wash is finished.

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The 1900 works easily and smoothly at a cost of a few cents an hour, does its work in 8 to 10 minutes, and washes everything—even heavy linens—equally well.

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(Continued from Page 82)

"Near your place? All right. But it's only fair to tell you that she won't ——"

"I'll attend to all that," said Preston. "You'll have to get out now, Poss; I'm busy."

V

A WEEK later he sat at tea on the steps of a summer hotel with Aunt Em, Judy and a frankly curious Poss. The girl's eyes were dark-ringed, her face drawn and pallid. She had long since given up any social amenities, so far as the doctor was concerned, and sat, chin in hand, staring vaguely out over the chain of little lakes that led to the not-far-distant ocean.

Doctor Preston rose easily, knocked his pipe on the railing and started down the wooden steps.

"I think I'll take the launch out for a bit. You still don't care to join me, Poss?"

Postlethwaite's vacant stare nearly betrayed him.

"Why, I didn't ——" he began, but a quick scowl from the doctor checked him in time. "Er—no, I'm afraid not," he finished. "I'm too lazy; thanks, Woody."

"Nor you either, Mrs. Crary?"

"I think not, doctor, thanks. I have a wee bit of a headache and the glare wouldn't help it," she answered evenly.

But her brown, wrinkled eyes snapped; she smelled the moment.

"No hope of you, of course, Miss Wells?"

He started off on the path without even waiting for her answer, and the implied carelessness whipped the slow blood to her sallow cheeks.

"Why, on the whole, yes, since you're so pressing, Doctor Preston," she drawled, and got up from her wicker chair. "I'm as lazy as Possum, and I'm sure my head aches worse than Aunt Em's, but I'll go just to spite you!"

"Judy!" Aunt Em remonstrated, but Preston only stopped and waited gravely for her.

"It won't spite me," he answered seriously, "so don't bother to go on that account, Miss Wells."

"Oh, I'll go because I want to, then," she said, with her hard little laugh.

"That sounds more like it," he admitted calmly. "Got your hat and a cape? The engine may break down on us and I may have to scull you back. Or wait for a tow."

"Or go to the bottom," she added. "You're awfully tempting. Good-by, aunty."

"Good-by, dear."

Aunt Emily's voice caught and broke, and the girl's quick ear warned her.

"For heaven's sake! I'm not going on a voyage, Aunt Em!"

"No, dear; of course not."

"I'll be back for tea."

"Yes, dear; of course."

They were off down the path and Poss set his teeth and swore softly.

"I hope to the Lord this turns out all right, Aunt Em," he muttered doubtfully.

"Oh, my dear, of course it will. He promised me that if she really and honestly insisted upon it he'd bring her back in twenty-four hours. Or even if he was not convinced it was doing her good. Your Uncle Joe trusts him perfectly, and so do I."

"Ye-es. That part's all right. He's certainly a crackajack. Have you sent her things over to his place yet?"

"I'm going to now. Her room's all ready. The doctor thought you and I might motor over and see it, and take her bags."

"Good idea."

"He said we might feel better if we were sure there weren't any bars on the windows or chains in the wall."

Poss grinned.

"Nonsense. I know what it is, all right—it's just an old summer hotel turned into a boarding house for his patients, that's all. Well, when you've got the bags ready I'll run you out there."

Judy sat toward the stern in the bottom of the tiny motor boat, silent and listless. The engine thrummed merrily along, a cooling cloud passed over the sun, the little waves slap-slapped against the Skoota's shining sides. After twenty minutes of abstraction she spoke.

"Are we going to Honolulu?" she asked.

"Not to-day; we're not provisioned for it. I've only got some fruit and sandwiches and a bottle of coffee."

"I see."

"You didn't bring your cape?"

"No; I shan't need it."

"I hope so, I'm sure," he answered politely. "Only these little puff-puffs are tricky. You never know. I got stuck on one of the islands once for forty-eight hours."

"Really? I thought people were always sailing about?"

"They are, more or less. But the Gulf Stream does odd things on this coast, and the fogs last for days sometimes. Then so many of the islands are out of any channel, you know, and the reefs and rocks are too much for the big boats. But I always carry oars now."

She glanced indifferently into the bottom of the boat, and his eyes, half turned, followed hers.

"I hope you're not too uncomfortable; you're sitting on 'em."

"Oh, no, I'm not," she answered placidly. "I took them out before we started."

"What? You took ——"

"Yes; while you were in the boathouse. They are uncomfortable, as a matter of fact."

A strange bitten-back smile crept over Preston's face.

"It didn't occur to you that they might come in handy, perhaps?"

"Oh, I know you wouldn't be out long. Possum says you understand the Skoota perfectly, though you pretend not to."

"Yes. That's one reason why I always keep the oars in her—because I understand her," he said dryly. "However, it's done now. Don't let it trouble you, Miss Wells."

"I certainly shan't," said Judy, and turned to contemplate the foamy wake.

He shrugged his shoulders slightly and released the bitten-back little smile. They dashed along.

"I can't understand why on earth we're all up here," she began suddenly. "Have you any idea—the remotest idea—that I'm going to that horrible sanitarium place of yours?"

"No," he answered briefly.

"I should hope not. Has Aunt Em?"

"Why, yes. I rather think she has."

"You had no business to encourage her to think so."

He shrugged his shoulders again.

"I shall stay here for exactly two weeks," she went on, "and then I'll be ready to go. Does that surprise you?"

"No. I'd thought it would be about that myself."

"I'm glad we agree about one thing at least," she said with her harsh little laugh.

The Skoota changed her course slightly.

"There's a very pretty island somewhere about here," said Preston. "I often come out here for a good day's work; I'm sure not to be interrupted."

"Hence the sandwiches?" she asked carelessly.

"Hence the sandwiches," he repeated. "To tell the truth, I wasn't at all sure anybody would come with me to-day, and I brought my ideas along."

"'Dear, dear, what a pity!" she murmured satirically. "This ought to teach young doctors to be careful about giving invitations they're not prepared to back up!"

"Oh, I'm prepared, all right. Here, here, Skoota, none of that!" he admonished the engine, which began to knock suddenly.

The pup-pup-pup of the Skoota's throaty little voice became irregular, grew more irregular, developed suddenly into a most irregular series of coughs and wheezes and gurgles, and ceased abruptly.

"Oh, darn!" said Doctor Preston.

The Skoota slewed slowly about and started vaguely off on an uncertain bias course of her own.

"Can't you do anything?" Judy demanded curtly.

A slight flush rose in her sallow cheeks; she raised herself with a strong awkward lift of elbow up to the stern seat, and looked keenly at him.

Preston shook his head.

"I'm afraid not. This valve has—— Oh, Lord, it's the magneto again! I'll try if I could ——" He unrolled an oily kit of tools and seized a wrench. "You might as well take off your shoes and tie 'em round your neck," he said easily. "If that skirt is heavy take it off."

"D-do you mean we're sinking?"

"Heavens, no! Boat's as tight as a drum—why should we sink? But the tide's going to turn in half an hour or so, and we're within a mile of two perfectly good islands now. I'd rather swim a mile than—than a hundred miles. Wouldn't you?"

"I can only swim about two hundred feet. Not that if I'm frightened."

"Then don't get frightened," he returned composedly. "I can swim all day, but I'd rather not lug a water-logged serge skirt along if I can help it."

He applied a small rubber hose to a mysterious brass nozzle and listened attentively.

"Nothing doing," he announced. "Fortunately, we're drifting in all the time. There's Lone Pine Island astern, and Whittlesey's Island off beyond her, and Flagstaff—well, you couldn't see Flagstaff from here. Trouble is, there's the deuce of a current between Lone Pine and Whittlesey. I'd rather take a chance on Lone Pine, I think."

He slipped off his tennis shoes and tied them round his neck.

"I rather think we'll drop in for tea at Lone Pine," he said. "I'm going to try an experiment."

Judy knotted her own shoes about her neck and her woolen skirt lay on the bottom of the boat. Each cheek bone showed a bright stain of excitement; she watched his every movement.

"I've often done this when I was a boy," he said. "Why not now? It's still as a pond."

He took his luncheon packet, wrapped it in a square tight bundle in her skirt, and tied it firmly to his head, like an Italian woman, with a roll of twine from the port cubbyhole. From this treasure house, too, he produced an oiled-silk envelope, into which he put match box and watch, fitting them swiftly and neatly into the topmost fold of the bundle.

"It's a little later than I thought," he said. "The tide'll turn in twenty minutes. If you keep your nerve and swim alongside as far as you can, we'll head a little toward Flagstaff, and then the tide will help us in very neatly to the east beach on Lone Pine. I know every inch of this water, fortunately. See that black reef over to the left?"

"Yes," she said, moistening her lips nervously.

"Well, that's our mark for Flagstaff. When we get fairly up to it we'll bear off south, and the tide'll help us in."

"You mean this island close to us?"

"It's not so close as you think," he said. "Now I'll get off easy, so as not to wet the stuff, and when I'm out of the way you can jump. I'll wait for you."

She gasped, but his matter-of-fact tone controlled her.

"What will become of the boat?" she asked, a little huskily.

"Oh, the tide'll take care of her. She ought to beach on Whittlesey, with any luck. The current runs in a big curve there. When picnic parties lose oars and cushions and hampers out hereabouts, old Danny always puts off to Whittlesey and salvages them. Of course there's always the chance of Birdsell's Reef, but we'll have to trust something to Providence. That would grind her to grief in no time."

"And you really think, Doctor Preston, that all this is necessary? Couldn't we wait for something to pick us up? I can see two boats from here."

"You could also see, if you knew enough, that yesterday and to-day have been weather breeders," he interrupted sharply. "In all probability there'll be a storm to-night. These lights are run by the magneto, and I don't care to knock about this evening in a dark boat."

"That whistle ——"

He glanced quickly at her—a queer, appraising glance, she felt, surprised at some unexpected meaning in it.

"It was that whistle I was trying to work," he said, still measuring her with his eyes. "I couldn't."

There was a moment of silence.

"Very well," she muttered. "Go ahead, then. But why not make straight for the island?"

"Because at the rate you swim we'd be doing the last third against the tide," he answered promptly. "You're looking at the tip of the island; it runs out toward Flagstaff, long-ways."

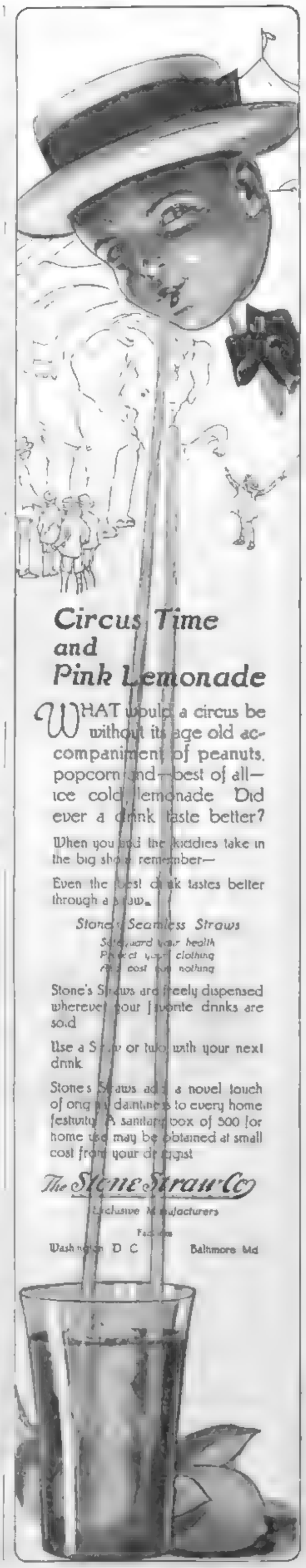
"Oh, go, if you're going!" she burst out; and with a slight nod he let himself cautiously over the side.

"Trim the boat there! Trim!" he called, and she leaned over, balancing his weight as well as she could. He slid neatly into the water.

"If you can do that I'll hold her for you," he said. "Your corsets—are they tight?"

"I undid them. Hold it," she answered, and managed to squirm over the side

(Continued on Page 88)



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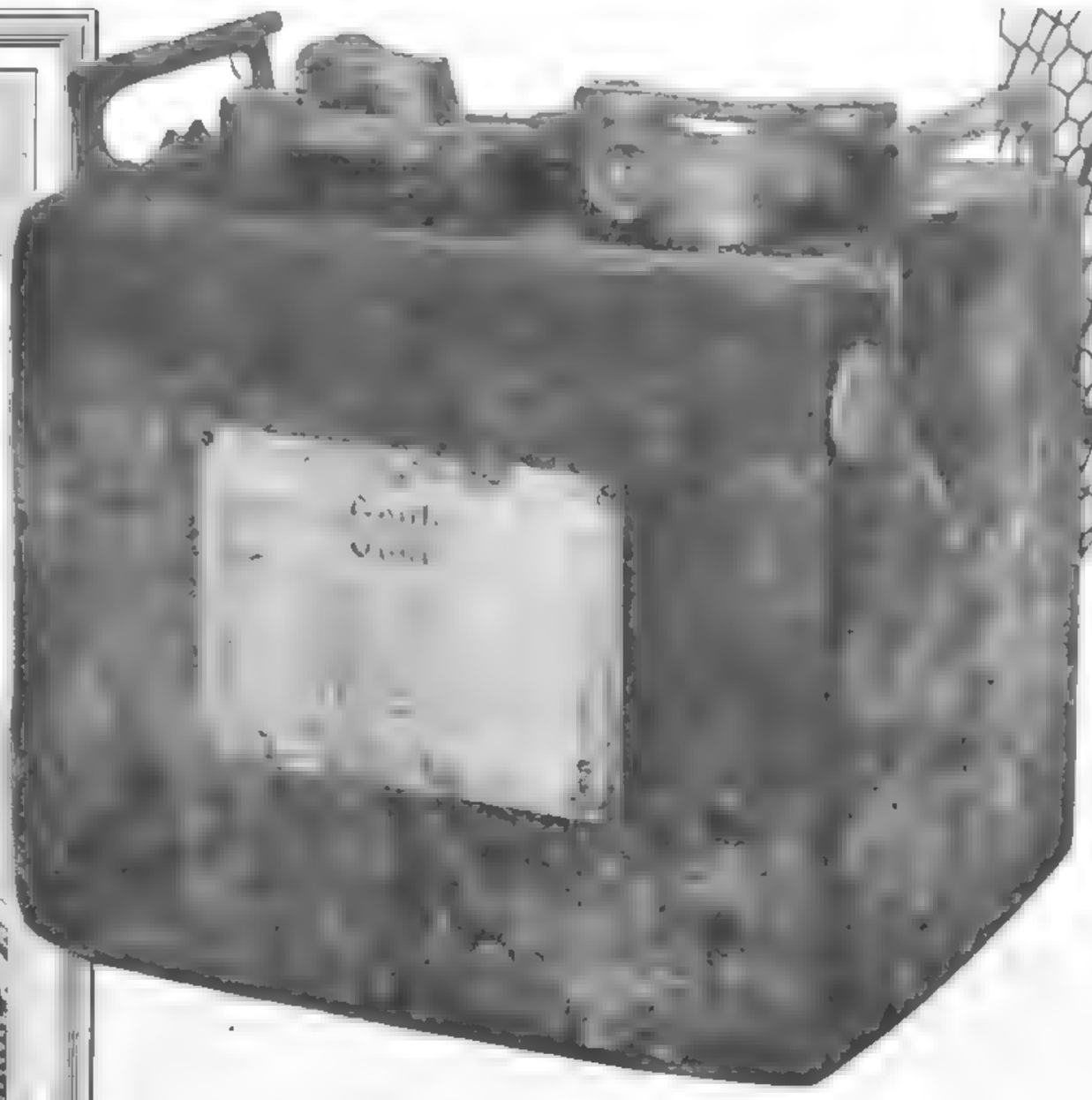
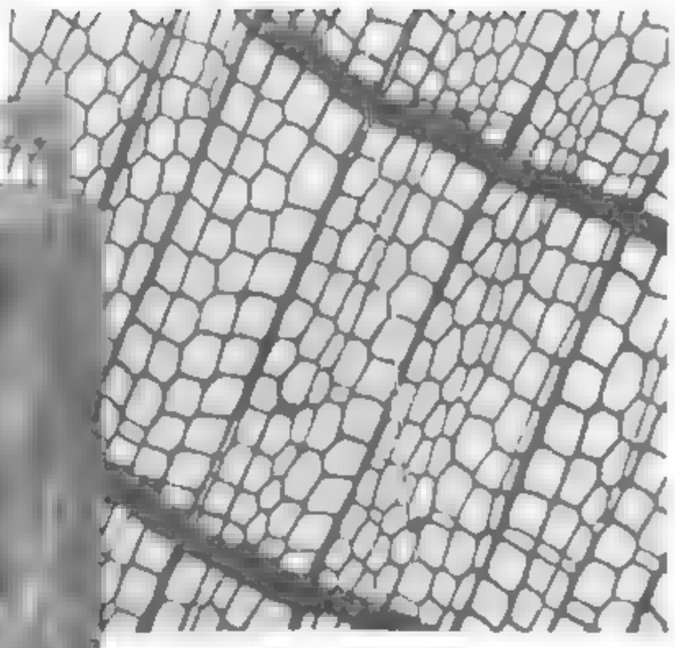


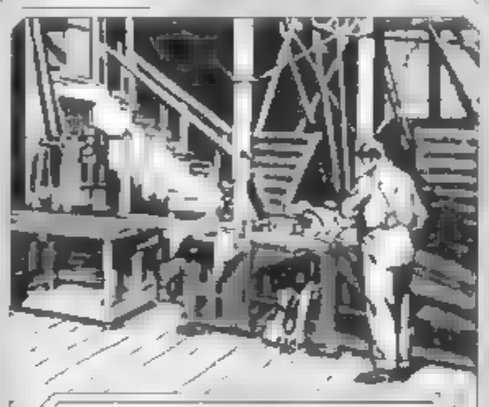
4 Years, 11 Months

Unretouched photo of the battery that won second prize in the Gould Endurance Contest. Service Record 4 years and 11 months. Battery owned by Mr. W. G. Jenkins, Springfield, Ohio. The average long-life record of all the batteries entered in the contest was 4 years and 1 month.

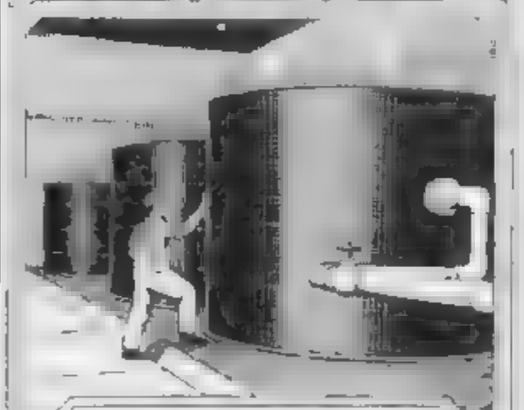


The Old

The above photo-micrograph shows a highly magnified cross-section of a tiny fragment of wood that has *not* been impregnated by the Armored process. The white spaces are the cells through which the battery acid circulates. The black webs are the fibre-structure of the wood. These fibres are *not* protected from the acid, which eventually destroys them and causes the separator to break down. In the new Armored Separator the fibres are protected by a coating of rubber, and a *long-life* wood separator is the result.



Armored Separators are sawed out of special wood stock (not veneer) and are made complete in the Gould Plant.



Apparatus used in producing the new Armored Separator. Broad basic patents make the Armored Separator an exclusive Gould feature.

The New ARMORED

Greatest Advance in Battery Manufacture

AN automobile battery can be no better than its plates, and its plates are seldom better than their separators. When separators break up, plates break down. Unless new separators are installed the battery is soon ready for the junk pile.

The motoring public has long wanted a separator that would last as long as high quality battery plates and thereby save expensive separator and plate renewals.

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Nature gave to wood the cellular construction that makes a wood separator an ideal porous diaphragm allowing free circulation of battery acid. Gould has given to wood a defensive covering of rubber to protect it

The New

Gould

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The New

This photo-micrograph shows a cross section of the impregnated wood in the new Armored Separator—the *long-life* wood separator. Note the net work of wood fibres with cell spaces between. See how the fibres are thickened by the armored coating of rubber—not only protected from the acid but thickened and strengthened structurally. The cell spaces remain open and unobstructed—and the natural ideal porosity of the wood is retained.

SEPARATOR—

Since the Discovery of Dreadnaught Plates

from the ravages of the acid—protection that means long life.

As an acid resistant the efficiency of rubber is universally recognized. By a special process the fibres of the wood are impregnated and coated with pure gum rubber, and the natural porosity of the wood is retained.

The Armored Separator is not a radical innovation. It is the same Gould wood separator, *plus* longer life. In the Gould laboratories exhaustive tests conducted over a period of years conclusively proved the superiority of the new Armored Separator. Service tests in actual use on motor cars—the severest possible tests in giant batteries built for the U. S. Navy and in batteries for railroad service—were made before presenting this new separator to the motoring public.

The Gould Dreadnaught Battery has all the rugged qualities of its famous predecessors—the batteries that demonstrated "Longest Life By Owners' Records." It has the patented Armored Separator and the famous Dreadnaught Plates. This new combination of *long-life* plates, plus *long-life* wood separators, means a more economical, more dependable and longer-lived battery.

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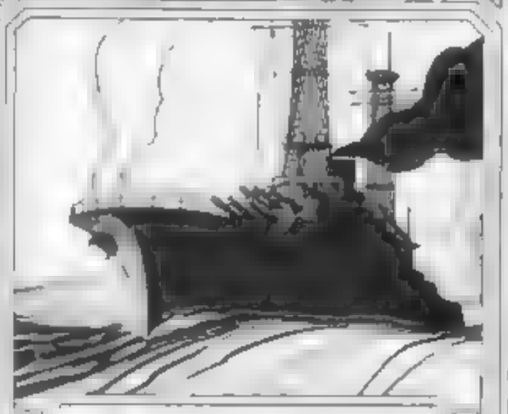
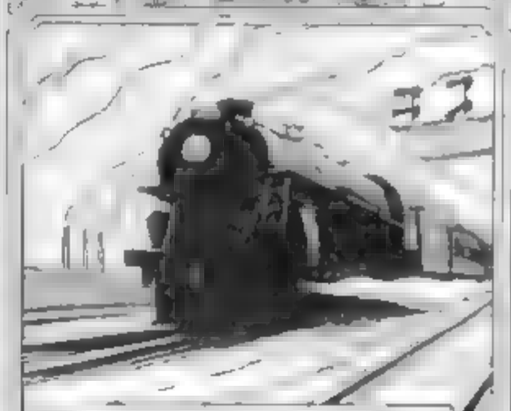
A better and even more economical battery than its predecessors which demonstrated "longest life by owners' records" in a nation-wide contest. Such is the new Gould Dreadnaught Battery — the battery with *long-life wood separators* and *long-life plates*.



Armored Separators are used in the giant Gould Batteries built for service in the United States Navy.



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Please send me free descriptive booklet and name of nearest sales and service station.
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Address _____

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To Motorists:

Send to nearest branch for Service Directory. This indicates where official service and the use of genuine parts are guaranteed.

To Dealers:

Write for Delco-Remy Catalogue. Also for folder on Remy High Tension Magneto for trucks and tractors.

UNITED MOTORS SERVICE
INCORPORATED
General Offices: Detroit

(Continued from Page 85)

awkwardly, wetting her hair at the last, but avoiding the jump which had terrified her.

"Good!" he remarked approvingly. "It's not too cold, you see. Now follow me and take your time. Let me know if you need help."

"I'm all right. Don't go too fast," she panted.

He swam lazily beside her.

"You know, of course, that you're not to grab me," he began conversationally. "Just put a hand on my shoulder and use your left arm and leg easy. Every little helps, you know. All right?"

"All right."

They swam silently.

"I'm afraid I'm keeping you back," she said after a while. "How near are we?"

"Two-thirds to Black Rock, about," he answered. "It's a lot easier than dragging you, I assure you. Are you tired?"

"A little."

"Lay your head down on the water—you hold your neck too stiff," he called. "Lie down on it. Just realize that it's bound to hold you—like a mattress, you know."

"All right."

Later something pulled a little at her thin silk underskirt; her arms made no progress. Preston's head seemed fifty feet away.

"Oh, come! Come!" she cried. Only a moment and his arm was under her.

"Tide's turned. Hold on," he said briefly.

Resting on his shoulder she did her best to help him. Once his strong kick nearly pushed her off. It seemed to her that hours passed by.

Suddenly his support left her.

"All right; you can walk now. It's a perfect natural beach—no stones. Stand up—stand up, I tell you!"

Like a woman in a nightmare she plowed her way ashore, hardly believing in the solid land under her feet. High and dry on the warm empty beach she sank down and breathed hard. Preston sat cross-legged beside her, smiling slightly.

"Not bad at all," he said. "You've got a good deal of sense, at a pinch, Miss Wells!"

She lay back on the beach; her breast began to lift and fall stormily.

"Come on now," he said briskly, jumping up. "Let's dry ourselves off walking. The shack's at the other end of the island, I'm sorry to say. But I want to get you there. I don't half like this weather, you know. Look over there!"

Lumps of rich white cloud piled swiftly up in the blue; the sun beat down on them.

"I think it's beautiful," she said obstinately. "Besides, I want to rest. Can't we eat the sandwiches?"

"I'm afraid not now," he answered. "I want to see what, if anything, is in the shack. And I want to get there before it rains. And I don't want you to use up all your heat in drying your clothes."

He got up, a foreign figure in his dripping flannels, the triumphantly dry bundle still lashed to his head.

Judy threw herself back on the sand. Her mouth twisted oddly, her face grew pallid. A strange grating cry, stifled, then increasing, seemed forced from her.

"No! No! No!" she muttered, and her arms and legs twitched slightly. "Oh, stop it! Stop it!"

"It will pass off if you lie still," he said quietly, standing there, looking down at her.

She ceased her moaning and lay motionless on the sand. Preston stirred no more than she. A hundred seconds might have passed, when she opened her eyes and stared vaguely at him.

"Is it all over?" she whispered. "Did you stop it?"

"I told you you'd soon be all right," he said. "You were a little tired probably. I've done nothing whatever, I assure you."

"Nothing?" she repeated, raising herself on her arm. "You didn't try to help me?"

"What could I do?" he answered. "There is nothing to do when one is giddy like that but just what you were doing—lie flat and let the blood drain back where it belongs. You were hardly more than a minute recovering yourself. If you are ready, shall we start? I don't think either of us will be the better for a chill, and those clouds are getting busy."

Without a word she rose, averted her eyes, and walked unsteadily a few steps in front of him. He passed her quickly.

"Tell me if I go too fast," he said easily. "There is a little path somewhere here that's more comfortable barefoot. It's really dry sand and grass."

She made no answer. Her mouth was set, her eyes brooding.

"It's only about a mile," he called back cheerfully, "and we'll be practically dry by then."

She followed him in silence, ten feet or so behind his long step. Her breath came deeper, more measured; color crept to her cheeks; insensibly her mouth relaxed, her eyes searched the sea.

A few pines and much undergrowth furnished the island; tiny glades, green grassed, made little pools of shade now and then; the sea, turned greenish gray now, glittered all around them. But very few boats were sliding along that green-gray sheet; she had to admit it. Far, far away a ribbon of crinkled smoke stained the sky; a tiny sail or two broke the middle distance. It might have been the Pacific in which their little island lay drowned.

The path was clean, hard sand; no roots or stones cut her feet. She divided her eyes between it and the tall figure always ahead of her.

They must have walked a half hour in silence when suddenly Preston took a sharp turn to the right, and the little house sprang up in front of them. Half shack, half cottage, its chimney and glassed windows promised comfort, while the rough boards and straggling lean-to of an outhouse, stacked with logs and kindling, hinted at the primitive ways of the life that must be led there.

"Here we are!" Preston cried. "And not a bit too soon, I can tell you! Look up there!"

The turquoise of the eastern sky was a dull slate color; all the piled-up snow of the clouds had turned to a blackish blue. A sharp wind cut her still damp petticoat and she shivered.

"Come along," he said, "and I'll bring some wood right in. I hope to heavens Sanford left as much stuff behind as he usually does. If he didn't—well, I'll have to go fishing off the rocks for you."

He pushed open the door and she sank, exhausted, into the old split-bottomed rocking-chair in front of the cold fireplace. Her head whirled and her eyes, too languid to study the room even, half closed. Tiny chills ran up her legs and arms.

Preston, his arm full of wood, called loudly to her.

"Don't settle down yet, Miss Wells, till you get dry," he said. "That'll never do! Sanford and I usually leave some dry things here, and you can have a rubdown and some of our underclothes while yours are drying. Here!"

He bustled about at some creaking drawers and threw into her lap an assortment of clean old underwear, a pair of Turkish-toweling bath sandals and a man's flannel blouse.

"I'll make you up a fire, and you can rub down and put these on, and then we'll try the coffee and sandwiches," he said. "There's a little back room here for me. You can have this to yourself."

"Thanks. A little later. I'm too sleepy," she answered coldly.

He shook her shoulder with a certain roughness.

"I didn't say a little later—I said now!" he told her. "Get up instantly. I have no facilities on this island for treating pneumonia—or even a high fever. Get up and dry yourself."

She drew a deep breath and got up slowly.

"I don't care for your tone, Doctor Preston," she began, but he rose from the hearth, where a yellow flame crackled, and met her lowering gaze straight.

"Then don't provoke it," he answered shortly, reached for a handful of clothes beside him and stepped through an open door.

Judy wiped the slow tumbling tears from her cold cheeks and peeled off her damp underclothes with trembling fingers. The rough bath towel brought back a little warmth to her skin and the dry clothes comforted her a little, but she could not seem to prevent the steady stream of tears that crawled silently and ceaselessly down her chin. However, her own skirt, quite dry, was neatly fastened under the rough sailor blouse by the time he knocked at the door, and her hair hung in two damp braids over her shoulders.

"Good work!" he said approvingly. "Now for the lunch. Are you hungry?"

"Very," she answered tremulously, and they seized the sandwiches.

He poured the coffee with scrupulous fairness into two coarse crockery cups and they ate and drank eagerly, too busy for speech.

"Gosh, but that's good!" he cried.

Her spirits rose as suddenly as they had flagged an hour before. She looked about her. The room held two bunks spread with gray army blankets, a couple of old kitchen tables covered with books and papers, four or five chairs and a hanging kerosene lamp. A larger table in the center, under the lamp, was covered with a dark-brown oilcloth. A pine bookshelf ran around the room, filled with a miscellany of books, pipes, rods, a camera and a microscope. A dull square of grass matting served for carpet; there were no shades, curtains or blinds for the windows.

It was ugly, but it was warm and the chairs were comfortable. At need, it could be light; and as she followed him out into the kitchen, the only other room, a cooking stove with pots and pans on nails above it, a work table, and shelves half filled with pails and boxes, all pointed to a certain escape from starvation at least.

"The flour barrel's a quarter full," he explained, "and there's a good piece of salt pork in a tin box. No butter, no bread, of course. That brown crock's full of beans, there's corn meal in that little barrel-shaped affair, and at least a dozen of canned things—Lord knows what. Sugar and salt, I don't know. Coffee and tea, probably not, though I left some tea here last summer, seems to me. Anyhow, we needn't starve, you see."

"You talk as if you expected to spend the summer here," she interrupted with a touch of her old scorn.

He walked to the one window and pointed out silently.

The sky was as black as tar. She realized suddenly that they were peering about the little room, it was so dim. A growling murmur of thunder deepened to a sudden boom like heavy artillery, and the light flashes of summer lightning became blinding.

"Down she comes!" said Preston resignedly, and the rain poured down in solid gray sheets.

"One can get pretty hungry in twenty-four hours, Miss Wells," he said.

She walked listlessly into the large room, Preston behind her, a queer little smile on his lips.

"I suppose they'll hardly be able to look us up till this storm passes?" she asked indifferently.

"Lord, no! Nobody'll get out for twenty-four hours anyway."

"I might as well go to sleep, then; I'm terribly sleepy."

"Ye-es, I suppose so. I'd like to be sure first if there are any candles and how much kerosene, if any, is left. The big lamp seems to be full."

"Oh, there'll be enough," she answered impatiently. "We're not the Swiss Family Robinson, Doctor Preston."

"In that case I'll move one of these bunks into the kitchen," he said after a moment, and turned toward the cot farthest from the fire.

"You mean—to sleep there?"

"I certainly do," he replied. "Not being a Charles Reade, early Victorian hero, I have no intention of retiring chivalrously to the farther end of the island in order to contract muscular rheumatism for your sake, Miss Wells!"

Her heavy brows met in a puzzled frown.

"But why should you go to the other end of the island?" she asked, yawning.

"Why, indeed?" he returned briefly, dragging the cot through the door.

Soon she heard a great clatter of tin and iron, and he stood in the door for a moment.

"I'm putting all the pots and pans outside to catch the rainwater," he said. "There's a very good little spring a hundred yards from the shack, but it'll be wet going for a day.

"This is our regular August storm. I know 'em well, I'm sorry to say. There's a candle and matches on the shelf over your bunk. You'll find everything primitive, but quite all right."

"Thanks," she said. "I'll probably read for a while ——"

"Please don't," he interrupted quickly. "I'm not at all sure about candles and I'd rather not waste them—every inch is precious. There's no electricity here, you know."

(Continued on Page 91)

No one at home—but Valspar

MRS. R. B. J. of Bronxville, N. Y., is a Valspar enthusiast—and no wonder.

On the evening of July 9th, 1920, she was at the movies when it began to rain in torrents. Suddenly she remembered she had left her dining room window wide open.

The moment the rain ceased, she rushed home. Puddles lay on the floor, the wind had blown over a vase of flowers on the table, water everywhere. The room looked a wreck.

"My husband and I started mopping," she says in her letter telling us of the incident. "Of course, we thought the finish on our varnished floor and table would be ruined. But neither floor nor table ever showed a trace of the accident—both were Valsparred."

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Anything that's worth varnishing is worth Valsparring.

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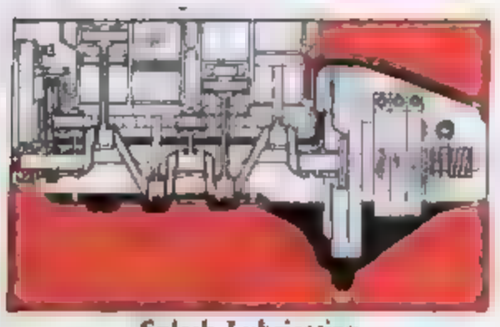
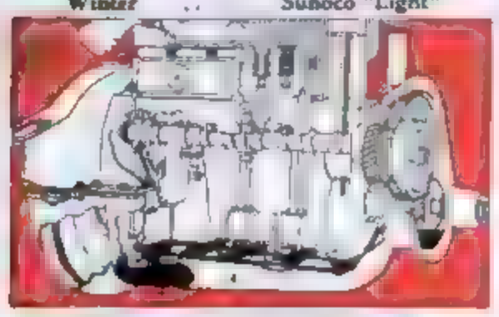
SUN OILS

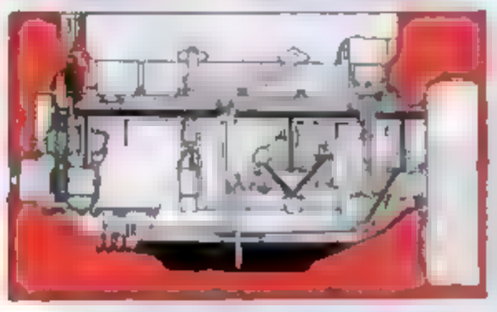
Why six types of motor oil are absolutely essential



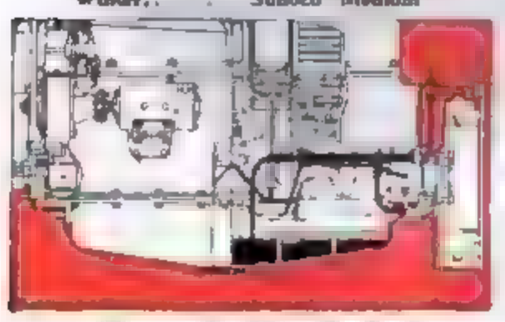
Splash Lubrication
Summer..... Sunoco "Light"
Winter .. Sunoco "Light"



Splash Circulating Lubrication
Summer.....Sunoco "Xtra Heavy"
Winter . Sunoco "Medium"



Pressure Feed & Splash Lubrication
Summer.....Sunoco "Xtra Heavy"
Winter.. . Sunoco "Medium"



Pressure Feed Lubrication
Summer Sunoco "XX Heavy"
Winter. ... Sunoco "Xtra Heavy"

Lubrication is the most vital factor in the operation of your car. Investigations prove that three out of four repairs result from faulty lubrication. It must be accurate and efficient. Improperly lubricated, your engine cannot give you the service its maker intended. Power is throttled—working parts worn and carbon-clogged—its life shortened.

High quality in a motor oil, while absolutely essential, is not enough. It also must be the type that *exactly* meets the particular requirements of your lubrication system, engine speed, piston-ring clearance, operating temperatures, etc. These vary in different engines.

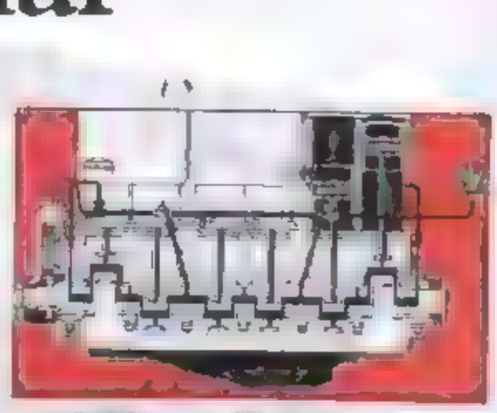
The wrong type of a good oil will damage your engine, steal its power, waste gasoline and oil just as quickly as a poor-quality oil. You must make certain your oil is *correct in type* as well as high in quality.

The Sun Company, one of the largest makers of quality lubricants in the world, spent years in studies and tests of automobile engines. We found that six types of oil were absolutely essential for the accurate and efficient lubrication of all cars.

That is why Sunoco Motor Oil—the most scientifically accurate engine lubricant possible to manufacture—is made in six distinct types—six different viscosities (bodies).

Sunoco is a non-compounded, 100 per cent distilled oil. It eliminates carbon troubles because it is free of residue which contains carbon-forming elements, as "The Burning Test" proves. It conserves full engine power and prevents friction-drag and wear on the bearings.

Start buying lubrication instead of just "oil." Have your crank case drained, cleaned, and refilled with the Sunoco type designated for your car by the dealer's "Sunoco Lubrication Guide." A free copy of this guide will be sent on request.



Full Pressure Feed Lubrication
Summer . . . Sunoco "Special"
Winter. . . . Sunoco "Heavy"

The Burning Test

Ordinary motor oils, when subjected to the heat of combustion, leave a thick, sticky tar which adheres to cylinder walls, piston heads, valves, etc., and forms hard carbon deposits.

Engine heat does not destroy the lubricating qualities of SUNOCO. It is a straight-run, wholly-distilled, non-compounded oil—every drop the same. SUNOCO leaves no residue to cause carbon troubles.

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SUN COMPANY

Producer and Refiner of Lubricating Oils, Fuel Oil, Gas Oil, Gasoline and other Petroleum Products

More than 1,500,000 gallons of lubricating oils per week **Philadelphia** *Branch Offices and Warehouses in 28 Principal Cities*

SUNOCO MOTOR OIL

TO THE TRADE—Write for details of our Sunoco Sales Plan and Lubrication Service

(Continued from Page 88)

"Really, Doctor Preston, you are too absurd," she said irritably. "I see no reason for all these precautions myself. We are not lost to civilization, you know."

"You saw no reason for keeping the oars in the Skoota," he returned dryly, "but if you had depended upon my judgment instead of your own, you might have been at the hotel this minute. I am only warning you. I am not afraid of the dark myself."

She bit her lip.

"You—you're not very tactful," she murmured resentfully.

"Some occasions are too important for tact," he answered calmly. "Good night, Miss Wells. If you want anything I'm here, you know. You don't care for a cup of tea before you turn in? I can make a fire ——"

"I don't want anything but to get away from here," she said briefly. "Good night."

"Good night," he answered quietly, and closed the door.

Judy dropped upon the cot, dressed as she was, rolled the gray army blanket about her, and fell instantly into utter oblivion. The long hours of the night washed over her in dreamless waves; a wet gray dawn found her still asleep. Sheets of steady rain drove against the windows; the few island trees bent in the wind. She cuddled her knees under the blanket and scowled, chilled, in her sleep.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

BEAR TIMES AND THE EMPLOYE STOCKHOLDER

(Continued from Page 13)

industry and the like circumstances bring risks that employes should not lose sight of. The company motive for encouraging such investments is to establish closer relations with employes by making them partners. A moderate investment will accomplish this just as well as a large one. There is a disposition among executives with experience in such plans to limit employe holdings according to wages and salaries, to spread stock purchases over several years and provide other investments for employes' savings, such as building-and-loan associations, credit unions, thrift plans, and the like.

The financial troubles of one big company in the tire and rubber industry have emphasized the need for caution, and at the same time furnished a demonstration of employe confidence.

The business slump found this company burdened with raw material and material contracts.

The boom in its industry had been so phenomenal that material was purchased for a year or more on the basis of the first half of its 1920 output. Depression forced a reorganization, with new issues of stocks and bonds to pay creditors. Its business this year will probably be around one-third of normal, with a period of hard uphill work ahead.

More than 60 per cent of employes of this company had purchased its preferred stock, paying 7 per cent dividends at $100 a share. Times were so good and profits so remarkable that employes not only bought to the limit of their financial ability but often borrowed money at the bank to add to their holdings. Confidence of the management in the company and its industry led to a selling campaign for the stock. Both management and employes, in fact, went too far in working a plan which with conservatism was entirely beneficial and commendable. The preferred stock no longer draws dividends, and probably will not for a while. It is now quoted at about twenty-five dollars a share. The company's finances did not permit loaning money on stock to employes who needed it, and even in blocks of fifty shares or more a bank would lend but a small percentage of the price at which the owner bought it. Wage-earning employes with one to five shares, thrown out of work, have often found themselves in hard straits for ready money.

Faith in the Future

Yet the employes of this company have probably shown less anxiety and resentment than large outside stockholders to whom the decline in its securities has not brought real hardship. They are able to distinguish between present difficulties and future prospects, and have implicit faith in the company's future.

Since these troubles began naturally many outside stockholders have been heard from. Some of them wrote abusive letters, others asked pertinent questions and a few were friendly in their inquiries. There were many rumors afloat concerning the company, some true and others with no foundation. These letters were answered by employes who held stock in the company, too, but in lots that would be considered trifling by many of the complaining outside stockholders. The real facts in the situation, plus their own faith in the future, gave such a tone to these letters that many outsiders who had been bitter in their complaints wrote apologies. The results were so satisfactory, indeed, that steps were taken to reach all stockholders with the facts.

So far as ticker watching is concerned, very few cases are reported—that is a specialty of the fellow carrying stocks on margins. Employes generally know the market value of their stock, but do not follow quotations to sell or speculate. If anything, they watch quotations for opportunity to buy in more shares when a decline makes the price attractive. If United States Steel Common ever dropped to ten dollars a share it would empty many an old sock and leaky teapot around Pittsburgh and Gary. Grumbling about a drop in market value is rare, although sometimes an ingenious fellow with a white-collar job in the accounting department will minutely figure out the paper depreciation on his investment. One instance has come to light where irregularities were found in the accounts of three salaried employes, in each case due to stock speculation attributed to the purchase of the company's stock and the arousing of interest in stocks generally. But these were white-collar employes too—men on substantial salaries, not wage earners.

In the matter of coercion there are undoubtedly cases like that of a company whose employes were encouraged to buy stock beyond their means. This may take the form of selling enthusiasm by a management that believes in the value of the company's shares and the merits of its stock-selling plan. It may be practiced by foremen and other subordinates anxious to make the best showing for their departments. There is a sort of self-coercion that may lead employes to purchase beyond their means in the belief that they are thereby improving their standing with the company.

Interest and Loyalty Stimulated

However, the basic purpose of stock ownership is to encourage interest in work and company affairs, create loyalty and reduce labor turnover. The sale of more stock than any employe should purchase naturally defeats these ends. This is recognized in more than half the plans investigated, for definite limits are set upon employes' stock purchases. Some corporations limit the number of shares that can be purchased according to the wages or salary of an employe. United States Steel shares are allotted in the ratio of about one yearly to each $1250 of annual earnings. To purchase ten shares, representing an investment around $1000, an employe must be earning a salary of at least $12,500 a year. Three years may be taken to pay for a single share, if desired, at the rate of two dollars a month, which is not very high finance.

Some corporations do not allow employes to participate until they have been employed a year or more. Others confine stock sales to salaried employes.

More and more it is coming to be recognized, with experience, that sales of stock to employes on moderate wages should be limited and conducted in a disinterested way, allowing the same freedom of choice in investment that they would have in selecting an outside investment for their surplus.

"Let the employer confine himself to explaining to employes the advantages of owning the company stock," advises one investigator. "Then, if employes want to purchase shares, lend them the money to buy the stock themselves in the open market."

Probably the best protection of the employe lies in the shaping of plans so that stock is offered only once a year and payments spread over several years. This eliminates campaign methods, with the danger of overselling or overbuying.

Does the ownership of stock make an employe more efficient?

Most executives say yes—if the stock is a sound investment and employes are not led to put too much of their surplus money into shares.

The comptroller of a big coal-mining company tells an interesting story. This corporation's stock-selling plan originated with the employes themselves, has been in operation more than twenty years and more than once stood the test of hard times, with suspension of dividends.

"Jan Blank was the ordinary type of foreign-born laborer who came to this county and drifted into coal mining. While in our employ, after several years' work, he was caught under a fall of slate and lost a leg above the knee. This accident occurred before the workman's compensation law went into effect, and Jan, as was customary then, came to see what we could do for him in the way of compensation.

"The accident was not caused by our negligence. We were not legally liable for damages. This was explained to him, with an offer of compensation. He had just got out of the hospital, however, and was impressed with the magnitude of his loss.

"Our attorney explained to Jan that he could enter suit and have his rights legally determined. He did that, but before the case reached trial had become accustomed to his artificial leg and adjusted himself to his misfortune. He came to us and expressed willingness to accept our offer, and at the same time asked for a job. We employed him again, giving him his choice of several mines.

"Two or three years later he came to our attorney, said he had been working steadily, saving money, and wanted some advice about investing in the company's stock. He had heard of our plan, but nobody had ever personally explained it to him. He was advised to sign a contract for as many shares as he could pay for at the rate of one dollar a month. But he also wanted to make an outright purchase, he said, and to the astonishment of our attorney produced $1200 in cash. After his accident Jan was a good prospect for the radicals. But when he got back to work and began to invest his money he became a good citizen."

Mutual Advantages

"Our experience is that the employe who becomes a stockholder in our company acquires a more wholesome outlook, not altogether because he is a part owner in the business, or receiving dividends, or for other motives of self-interest, but because stock ownership gives him the best knowledge of a highly organized corporate-owned business. It gives him a better realization of the truly American ideal. A majority of our employes are foreign-born. They came here because America was to them a land of opportunity in no narrow sense. Practically none of them came seeking or desiring a communist state or an opportunity to vent radical ideas. The American ideal, as they saw it—though they might not be able to define it—meant an opportunity for self-expression and advancement which they did not have elsewhere. Radicalism only springs up where there is nothing else growing. It is a vacant-lot weed, and shuns cultivated areas. A stock-purchase plan may afford advantages to an employer; but it affords more to the employe, creating interest in the enterprise in which he is engaged, making him less susceptible to the arguments of the radical orator, and securing continuity of employment."

Efficiency is usually regarded as medicine for the other fellow, and is prescribed for the man lower down by the man higher up. But the president of one corporation selling stock to its employes looks at it just the opposite way.

"The most important thing about our plan," he says, "is the duty it imposes upon the officers of the company to keep our stockholding employes advised about

(Continued on Page 93)

GRANITE
DOUBLE END
MEN'S
COAT LININGS

What Should a Coat Lining Do?

The function of a coat lining is threefold:

(1) It should hold up permanently the shapeliness which underlies the style of a coat.
(2) It should harmonize with the superior appearance of a handsome garment.
(3) It should last intact and new looking throughout the life of the coat

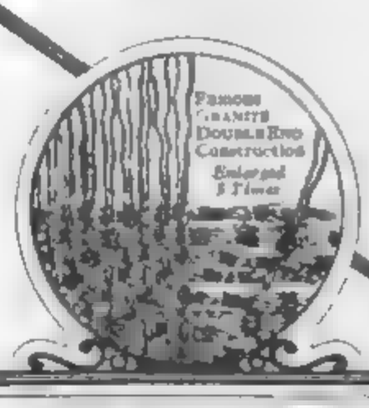
These things Granite Double End is guaranteed to do.

Granite Double End has the substantial body of serge and the lustrous finish of alpaca. Its true-dyed color combinations match harmoniously the seasonable cloth patterns. The Double End special construction provides a smooth, level surface which eases the play of friction and insures a beautiful, unblemished lining throughout the life of the coat.

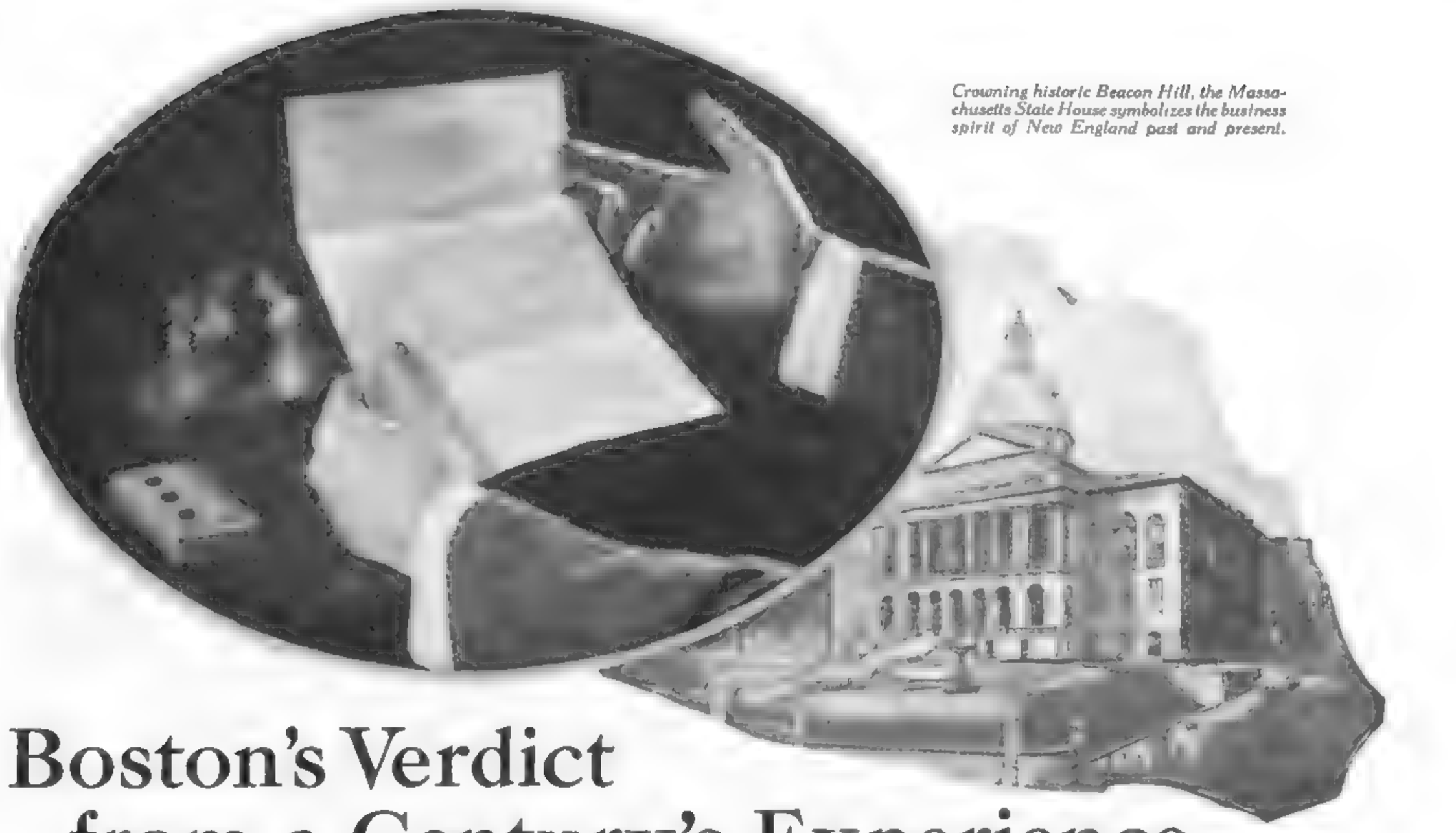
Your clothier will show you new season models from leading manufacturers lined with Granite Double End in various weaves and designs. Included also are fancy stripes, solid colors and two-tone effects. Demand Granite Double End by name and look for this label in the garment:

LESHER MOHAIRS

LESHER, WHITMAN & CO., INC.
881 Broadway, New York



THE GUARANTEE
This garment is lined with Granite DoubleEnd (Reg.U.S.Pat.Off.) made by Lesher, Whitman & Co., Inc., and we hereby guarantee that if the lining is not perfectly whole during the life of the garment, we will furnish material for a new lining without charge.



Crowning historic Beacon Hill, the Massachusetts State House symbolizes the business spirit of New England past and present.

Boston's Verdict from a Century's Experience

Systems Bond Distributors

Albany—W. H. Smith Paper Corporation
Atlanta—Sloan Paper Company
Baltimore—Baltimore Paper Company, Inc.
Boston—The A. Storrs & Bement Company
Carter, Rice & Co., Corp.
Buffalo—The Disber Paper Company
Chicago—Swigart Paper Company
The Paper Mills' Company
Cincinnati—The Chatfield & Woods Co.
Cleveland—The Union Paper & Twine Co.
Des Moines—Pratt Paper Company
Detroit—The Union Paper & Twine Co.
Harrisburg—Donaldson Paper Company
Kansas City—Benedict Paper Company
Los Angeles—Blake, Moffitt & Towne
Louisville—The Rowland Company
Manila, P. I.—J. P. Heilbronn Company
Milwaukee—The E. A. Bauer Company
Minneapolis—Minneapolis Paper Company
Nashville—Clements Paper Company
Newark—J. E. Linde Paper Company
New Haven—The A. Storrs & Bement Co.
New York—J. E. Linde Paper Company
Miller & Wright Paper Co.
Norfolk—R. P. Andrews Paper Co., Inc., of Va.
Omaha—Carpenter Paper Company
Philadelphia—A. Hartung & Company
Riegel & Company, Inc.
Pittsburgh—General Paper & Cordage Co.
Portland, Me.—C. H. Robinson Company
Portland, Ore.—Blake, McFall Company
Richmond—Virginia Paper Company
Salt Lake City—Carpenter Paper Co. of Utah
San Francisco—Blake, Moffitt & Towne
Seattle—American Paper Company
Spokane—Spokane Paper and Stationery Co.
Springfield, Mass.—The Paper House of New England
St. Louis—Beacon Paper Company
St. Paul—E. J. Stilwell Paper Company
Tacoma—Tacoma Paper and Stationery Co.
Washington—R. P. Andrews Paper Company
Virginia Paper Company
Winnipeg, Canada—The Barkwell Paper Co.
Export—A. M. Capen's Sons, Inc., New York
W. C. Powers Company, Ltd., London, England
Envelopes—United States Envelope Co., Springfield, Mass.
Box Stationery—C. E. Weyand & Co., New York City
Tablets—J. C. Blair Co., Huntingdon, Pa.

INTELLIGENT selection of the "practical best" has always been the business tendency most strongly felt in the New England market—and is today.

Two paper merchants of Greater Boston, whose combined business experience aggregates one hundred years, have found definite causes for the growing demand for Systems Bond—"the bond paper of business"—in this stronghold of American business. In letters addressed to us they tell us why Systems Bond meets New England's best needs today.

Tendency explained by W. F. McQuillen, treasurer, The A. Storrs & Bement Company

"The mills and business houses of New England have international reputations to uphold. Yet they are organized to compete in the world's markets on a justified footing.

"It is imperative that these great businesses hold their overhead to a moderate figure without impairing their reputations.

"Systems Bond, which sells at a business man's price, solves the problem in most cases.

"No business house need refrain from buying Systems Bond in any quantity, and none need hesitate to use it for any purpose."

Judgment of J. Richard Carter, treasurer, Carter, Rice & Co., Corp.

"New England business men have always been keen judges of values. They recognize something in Systems Bond that is a real New England measure of value.

"This something is the 'tone' of the paper, which carries undeniable prestige, together with the fact that it is also an undeniable 'good buy'—in any quantity.

"New England business is modern, and buys thriftily for value received. Systems Bond is a fine example of 'value received' in the minds of the bond paper buyers of this territory."

Entrust all details to your printer

Let your printer "sit in" with you in a full discussion of your stationery problem. He is equipped to help you.

On Systems Bond he will execute with enthusiasm letterheads that express what you really are. Let him also prepare you a Systems Bond estimate for complete standardized office forms. He will probably name a figure that will surprise you by its modesty.

To Printers

If you want to know the full possibilities of constructing letterheads on "the bond paper of business," write your nearest Systems Bond distributor for our sample book of weights and colors—and specimen letterheads executed on Systems Bond.

EASTERN MANUFACTURING COMPANY
501 Fifth Avenue **New York, N. Y.**

Mills at Bangor and Lincoln, Maine

SYSTEMS BOND

"The Rag-content Loft-dried Paper at the Reasonable Price"

(Continued from Page 91)

the progress of the business at frequent intervals. This is an educational feature of great importance. Employes learn about the risks assumed by capital in business, and are mentally prepared for conditions such as the hard times of to-day. Of course I cannot prophesy what would happen if industrial depression became more severe and extended over a long time. But I do know that thus far our employes have shown a willingness to assume the same risks that other capitalists have to assume, and that industrial depression has its advantages as a stabilizer."

Stock ownership certainly creates new viewpoints.

The-company-is-rich way of looking at his work changes when an employe himself becomes part owner in the business, and when waste and carelessness with company equipment and supplies are pointed out he helps eliminate it. A wastebasket census was taken by one corporation with thousands of clerical workers, many of whom are stockholders. Twisted paper clips, hand-carved erasers, sheets of good bond paper used for trivial calculations and idle sketches were sorted out and photographed. With paper clips costing thirty-five cents a thousand, and each one of 47,000 employes absently twisting one out of shape and throwing it away daily, the yearly loss on this trivial item would buy a motor truck. Results of the wastebasket census posted on bulletin boards and printed in the employes' magazine led to an immediate reduction of such spoilage.

Stock ownership searches out the steady employe and keeps him in the organization, reducing the great expense of hiring and training new workers. Very often it interests what might be called key employes—men who are vital in management or who come in contact with the public. Anything that strengthens their feeling of identity with the organization or lengthens their service is of great value. The largest number of employe stockholders in an Eastern railroad, for example, are found among the men in the general offices and its station agents, typical key employes, with shop and track foremen next.

"If railroad workers with 10 per cent of their wages could buy a controlling interest in the railroads of the country in ten or twelve years, how long would it take telephone employes to control the company?"

Matters of Policy

This question was put to a telephone official.

"Probably longer than that," was his reply. "Such a computation overlooks growth—the need for fresh capital. The railroads need nearly $1,000,000,000 of fresh capital yearly. Most of this is secured through bonds. Control through acquisition of railroad stock might be possible. In the telephone business we figure that every new subscriber necessitates a new investment of about $100, or the equivalent of a new share of stock. At present 25 per cent of our employes are buying one to five shares of stock every three years, but the number of subscribers is naturally growing much faster. In New York City alone there are to-day applications for 70,000 new telephones, calling for an investment of $7,000,000. Purchases of stock by our employes all over the country during the next three years would fall short by nearly $2,000,000 of meeting this growth in New York City."

In a few cases stock sold to employes carries no voting privilege, but these are chiefly corporations whose shares are held by the founder of the business or his family, and are not dealt in by outsiders. For the most part employes' holdings are regular shares, purchasable from any stockbroker and carrying all privileges. Like other stockholders, employes receive proxies before annual meetings. If they wanted to they might attend the annual meeting, and in some cases have, not to vote, but to bring before the management conditions that they thought called for attention. Generally proxies are signed, giving the voting power to the management, an expression of confidence.

"Suppose this employe voting power were organized," was suggested to several executives. "Would it be possible for agitators to create a troublesome minority interest?"

Some executives thought it a purely theoretical contingency that might happen, but had not so far, and would require attention only when it became an actuality. Several thought it possible and that it had better not be talked about.

"Such an organization would call for a great deal of work and expense," said one official. "The only basis upon which it could be carried out would be one of discontent. Our employes are contented, and it is our job to see that they have reason to remain so. Even if their voting power were organized it would be a minority. Like most small shareholders, their interest in dividends is greater than in our policies."

Lancashire Capitalists

"If such an organized minority made trouble," said another official, "it would be easy for the officials of this company to rally other stockholders and obtain proxies enough to control the situation. Stockholders vote for men rather than policies. A minority interest might make several sorts of trouble. But in that event probably there would be something wrong in the management. Employes might be in a position to discover this before outside stockholders. It would be good for the business as well as themselves to have it investigated and corrected."

"As a rule," said another executive, "our employes understand their own work, and are familiar with the plant or department in which they are employed. But our business is scattered over the whole country and in foreign countries. When questions of general policy and management come up they are willing to leave them to somebody who understands such matters."

Far from being afraid of participation in the management, the present-day tendency is all the other way—to give employes representation through various plans. One Middle Western manufacturing corporation combines profit sharing with its stock plan, the profit sharing being based on ownership of stock and also length of service. One out of three employes in this company is a stockholder, with average holdings of more than eleven shares, and nearly 2.5 per cent of the total capitalization is owned by employes. At each of its several plants employes elect conference committees by secret ballot, one for each department, representation being about one committeeman for each fifty employes. On the board of twelve directors as well, there are three representatives elected by employes.

Employe stock ownership is not so new as it might seem. A great deal of the capital stock of British cotton mills throughout Lancashire is held in small sums by spinners and weavers who have bought it without company aid, simply as investors, and are able to read a balance sheet as intelligently as the large capitalist. Some of the plans in operation in this country have withstood the financial storms and sunshine of the past twenty years. Hard times show up any shortcomings there may be in such a plan, and strengthen its longcomings. As with other investors, the employe who owns a reasonable amount of stock outright, and does not pay too much attention to speculative flurries, is affected by neither a bear nor a bull market, and comes through a period of depression much better than the more sophisticated fellow who monkeys with Wall Street.

"Wedding Sunshine"

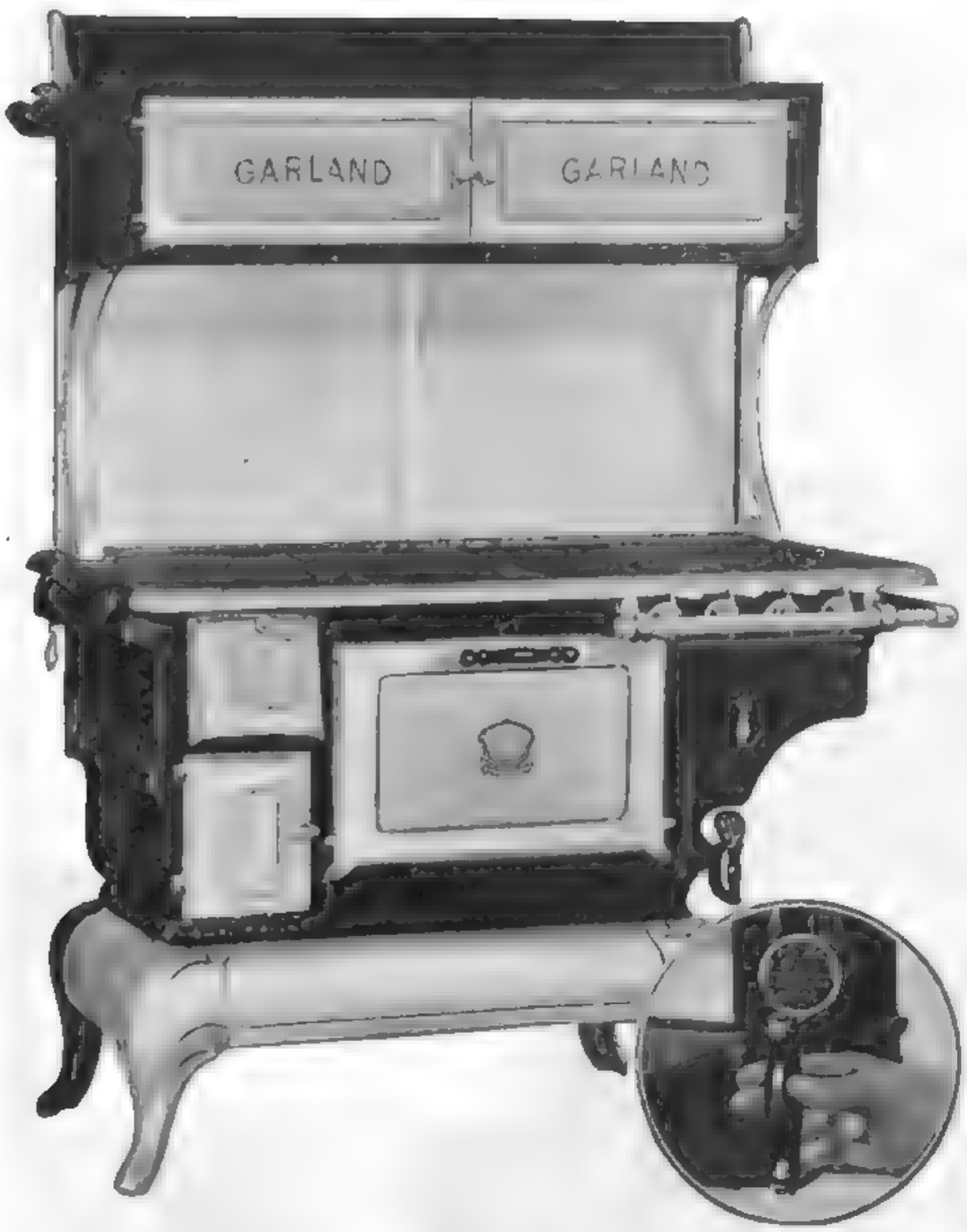
Start them out with a Quick-Lite Lamp—the light of good cheer, comfort and happiness.

GIVE the young couple a Coleman Quick-Lite Lamp! Let "Wedding Sunshine" brighten their evenings through the years. The clear, pure-white radiance of this wonderful light is just the thing for reading or sewing, etc., and the lamp itself is an ornament in any home. You couldn't select a more suitable, practical gift, or one more welcome to the Bride and Groom. See the Quick-Lite lighted at the nearest of the 20,000 dealers who sell them.

Coleman Quick-Lite

"The Sunshine of the Night"

Manufactured by The Coleman Lamp Company, Wichita, St. Paul, Toledo, Dallas, Los Angeles, Atlanta, Chicago, Canadian Factory, Toronto



Fully 90 per cent of the hotel cooking equipment installed in America comes from the great Garland works.

The most skillful chef in a huge New York hotel cooks on a Garland range, built in the same way, and on the same sound principles, as the Garland your dealer will sell to you.

In your own city the Garland dealer is displaying our combination coal and gas range and other popular Garland types. Please go and see them.

The illustration shows the Garland Combination Coal and Gas Range, in semi-enamel finish. Furnished also in full-enamel finish. The change from one fuel to the other is made by the simple process of pulling out or pushing in the lever shown in the small picture. This range has been and is now being installed in thousands of American homes in preference to any other cooking equipment.

The Garland distributor in your locality is a good merchant

The Michigan Stove Company, Detroit, Mich.

Makers of the Famous Garland Line of Stoves, Ranges, Furnaces, and Pipeless Furnaces, for Coal, Wood, Gas, and Electricity

GARLAND STOVES AND FURNACES
"The World's Best"
TRADE MARK REGISTERED

VENGEANCE IS MINE

(Continued from Page 17)

deal went for nothing in the eternal balance of things. Evidently the man on whom the cornucopia of success showered its sweetest contents was the one who ruthlessly trampled under foot those who stood in his way.

Ches Blakely had married a beautiful girl, who, with her brother, a physician, had inherited a comfortable little fortune. The Blakelys and Doctor Henderson occupied a sedate brownstone house just east of Park Avenue, which had been the family residence for years. More than one night after business hours Ann Graham traveled uptown just to torture herself by looking into the warmly lighted windows and fancying the happiness from which they looked out. And the return to her own shabby quarters only made her bitterness more intense.

Perhaps the ache of a wound still open was responsible for the fact that the first step toward her goal proved a failure. She secured a position as bookkeeper with the firm in which Ches Blakely was steadily climbing toward a junior partnership. Blakely's natural aptitude for the intricacies of business, his charm of personality, made for the rapid rise, possible only in a great city of competitive effort. Ann's original plan had been to work so closely side by side with him that she would haunt him like a dreaded ghost. But in that she had reckoned without the ghost of her own great love.

The first time they met in a secluded corridor his blanched face, his hasty step to one side made her turn sick, and it was all she could do to keep from fainting where she stood. Her one impulse was to escape from that look on the face she had adored, and with a slight bow, a bare inclination of the head, she passed on. She knew instinctively that in self-defense Ches would not ask the firm to get rid of her. That would be a confession of weakness. But after a month of seeing him almost daily she found her own strength breaking under the strain and she resigned her position.

The experience left its mark to such an extent that for days she walked the streets without the courage to look for other work. The tears of which she thought her eyes had been drained dry came on the slightest provocation. Her nerves went smash. And again she had cause to hate herself. She must find more subtle, less self-harrowing means of evening scores. But first she must take herself in hand and steady the nerves that were shot to bits. And suddenly there came to her the subtle means by which she might learn of Ches' comings and goings, might see and know Ches' wife, might penetrate their home, get the inner workings of their life without coming into direct contact with them. It would be quite simple in view of the facts that she was sadly in need of medical attention and that Mrs. Blakely's brother was a doctor.

She made her initial visit to the brownstone house with the same uncertain trembling that seizes the man on a mission which concerns his whole future. The first look round the dark-toned foyer with its carved English walnut wainscoting and tapestried walls, its tall deep chairs and long rectory table, sent a sort of wonder over her. This was where Ches lived. This was where he went out every morning and came in every night. It didn't look like him. Somehow his boyishness didn't seem to fit these somber surroundings.

A girl in cap and apron that were a cross between a trained nurse's uniform and a serving maid's led her up a short flight of stairs. She entered a waiting room furnished severely with a table covered with magazines at one end, and an old chest of rare carving at the other. The chest looked odd and out of place in the plain room. She wondered what its history might be. A number of patients were waiting, though it was only ten A.M.—a strange assortment of beshawled old faces with bare shriveled hands, and women exhaling delicate perfumes, accompanied by the jangle of vanity bags and whispering luxury of silks.

Ann was ushered finally into the office and faced a man of about forty with the wrinkles of service, begun when very young, about his eyes, and the tawny red of the golfer under his firm skin. His black hair was gray-streaked. His eyes darted from behind his glasses as if resenting them. His tall figure was very slightly stooped, perhaps from the habit of bending over the beds of sufferers, perhaps because he was above average height. But every move he made was authoritative, every intonation gave one confidence.

A nurse took Ann's name and address and the usual information for filing purposes, and then left her alone with the physician.

He drew a chair to her, smiled and said, "Now tell me about yourself."

She told him the physical aspects of the soul pain for which she felt there was no cure. He listened attentively and while she talked, pausing every now and then to control the clogged trembling of her voice, he took one of her hands as one might a child's and stroked it. She drew it away presently. That physical touch of sympathy made her want to cry, and tears must have no further place in her life.

When she had finished he leaned forward and seemed to be waiting.

"But I said I wanted to hear about yourself. Are you willing to tell me something of what has brought about this nerve collapse?"

She looked straight at him and her eyes hardened.

"No, I'm not," she answered.

"Very well," came quietly; "that's for you to decide. Perhaps I've asked too soon. Perhaps, if I can help you now, you'll be willing to help me later by telling me more."

He gave her a prescription and some instructions. And she went back to her gray walls, to the drab little room with its naked gas jets, its empty window and rag-carpet floor. As she locked her door and sat down on the one chair, the vision of the home she had left came from every corner. Ches' home! His nest of comfort and happiness! To him that hath shall be given! Her eyes wandered about the place, which suggested so absolutely what was in her soul. This constituted her future. Life was surely laughing at her.

And yet, deep down, there was the curious feeling of having found an ally. She had been so completely alone in the busy city of loneliness that a quiet deep voice expressing interest, even though that interest be a physician's stock-in-trade, made the essence of her strength return.

Each week she visited him and gradually the workings of the household became known to her. A word dropped by him about taking his sister to the opera during his brother-in-law's absence from town; her occasional round of the hospitals with him; her devotion to her husband and regret that they had no child. Once toward Christmas, when the shops were red-and-green-trimmed, with sparkles of silver and crystal-flecked snow, and the city was gay with preparation in which Ann had no part, Doctor Henderson took her into the waiting room—it was after his evening office hours and she was the last patient—and opening the carved chest sheepishly pulled out a long box. Layers of tissue paper were lifted, revealing the green-and-gold brocade of a wide evening wrap.

"It's for her—for Christmas. Do you think it's in good taste?"

Ann ran her fingers over the luscious material, not the stiff, usual quality of brocade, but soft and enwrapping. The mere touch of it was a caress.

"I'm not much of an authority on these things," she replied, lip curling a bit as it had fallen into the habit of doing, "but it looks very beautiful to me."

"She hasn't my coloring," he explained. "No pepper and salt about her hair. It's auburn with lots of light in it. Seemed to me this green ought to set it off—don't you think so?"

"What makes you ask me?" she put to him curiously.

"Oh, I don't know. We've gotten sort of chummy and I need a woman's advice."

But Ann sensed that he guessed her aloneness, though she had never spoken of it. This was his way of making her feel that she counted, no matter how slightly.

She pictured Ches' lovely auburn-haired wife in the enfolding beauty under her hand, and it clenched as she fancied his eyes traveling over that other woman as they had so often traveled over her. That other woman with two men to worship her! Two men to wrap round her the luxury of love.

Doctor Henderson replaced the tissue paper and box cover.

(Continued on Page 97)

You bet you'll enjoy a jimmy pipe —if it's packed with Prince Albert!

If you ever fell down hard trying to get the hang and the listen of a pipe—*forget it!* Your luck has changed! For, you can stake your crop of early peas —or your reputation—that *with Prince Albert for ammunition* you'll put a baberuth over the fence every time you step up and light another load!

So, before you're a day older, you go on in and slip a pipe into your face. Then jam it brimful with Prince Albert—and man, man, *go ahead and fire-up!* You're tuned to get more smoke satisfaction than you ever believed could wander your way!

And, you'll okeh that say-so about as fast as you would go-a-fishing these sporty spring days! For, Prince Albert and a pipe is such a revelation you'll realize you never knew before what real smoke happiness looked like! Gee, what that zippy, enticing P. A. flavor will mean to your smokeappetite; how you'll delight lolling about in P. A.'s friendly fragrance! And me-o-my, when you discover that our exclusive patented process frees Prince Albert from bite and parch!!!

Golly, man, do you get what it means to sit in on the smoke game with a fist-full-of-trumps?

PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

Toppy red bags, tidy red tins, handsome pound and half pound tin humidors — and — that practical, crystal glass pound humidor jar with sponge moistener top that keeps the tobacco in such perfect condition.

Grinnell Gloves

"Best for every purpose"

When will Grinnell Gloves wear out?

Some say "Never." Recently one of our good friends sent us a pair of Grinnell Driving Gloves he had worn for over four years and they were still good for a long time. Grinnell Driving Gloves are made of Grinnell Velvet Colt Skin in gauntlet, limp cuffs and short driving styles. They are soft and pliable, yet wear like iron—for they are real quality. In them is the old-fashioned honesty of material and workmanship which means long and enduring wear.

You'll like the cool comfort of the Grinnell Driving Gloves—the very feel of them, and the way they rest as well as dress the hands. We guarantee them not to crack, harden, peel or shrink. They are washable in soap and water, or gasoline—dry out like new. Here are some familiar names originated and still exclusive with the Grinnell Line:

DOVETEX	LIMP-KUFF	RIST-FIT	VENTILATED
SPEEDWAY	REZISTOL	GRIP-TITE	GAUNTLET-DE LUXE

Grinnell Gloves are made with equal care for men, women and children, for work, dress and play. There are 65 years of successful glove making back of each pair. If your dealer can't supply you with the style (Ventilated Rist-Fit) shown here, we will gladly send him a pair for your inspection.

MORRISON-RICKER MANUFACTURING COMPANY

(Established 1856)

GRINNELL, IOWA, U.S.A.

200 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

Copyright, 1921, by Morrison Ricker Mfg. Company

(Continued from Page 94)

"At any rate, she ought to like it," he observed, smiling hopefully. "I bought it where she gets all her things."

Ann's quick eye read the name on the cover: "Delys—New York."

She made a mental note of it. A curious desire seized her. At least here was one thing she could go through with! She could associate herself with Mrs. Blakely's life. Through her she could find some way to strike back at Ches. A woman's dressmaker or milliner is apt to know as much about her as her doctor or lawyer—more sometimes. Women in the process of long fittings give confidences which on second thought would astonish even themselves. A word dropped here and there, a stolen tear, the reading of a letter that has disturbed, and the cat springs out of the bag, welcoming freedom.

It took Ann several months to gain an entrée at Delys', but once there she became an assiduous, integral part of the establishment. The reserve of the small-town girl, shy and alone, was taken off like an armor and she chummed with the girls, particularly those on the second floor, where the gowns were sold, as if she had always been one of them.

Mrs. Blakely she saw often, a Greuzelike face without much fire, but sensitive and sweet and framed in sunset hair; a lovely ornament of a woman, who looked as though she did not even know how to spell the word "suffering." In her severe, white-cuffed shirt waist, with her lips curving ironically, Ann sat at her desk and made out bills to Chester Blakely's wife. As his prosperity grew the bills grew. More than once Ann wondered whether he would recognize the handwriting that had penned love letters to him, but of course that thought was absurd. If she was in his mind at all these days it could only be as an irritating memory.

The years passed and Ann's visits to Doctor Henderson grew fewer. She missed their talks, but through him she had regained her self-control and, oddly enough, the start toward the goal she had set herself. In the beginning she felt that he was trying, not through curiosity but just the desire to be of help, to break down her reserve and learn something of the strange white-faced girl. But with her refusal to bare to him the cause of her misery he had retired into a reserve of his own that gave her somehow the impression of hurt that she vouchsafed him only a superficial confidence. Often his eyes darted from behind their glasses and studied her intently, and then she found them hard to meet. There was something disarming, too, about the clasp of his hand, which was one of such warm good fellowship.

Once as she was leaving the house he came down the stairs after her.

"Wait a moment! There's no reason why we should visit only in my office. Will you let me walk downtown with you?"

He opened the door without waiting and together they stepped out into the crisp night. Ann had an odd sense of pleasure and at the same time resentment. A distrust of others that was almost fear had made the walls of her life close in on her like those of a prison.

The doctor strode along at her side, coat swinging open to the winter night as though he did not need its warmth. For a few moments they walked in silence and then she knew he was looking down at her bent head, although she did not look up.

"What do you do with yourself in the evenings?" he asked finally.

"Read mostly," she answered, her tone dry and inert.

"Don't you ever go out?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"I—I don't particularly care about it."

"But your friends—don't they want you to?"

"I have no friends."

He tucked his arm under hers.

"You have one."

"Thank you," she said simply, but drew away as though the mere acknowledgment of his arm to lean upon were a sign of weakness.

"I understand," he added, paying no attention to her movement, "that a girl of your conservative type wouldn't find it easy to make friends among the people your everyday life touches."

"It isn't that," she put in defensively. "The girls at the shop are all right. Only ——"

"Only what?"

"I—I'm not particularly pleasant company."

"Who said you weren't?"

"I do."

"Well, you're no judge." He leaned down and there was actual pleading in his voice. "Aren't you ever going to let me help you? Am I good for only physical ills?"

"You can't help me," she burst out. "Nobody can."

"Why?"

"The hurt's too deep."

And then as if afraid of having said too much she pressed her lips together and trudged on silently.

He did not urge her further. Instead, his brows contracted and his mouth took on the look of tenderness it wore when he bent over the bedside of a very sick child.

"Miss Graham, you will tell me this, won't you? The room where you spend your time after business hours, what is it like?"

"Like the rooms in any other rooming house, I guess," she said in a tired voice. "There's an iron bed painted white, and a bureau and washstand, and a lamp that attaches to the gas jet."

"Why not fix it up with some pretty stuffs? A woman can do wonders with a few yards of pink roses printed on a white background, and you've no idea what a difference it makes. I imagine you'd look fine backed up with pink roses."

Ann gave her smile without any humor in it.

"That wouldn't do any good."

"Try it."

"When you've something hurting inside, what's outside of you can't cure it."

"Couldn't a real honest friend heal the hurt a bit?"

"There's only one thing can heal the hurt."

"What?"

"I can't tell you."

"Some day—perhaps?" he urged.

"Never." She looked up at him then. "Won't you—won't you talk about something else?"

He did. He told her of the impasses in other people's lives, his patients and their problems, the varying phases of human suffering that made up his daily rounds.

"You know, a doctor is a natural father confessor," he observed, and she thought she detected a note of reproach.

There was something so human about the man that she had to pull up sharp to avoid breaking down and pouring out her own story. But the absurdity, the defeating results of any such move made her go cold with the fear of her own folly. So eventually she stayed away.

In all her visits she had never come into direct contact with Ches or his wife, for which, after all, she felt no regret.

It was over the lunch table one day that Fate or Life, or whatever you choose to call the master gamester, began to play the game with her. The cashier was handing out to some of the employes assembled the latest choice bits of gossip gleaned from checks and correspondence.

"Say, here's a knock-out! Give you a guess who's settling for Mildred Forrester—you know, that little thing with the dimples; used to be a model."

The girls pricked up their ears as they did whenever a customer was mentioned outside the shop, and one or two hazarded names of millionaires with which they were familiar.

"Not a bit of it!" she teased. "His wife's one of our regulars too. Isn't that cute?" Then she sat back and with careful aim exploded the bomb: "Mr. Chester Blakely if you please."

Ann's eyes went blind. Her heart stood still. And then she began to laugh hysterically, with lips shaking. The cashier, who had expected chuckles but no such outburst, turned amazedly.

"What's the matter?" she asked.

"Nothing—nothing." Ann put a hand to her lips to cover their trembling. "Only I was thinking how close together their accounts are on my books, and I never even guessed it."

"You never do—for a while. But you're bound to get wise sooner or later."

"The Forrester account hasn't been settled for months," Ann prompted.

"I know. That's how I found out. She paid cash in the beginning, then gave him for reference and got on the books. But a little thing like a bill doesn't seem to keep her awake nights, and when Mrs. Watson spoke to her this morning when she was in,

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Breakfasts

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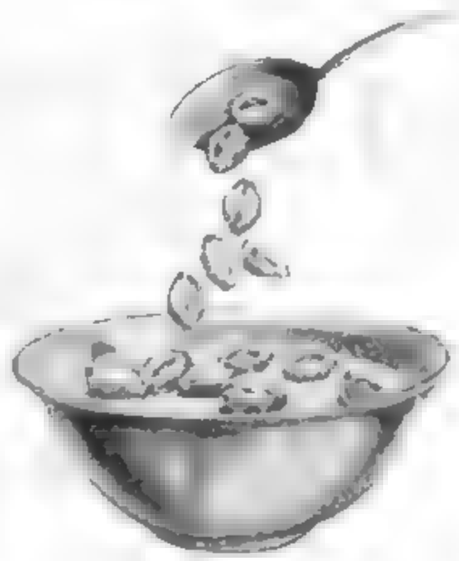

Suppers

Puffed Wheat in milk—toasted whole-wheat bubbles, easy to digest

Food Delights

that Summer brings to millions

Think of the countless new food joys which Puffed Grains have brought millions.

And it came about in this way:

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Puffed Wheat
Whole wheat puffed to bubbles

Puffed Rice
Puffed to 8 times normal size

The Quaker Oats Company
Sole Makers

Afternoons

Crisp and douse with melted butter. Children then eat like peanuts when at play

Dinners

Scatter like nut-meats on ice cream. — Use as wafers in your soups

she mentioned offhand that we needn't worry—if she didn't settle by the first of the month Mr. Blakely would—he was paying anyway."

Ann sat, staggered into silence. This was more than anything she had expected. This was a master stroke, the slash of the whip that would leave flesh quivering where it was not broken open. This was Fate riding with her at last. Had she planned it herself she could never have hoped for vengeance so complete. The man who had been untrue to his vows to her had been untrue to his vows to another woman for whom she had been thrust aside, the woman whose right it was to demand his faithfulness. The eternal fitness of things!

There was a balance after all, and the balance had dipped with a swoop in her favor. That woman, whose sensitive face was like a painting, who wanted a child to mother, she was the sort to justify crime before the world rather than forgive that of which her husband was guilty. Larceny, felony, murder sometimes, the woman who cares will stand by because these might have been committed for her, because in these her man needs her. But that other, which does not count as crime, she will not forgive because it puts the need of her out of his life.

From that day Ann walked with head high and eyes bright as the sharp flare of electricity. They started out of the whiteness of her face, so that the girls stopped as they passed and whispered that the only one of their lot who heard their confidences without giving hers must have found a steady.

Those eyes gloated over Miss Mildred Forrester each time she blew into the shop. They studied the little instrument of vengeance—the dimples, accompanied incongruously by a look of calculation; the hats pulled down over one eye; the full mouth, assisted to its ripeness with frequent applications of a lip stick; the weight of furs and bracelets; the murmur and scent that accompanied each move she made.

Ann mulled over the two accounts and watched Miss Forrester's growing with a sneer that was a smile. She counted the letters sent to that young woman. She managed to obtain copies.

And finally when no acknowledgment of any of them was forthcoming: "Why don't we write to Mr. Chester Blakely?" she suggested to Delys' manager. "He won't lose any time settling, I'll wager."

It was a remark made casually enough, but with breath choked in her throat awaiting the answer. The following day that answer came under her hand, and her fingers closed over the typewritten sheet demanding of Mr. Chester Blakely the immediate settlement of Miss Forrester's account.

III

THAT was why as she walked east toward Park Avenue that night the two daggers in her eyes pierced the darkness. That was why all the years of aloneness and ache swept from under her and she trod on air. She herself had brought this thing about. Not Chance, but Ann Graham with the assistance of a Fate that had become friend. She had herself to thank that under her arm was hugged the most damning evidence against Chester Blakely which she could possibly present to Chester Blakely's wife.

She mounted the steps of the sedate brownstone house and tugged at the bell. Her body was cold and tense. Her heart was singing a pæan. Numberless times she had gone up those steps, but to-night it was as if she mounted them for the first time.

The maid opened the door and smiled on seeing her.

"Go right up. The doctor ——"

"I'm not here to see Doctor Henderson," Ann interrupted. "Will you take my name to Mrs. Blakely and say it's important?"

The maid disappeared and Ann waited. She could not sit down, but walked anxiously the length of the foyer, up and down, until the girl reappeared.

"Mrs. Blakely says will you please wait. She'll see you in about fifteen minutes."

Ann sat down then and began rehearsing the conversation that would follow. Only one thing was needed to make her triumph complete. If only Ches Blakely would come in while she was there! This time she could face him. This time it would be with the light of victory in her eyes!

She pictured his face, blanched as it had been at their first meeting. She pictured the look his wife would send him with the evidence of his faithlessness in her hand. Even if neither spoke a word, that was all she, Ann, wanted—to see his peace of mind wrecked, to see him revealed for what he was to the woman who shared his life. She would go away then satisfied.

She had taken off her gloves and the hands lying in her lap clasped and unclasped. An old seal ring which had belonged to her father hung like a ton weight on her little finger.

Presently a step sounded on the stairs and she looked up eagerly, to meet the passing glance of Doctor Henderson, which stopped abruptly as it rested on her.

"Well, well—I am glad to see you!" His voice lifted like a boy's and he dragged off the overcoat he had been dragging on as he came down. "Come right up—this is fine. Where've you been keeping yourself, you bad girl?"

He hooked an arm under hers and led the way to the stairs in spite of her protesting halt.

"But you were going out," she managed finally.

"That's all right. Dinner can wait. You don't think I'd let you get away after making yourself so scarce all these months."

"But I'm not here to see you."

"You're not?" He paused with a look part disappointment, part puzzled question behind his glasses.

"No."

"Then whom ——"

There was nothing to do but give some sort of answer.

"I came to see Mrs. Blakely—on a matter of business."

"Oh, I see." Still his frown of query did not disappear. "Well, come in anyway and give me a few minutes first. I've been lonely for you—fact."

"But I must see Mrs. Blakely."

"Right."

He rang the bell in his waiting room and told the maid Miss Graham would be with him whenever his sister sent for her. Then he opened the double doors leading into his office and closed them as Ann followed him.

He pulled a big leather-cushioned chair near the fireplace, where long pine logs were burning, and drew another close beside it.

"Where have you been keeping yourself? And why haven't you been here?"

"I've been pretty busy. And I've been pretty well."

"That's a compliment. Am I the kind of friend you want to see only when you're ailing? That's the worst of being a doctor. People don't think of you except when there's a hurry call."

Ann's gaze traveled anxiously toward the door.

"By Jove, you know, I've been tempted more than once to look you up," he went on. "I've missed our little talks when everyone else had gone. Would you have seen me if I'd dropped in on you sometime?"

"I'd have had no place to see you," she said.

"Nonsense! New York's jammed with places where lonely people can meet."

"You're not lonely," she came back, not without a touch of disdain.

He smiled.

"Not while I'm at work."

Then he bent forward and studied her so intently that she had to look away.

"You're looking thin. By the way, where are you working now?"

"Delys'."

"Why, that's the place where my sister shops. Maybe you've seen her there."

"I have."

"Ah! That's why you've come," he concluded instantly. "Have you met her?"

"No."

"Nothing wrong, I hope?"

She thought she detected a note of anxiety.

"No," she lied, but somehow she could only speak the lie. She could not look it. Her eyes wandered persistently, impatiently, toward the door.

He went closer and leaned across the arm of her chair.

"Are you—sure?"

"Yes—of course." Still she did not come back to him.

"Then of course you won't mind telling me the reason for your visit."

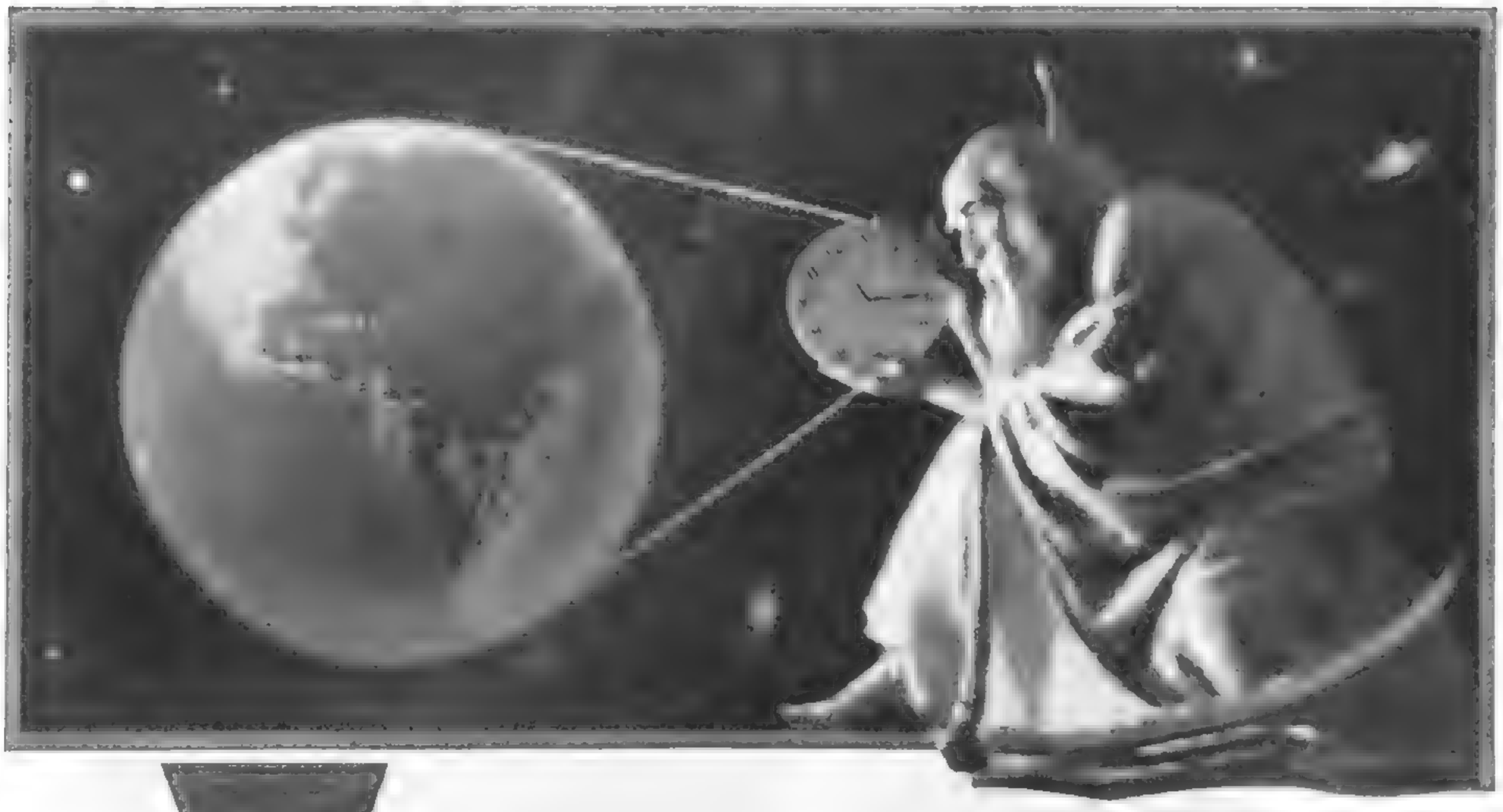
She gave a start. Her gaze shifted suddenly, uncertainly.

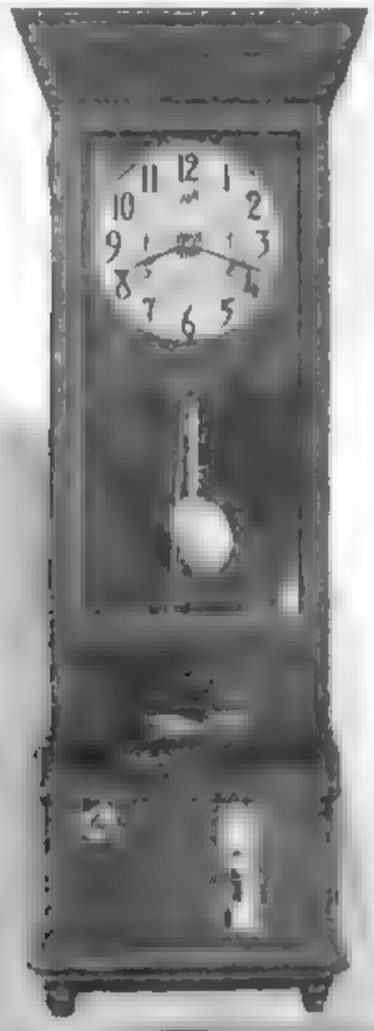
"Yes—I do mind."

"Why?"

She got abruptly to her feet.

(Continued on Page 101)





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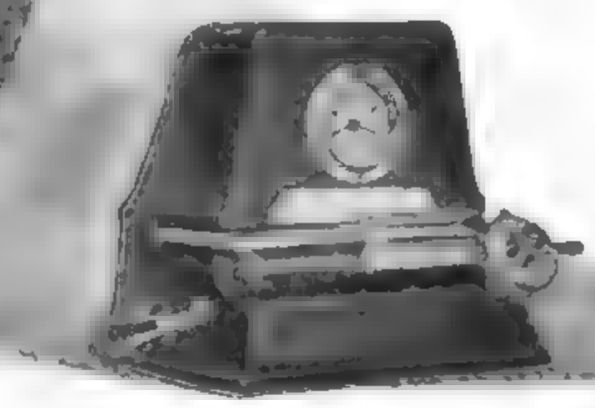

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(Continued from Page 98)

"It's a matter between Mrs. Blakely and me."

"A personal matter?"

"Yes."

"But you just said it was business."

She turned on him defiantly, her nerves, already keyed like the strings of a violin, singing in her ears.

"Why are you cross-questioning me like this?"

"Miss Graham, sit down, won't you? I want to ask you a question."

She turned back, in spite of a swift desire to escape him.

"Does my sister owe any money to Delys?"

"No," she answered with relief.

"Does my brother-in-law?"

She gave him an upward, calculating look.

"What makes you ask that?"

"Because I know he's been badly worried lately. And if there's any account in his name to be settled I'm ready to shoulder it—now."

"You can't shoulder his account," she said with that curious curl of the lip.

"Why not? My money is as good as his."

"If Mrs. Blakely doesn't owe us any money what makes you think he does?"

He walked back and forth for a moment, heavy with silence. Then he returned to her and bent down once more with sudden, tense nervousness.

"There are things doctors know instinctively. I knew the third or fourth time you came here that of all New York you hadn't selected me, a high-priced man, to be your physician, without some definite reason. You weren't desperately ill, yet you came here regularly in spite of the fact that you lived in a room in a lodging house. It didn't ever occur to you that there was something strange about that, did it?"

"No," she answered very low.

"Well, it did to me. Then one night at dinner I mentioned your name casually, as one of my patients, and I saw the look on my brother-in-law's face. That was all I needed."

She caught hold of the chair arms and swayed forward.

"You mean—you knew—then ——"

"Ches came in here after dinner and told me. He was afraid you would if he didn't, I dare say. Ches isn't strong, you know. He's a charming, capable fellow, but strength of character ——" He broke off. "But I don't have to tell you that, do I?"

She was silent. He seemed to be waiting.

"No," came at last.

"However, my sister loves him, and that's the thing that counts."

"I loved him, too—but that didn't count."

"Do you now?" he put to her quickly. "Think! Do you?"

It was a question she had not in several years put to herself.

"Do you suppose I'd acknowledge it if I did?" she came back bitterly.

"But you don't! Look into your own soul and ask yourself."

"That has nothing to do with it."

"Nothing to do with what?"

She looked from him without reply, her cold white profile unwarmed by the firelight that played over it.

"You mean," he pursued, "that it has nothing to do with the matter about which you came to see Mrs. Blakely."

"What do you mean?" she parried without expecting a direct reply.

"I'm referring to the matter of Miss Forrester," he answered quietly.

She sat staring at him quite blankly for a moment, and then fear of being cheated out of her big moment seized her. She sprang up, at bay, and passion tore through her lips.

"You can't stop me!" she cried. "I don't know how you found out nor how long you've kept it from her. But you can't keep it from her any longer. She's going to know now, and I'm going to be the one to tell her!"

"I found out from Ches, himself." He still spoke quietly.

"From—Ches?"

"Yes. He came to me a few months ago on the verge of collapse. You know I told you once that doctors are father confessors. Well, Ches had got into this thing through the same weakness that caused his treatment of you—and he saw no way out. Miss Forrester is one of the few women—please God!—who care for just one thing in this world, money; and she wants as much as she can lay hands on. She won't let go. If you'd seen Ches during the past six months you'd realize that he's suffered enough for a lifetime."

"Are you trying to play on my sympathies?" She gave a half laugh.

"No. I know how useless that would be. You've set yourself a task, and you're the sort to go through with it. You've waited a long time for this chance, haven't you?"

"Six years." She turned on him swiftly. "But how did you know that?"

"Why, it's written on your face, child. It's been writing itself there ever since I've known you. Do you think anybody can harbor the bitter thoughts you've nursed for years without having them write themselves into your eyes and lips? When you first came to me, even in your misery, you were lovely to look at, because it was human misery. It seemed to cry out for companionship. But you've cased yourself in iron. You've hardened."

"Now you're trying to preach to me." Her eyes took on for a moment the fire flames. But they were flames of defiance.

"No. But there's one question I'd like to put to you as man to man. You've constituted yourself a judge of Ches Blakely. You're going to mete out justice. Do you think you're big enough for that? Do you think you have that divine right?"

"I'm human," Ann retorted, "even though you think I'm not. And I'd have been a heaven-sent angel if I had folded my hands and excused the thing that he did to me."

"I'm not asking you to excuse it. But have you tried to make the experience he put you through count? Have you let it make you stronger, finer, better able to cope with the battle of life? Have you let it build you? Answer me—have you?"

"He left me nothing to build with," she answered, and her voice choked as it had on her first visit.

"You never put yourself to the test. When the first shame and misery laid their hands upon you, you let them grip you instead of putting up a fight to free yourself." His voice sank thoughtfully and he spoke more to himself than to her. "If I wanted to wish harm to an enemy I'd wish that he'd hate someone. There's no greater punishment to a man than hate in his soul."

She said nothing for a moment, and then suddenly pain strangled her voice and the smart of hot tears burned her eyes.

"What do you know about it?" came quivering. "You can't know what it means for a woman to center her whole life on someone and then have him tear it down, push her out of his way as if—as if she were no more than some stray thing that had made itself a nuisance. You can't know the humiliation, the heartbreak, the loneliness. I've known them all for years. And all the time I've been coming into this beautiful home where he lives. I've known how happy he was while I —— Haven't I the right now to demand something—for all that?"

"Yes. But not of him—of yourself." He paused, looked down at her steadily. "Don't you realize that perhaps all that misery was sent you to push you to full realization of your own possibilities? Suppose he had married you. Would you have wanted him to do that, loving another woman? Even lesser love is a thing we can't control. Ches isn't capable of giving what you can give. It isn't in him. Would you have wanted his hatred to grow because duty had forced him to take on bonds he couldn't live up to?"

"He hasn't lived up to those he did take on."

"Exactly! Wouldn't you have suffered just the same if that had happened to you? And don't imagine he's going scot-free. People don't in this world. I've had him in this office, on his knees to me to help him out of the Forrester mess. It's cost him a fortune. Besides which, he despises the woman now, and fears her, and just at present I'm trying to buy her off. Can you imagine the anguish of trying to hide the fact of his folly from his wife and the obsession at the same time that she'll find out?"

The glitter came back to Ann's eyes, the light of her coming victory.

"Have you taken into consideration that she owes you nothing?" he added. "That you can't wreck him without hurting her more? There are always others to be thought of?"

Ann's lips came tightly together. Her whole body trembled, then stiffened.

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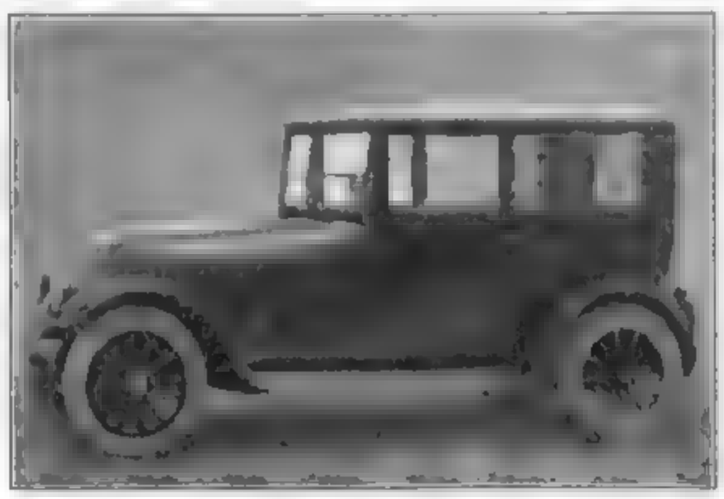

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"You're fighting for her now!" she burst out. "You're fighting for her because she's your sister—because you love her."

"I'm fighting for you because I ——" He stopped, caught hold of her arm. "Think what will happen if you go through with this! You'll hate yourself because you've done a mean, a contemptible thing. You'll loathe yourself the way you'd loathe something unclean. And what will it bring you? Happiness? Contentment? Will your life be any less empty? Will your heart be any more full?"

"I've told you not to preach! I won't listen, I tell you! I- ——" She turned from the burrowing of his eyes.

"You've let the longing to get even corrode you." His voice shook. "You've let it sap your youth. You've centered on an aim you should have despised, the energy that should have made your own life count. Ann—Ann Graham ——" He dropped her arm and, with both hands upon her shoulders so that their strength hurt her, turned her about and forced her toward the mirror that topped the mantel. "Look at yourself; see yourself! You're shrunken. You're bitter. You're old before your time. You're hard as nails. And why? Because you've concentrated your whole being on revenge. You weren't big enough to soften through the suffering not one of us can escape."

She looked into the white reflected face and the ruddy anxious one above it, with its penetrating eyes that tried to read hers. She looked for a long time without a word, and then she flung off his grasp and her head went up with a determination that was red defiance.

"Don't keep me any longer. It won't do any good. He's got to answer to me! Open that door. I'll wait outside. I don't want to listen to ——"

But he did not have to open the door for her. At that moment it slipped back softly. His hands dropped from her shoulders and he stepped to one side with a bow that spoke defeat.

"Mrs. Blakely will see you now," the maid told her.

With no backward glance she went out and through the waiting room, and up the stairs of Chester Blakely's home.

The maid led the way through a soft-lighted hall, with a mirror in the center flanked by two tall candles that pierced the dimness like pointed white fingers. Passing by it she caught another glimpse of her set face with its glittering eyes. But the shadows somehow seemed to soften it.

There was nothing quivering about her now. Like a general marching under a triumphal arch she stepped forward. The conversation in the room downstairs, the vision of that eager, anxious, strong face in the mirror above hers she thrust out of her mind as disturbing memories. The smart of tears still burned her eyes, and she could not afford now to allow herself to be moved from her singleness of purpose.

She stepped finally under the arch of the doorway and into the warm-toned library, done in wine red and the same carved English walnut that distinguished the foyer. At the far end, looking frail and lovely in her pale tea gown against the dark background, sat the Greuzelike woman Ann saw for the first time at close range. She was the sort of woman men love not through any conscious charm or fascination but for a sweet dependence that makes them realize to the full their power to protect. She was the sort of woman whose love saps instead of giving immeasurably as Ann's did. And because of that, all her life she would be guarded jealously by the stronger sex against its own ruthlessness.

For a silent second Ann stood in the doorway. Mrs. Blakely got up and went toward her, a light, puzzled look on her brow.

"I'm so sorry to have kept you waiting, Miss Graham. But I've not been very strong lately and my brother insists upon a rest before dinner. You know we're all at the mercy of our physicians. You're a patient of his, aren't you?"

"Yes," Ann answered, glad that the other woman had made the initial move.

"Won't you sit down? He's spoken of you often. I'll always remember the first thing he said about you, and that was a long time ago. He said you had the most haunting eyes he'd ever seen, that they had the do-or-die look of a soldier going into battle."

"Did he say that?"

"Yes. And that whatever the battle was, he'd count on you to win."

Ann was silent.

"He said there were times ——" She broke off. "No, I don't know you well enough to tell you that."

"Please!" Ann prompted her with a strange eagerness.

"Well, he was frightfully distressed one day and I asked him what was the matter, and he said you'd been in and that you had a—a lost look that worried him beyond words. He told me he'd never had a patient stray into his office about whom he was so anxious to learn more." And as Ann's silence continued, she added in a lighter tone, with a little embarrassed laugh: "I hope you've been on guard. You have to be awfully careful with that brother of mine. He has a way of finding out what he wants to know."

"There's not much to find out about me." Ann shifted in her chair a bit uneasily. "I'm in a position to know much more about other people than they can learn about me."

"Yes?" Mrs. Blakely put in, and waited.

"You see, I'm head bookkeeper for Delys, and other people's secrets come under my notice every day."

"Oh!" And then, still with a puzzled frown that questioned the object of Ann's visit: "Other people's secrets?"

"Yes. How much they buy and how much they pay for."

"Not always the same, you mean," Mrs. Blakely laughed.

"No, not always the same." Ann gulped, opening and closing the clasp of her bag. Now was her chance! Now! She looked down, not quite caring to meet the wide eyes upon her. "It's odd, though, how much I find out that has little or nothing to do with my accounts."

"For instance?" Mrs. Blakely prompted as she paused, more as a matter of questioning politeness than curiosity.

"Oh, things the outside world never suspects. For instance"—she hesitated, looked up—"we—we have one woman, the wife of a millionaire. Her husband holds the purse strings so tight that she never has a cent in her pocket. So she comes in and gets cash from us, and we charge it up in hats to him."

It hadn't been what Ann intended to say, but for some unaccountable reason she had a wild desire to postpone her real revelation.

Mrs. Blakely gave a laugh that died suddenly.

"But how beastly! To deceive one's husband that way so that all the world may know. It's so—so cheap!"

"It's not her fault."

"No, I dare say not. Some men deserve it."

Ann could read as plainly as if it had been written on her face—"Thank heaven, mine doesn't."

That smug little expression of certainty that so many wives wear when they speak of the men whose names they bear was Ann's cue. It made her realize to the full the power that lay in her hands.

"Mrs. Blakely," she plunged on, "you're wondering why I've come to you, aren't you?"

"Well—yes. I—I must admit ——"

"You can't understand why, without any real introduction, I should intrude ——"

"It's not an intrusion," came gently. "Anyone my brother likes is a thousand times welcome with me. I hope I've made you feel that."

Ann looked down again. It was so difficult, so desperately difficult, with those wide eyes scanning her trustfully, to bring the words to her lips. She tried to summon the thrill and exaltation of her walk up Fifth Avenue. She tried to sense once more that electric impetus of victory. Somehow she could feel only a nameless dread of the words she was about to speak, a terrified yearning to push them off still further.

"Mrs. Blakely, I hope you'll understand. You—you don't know me nor anything about me and perhaps you'll think ——"

She stopped. In the doorway where she had stood, stood Ches Blakely. One hand was raised to push aside the crimson portière, the other was thrust into his coat pocket, and she could see that it was suddenly clenched. He stood staring at her for one abrupt, startled second. In that stare were shock and query and a sharp flash of anxiety. It demanded what she was doing there—with his wife? Why had she come?

She was instantly conscious of lines cut beneath his eyes and from nose to mouth, as only one who has not seen a face for long

months can be conscious of changes in it. The boyishness she had somehow felt would never leave him had given place to a sloping of shoulders and a sense of muscles not quite hard that even his well-tailored suit could not hide. He looked years older than when she had last seen him. There was a strained, used look about his eyes that blurred their former brightness. All these years she had thought of Ches Blakely as she had known him—careless, ardent, irresistible even in his faults. As she looked at the man in the doorway, over whose features experience had drawn a new mask, she wondered gropingly if she had changed as noticeably as he had.

In that abrupt measuring second his wife spoke.

"This is Miss Graham—my husband, Mr. Blakely. You remember, Ches, the Miss Graham whom Robert has spoken of so often. She's a patient of his."

"Oh, yes," said Blakely, and came forward, stretching out a hand he tried to keep steady.

Ann put hers into it. Hers lay limp—in the hand to which it had so often throbbed! Only her heart beat as if the others, too, must hear it. But strangely enough, it was the beat of fear, not triumph; fear of herself, not him.

Mrs. Blakely went on as if to make conversation:

"Miss Graham is with Delys; you know, that's the place where I get my gowns and hats."

Ann watched the look of knowledge break upon Blakely like the slow rumble of thunder that gathers force until it crashes through the clouds. For an instant the man's face held no expression at all. Then its color receded slowly, as if the blood were being sucked from it. It became more deadly white than when he and Ann had met that first time after her arrival in New York. The veins on his forehead stood out like blue welts left by a whip. His jaws contracted, working as he tried to control them. It was only too evident that with the name "Delys" the ever-present suspicion that is fear's bedfellow linked Ann with the letter which that day had reached him. It was as if his eyes X-rayed her bag and read its contents.

Both hands thrust themselves into his pockets and he stood rigid, like a prisoner of war backed against a wall. He glanced quickly, furtively from Ann to his wife and back again.

"Ah—yes," he managed to say finally in a voice that was low and parched.

Ann's eyes, in turn, traveled from one to the other—the one sweet and unknowing, the other with the ghost of yesterday and the presage of to-morrow stalking before it. Chalked with terror, it was the face of an old man.

Ann stared in silence.

"Now!" her brain told her. Now was the time to strike! The stage was set better than she had prayed for in her most violent prayers. The pendulum had swung her way with the crash of Fate. Everything was with her—for her. The bell had rung. Six years she had waited for this moment—and it was here.

Her gaze went slowly from one to the other of those two, her victims. And suddenly the room whirled. Her eyes and throat closed. She went sick, with the dizzy sickness of disgust. A numbness that turned her mute laid cold hands upon her, like the hands of death.

Her moment! Her big moment! At last it had come in its triumph, in its fullness. And it lay upon her, dust and ashes! The bitter taste of it was in her mouth. The pain of it lay across her eyes. The shame of it choked her.

Six years she had lived and planned for this. And now that it had come it was nothing! Nothing but a sickening sense of disgust and the longing to escape at once and for all time. If at that moment she could have followed impulse it would have been to dash between those swaying velvet portières and leave the past and the present with their ugly secrets to battle alone in the soul of the man before her. For herself there was no sense of exaltation, no sword of flame wielded by her to annihilate him. She wanted only escape from the thing she had been about to do, as one seeks escape from some plague that has pursued one.

She stood for a moment, hand gripped to the back of a chair as if she, not Ches Blakely, were the one caught unawares, as if in her soul, not his, lay the sense of guilt, the fear of detection. And standing there she felt for him the impersonal wave of pity one feels for some hurt animal. If life itself had depended upon speech she could not have uttered the thing she had come to tell. It all went flat and despicable, and she sought suddenly nothing but relief from the thought of it.

"Did you come to see me on a personal matter, Miss Graham," prompted Mrs. Blakely, "or don't you mind if my husband stays?"

Ann gave a little hysterical laugh that ended on a high note. Blakely's tortured face contracted in every muscle.

"It's quite all right for Mr. Blakely to stay." Her mind spun ahead of the words. "It—it's a personal matter, but there's no reason why he shouldn't hear it." And then she took her eyes from the man she had sworn to strike down, and turning to his wife, stumbled on: "I—I told you, Mrs. Blakely, that you might not understand my purpose in coming. Perhaps you won't. I—I hope that what I'm going to say you'll keep absolutely confidential." Grasping at the first thought that came to her she did not care how lame it might sound. "Madame Delys has been a bit worried lately because your account has fallen off," she sparred, "and being a patient of Doctor Henderson I thought I might take it upon myself to inquire if anything has gone wrong at the shop—if you have been displeased."

The face that was like a painting flushed a tinge, and Mrs. Blakely's gaze went down to the hands in her lap.

"No—nothing's gone wrong at the shop." She hesitated, then went on as if some explanation were due the other woman. "You see, there are just times when one has to be more economical than others." Then, looking up with a smile: "But I do appreciate your interest."

Ann turned toward the door.

"Then I hope you'll forgive me for coming. I felt I might—knowing Doctor Henderson. And I did so want to make sure. It—it's simply my concern for the shop and Madame Delys, and I was afraid——"

"That's quite all right. I think it's splendid of you."

"You don't mind if I ask you not to mention this visit?"

"Of course not. If you don't wish me to. Won't you come for a real one sometime soon?"

"Thank you." Ann paused between the portières and looked back as if she had forgotten something. "Good-by, Mr. Blakely——"

"Good-by, Miss Graham. I—so glad to have met you."

Across the face turned toward her now was written a frown of blank bewilderment, not unmixed with relief. But Ann did not stop to read.

She let the curtains fall to behind her and went down the dim hall, past the mirror flanked by candles that were like pointed white fingers. But she did not look into it. She was looking ahead, toward a future empty of the specter of these past six years. It might hold nothing else. The dull daily routine that made up her life would carry on through the years, the same lack of hope, the same dead weight of futility, the same lodging-house room, the same lonely hours; but whatever that future might not hold, it would at least give her peace of mind.

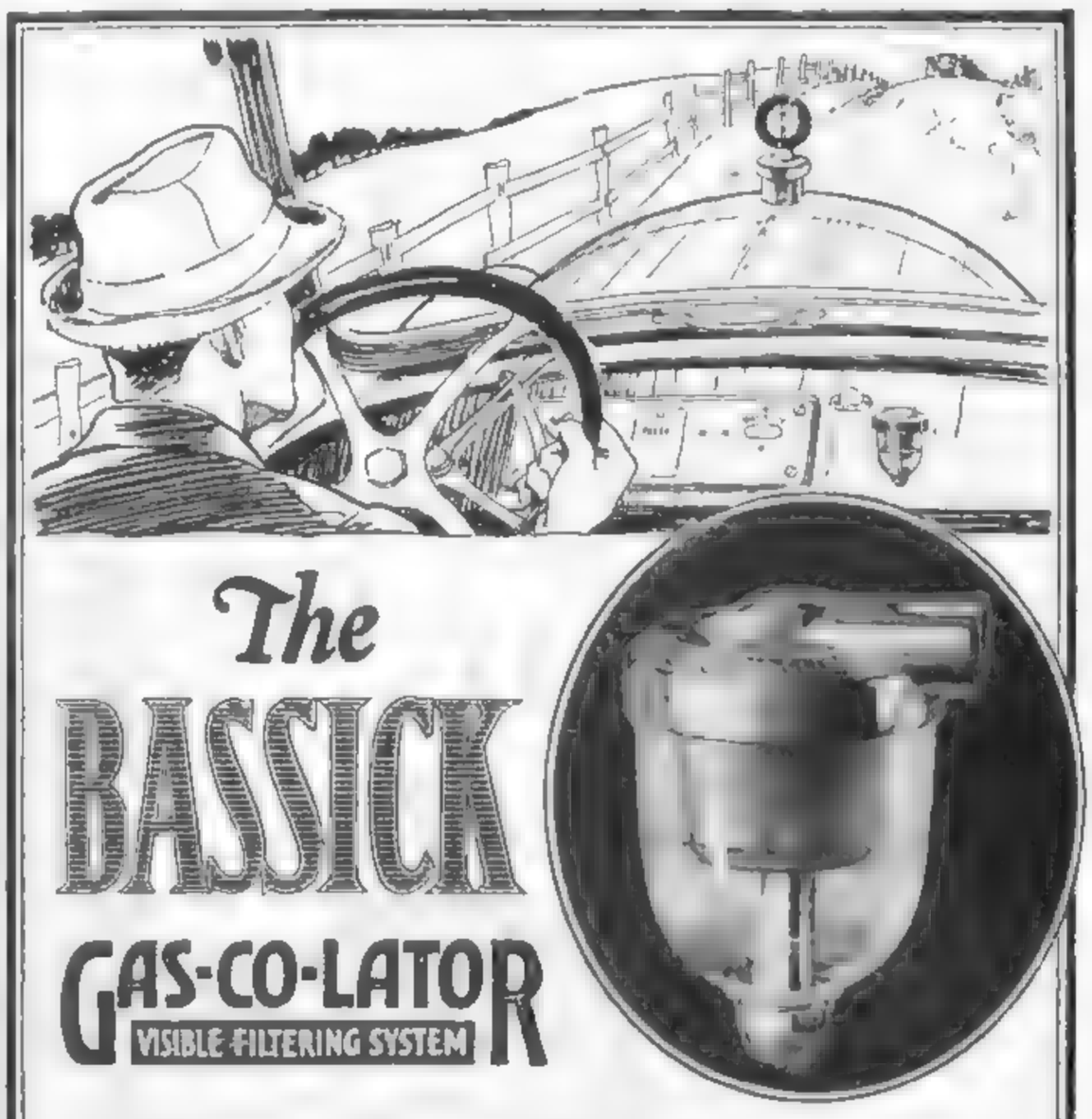
She turned at the landing, with head still bent, and as she passed the waiting room the door opened and Doctor Henderson came out, as if he had been listening for her at the other side. He stood looking at her with a drawn, tight expression about his mouth and the vitality somehow gone from his eyes.

Ann's hand clicked open her bag mechanically, and from it she took the two slips of paper she had buried there as so much treasure.

"Doctor Henderson," she said, "I—I—will you take these and destroy them? And never let me think of such a thing again."

He took the sheets from her outstretched hand with a quick downward glance at their contents. Then his two hands went out and grasped hers. He stood holding them silently for a long moment, looking down at their thin whiteness, then caught them swiftly together, lifted and pressed them close against his lips. And his face had the look of a man who has come out of darkness.

"Ann—I knew what you were! I knew you couldn't go through with it. I knew it!"



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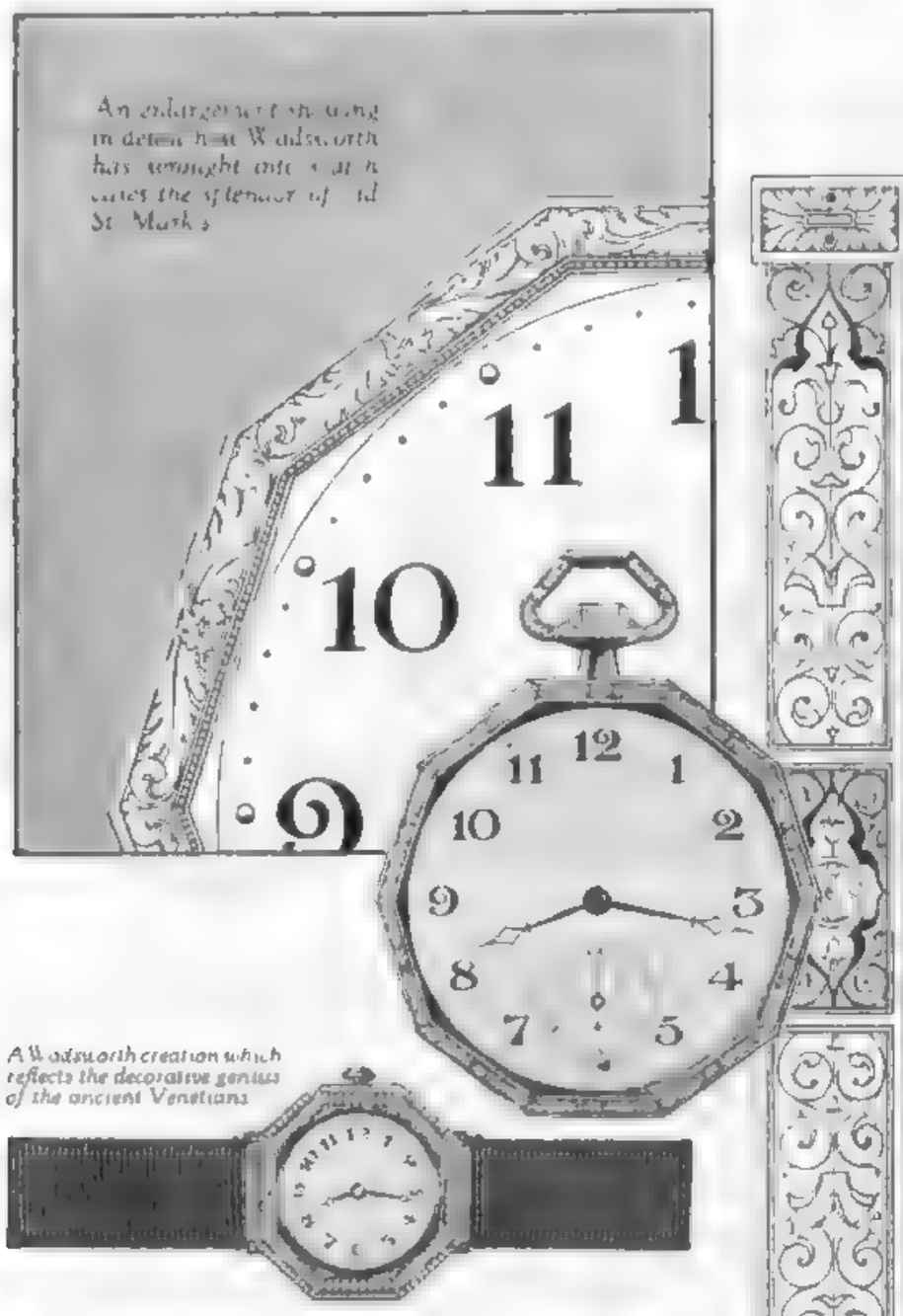
Watch Case Designs - by Wadsworth - that Reveal the Romance of Ancient Venice

Portraying the Wadsworth art of fashioning cases for the leading watch movements



A Wadsworth creation which reflects the decorative genius of the ancient Venetians

WITH his Venetian galleons and beaked ships of battle, the Doge Michael sailed forth to vanquish the Saracens, to conquer Tyre and to recover the lost cities of Dalmatia. Victorious, he returned in 1126 with untold treasures from the east, "with the sceptres of Tyre and of Byzantium to lay at the feet of Venice."

Thus, during the Venetian Renaissance, the nation nurtured a boundless ambition for the development of her islands. Venetian navigators sailed east and west in search of those rarities of art which, through the sunshine of succeeding centuries, have enriched the glory of Venetian architecture.

Upon the Basilica of St. Mark, wherein were hoarded the relics from surrounding nations, has been lavished the decorative genius of the ages. Oriental in feeling, this classic shrine discloses in every stone the splendor of the ancient arts.

Inspired by the beauty of this far-famed monument, the Wadsworth artists have wrought into watch cases the charm of ancient Venice. Thus do the cases shown above reflect the romance of a people of an age long past.

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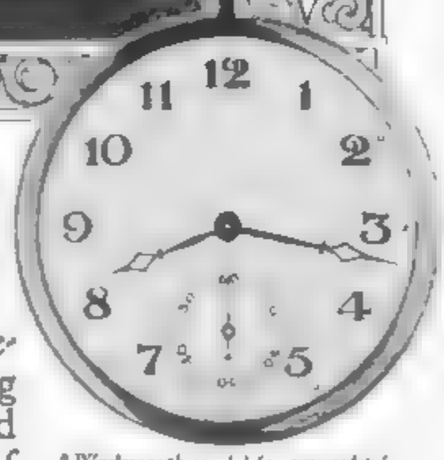

A Wadsworth model for men which combines sturdy elegance with that exactness of fit so essential for the protection of the watch movement

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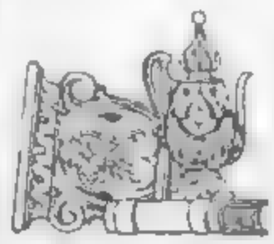


WEST BROADWAY

(Continued from Page 26)

where they were going in khaki bloomers at their time of life, but didn't dare, and was kind of floored to think they had got that far.

Up to now we had been the only tourists we had met—we'd had the transcontinental trip to ourselves—and it give me an awful queer, not altogether gracious feeling to meet up with this bunch.

There was a cheap little Climber roadster coughing and panting on the resting park, and across its shabby back was written in chalk "Connecticut to California," and the owners was standing enjoying the place where the view was on fine days, all dressed like a field army. They was a couple of fellows who might of been mechanics. And then there were the Peterkins. Of course, I didn't know right off it was them—that come later. But never will I forget my first seeing that family. There was eight of them, and on my word of honor as a actress, they was traveling in a flivl

There was pa to commence with—a big, fat man almost bursting out of his khaki overalls—and ma, a smiling little fatty with a three-year-old in her arms. Then there was a real pretty girl of maybe nineteen, the oldest daughter. Next come Grandma Peterkin, with no teeth except at meal times; Aunt Susie, who might of been ma's useful old-maid sister; and two medium-sized youngsters, a boy and a girl.

There was a spring and mattress fastened above the spares on the back of their boat, and hanging below that was a bucket, ax, two water bags and a tow rope. Both running boards was shut in with a sort of wicket gates like they use on elevators between floors, and the space between them and the actual car was packed to the extreme limit with bags and bundles of every kind, and from the ceiling, or framework of the top, hung paper hat bags, mysterious-looking packages and different odds and ends, while both front mud guards was simply stuffed with tent poles and canvas. The car had a New Jersey license.

But they was not gypsies; they was American whites, and under their sunburn and blowzyness real decent looking—the girl in particular, whose glorious hair blew about her face like wisps of sunshine and whose eyes seemed to be laughing at the rain.

But they were a queer-looking bunch—the first of the kind we had met, and I thought ain't that the absolute limit to let yourself get all untidy that way and wear bum clothes and not care how you look or wash the car or anything, and I didn't see how they could do it, and decided I would never let myself go like them—no, not on ten thousand trips!

Well, by that time the car was cool enough, and so we got in, very superior because it was a Colby-Droit, and slid down to Cumberland for luncheon.

Slid into was more nearly right, because the grades was by now not only slippery but far steeper, and some cheerful goof had painted little mottoes of encouragement on all the bad turns where there was a cliff or a big bowlder. "Prepare to meet thy God" was at the top as a general thing, and "Where will you spend eternity?" at the bottom. And, believe me, they was all too nearly appropriate to be comforting!

"Say, these must be mountains," I says at last. "They are too big to be hills"

"Part of the Alleghanies," says Westman, going into low and narrowly missing an oncoming truck. "The Cumberland Mountains."

"You know a lot about your country," I says. "More than I could of told."

"I read a lot when I first come over," he says.

"When you first came over?" I says. "Where from?"

"Russia," he says. "Didn't you know? I was ten years old before we come to this country."

"But the name of Westman?" I begun.

"We took it," he says. "Gee, but this clutch is slipping! I'll have to put some fuller's earth in at Cumberland. As I was saying, our real name is too hard to pronounce over here. Miscot,skojki; now's that?"

"It's fierce!" I says. "Are you a citizen, Tom?"

"First papers only," he says. "That's how I come to be in the Red Cross instead of going to France. I'm twenty-one last month."

Well, this give me quite a lot to think over—so much so that I hardly paid any attention to Cumberland City with its smart hotel and bright streets or to Jim's statement about the tires they make there. It was still on my mind as we went shooting out of town over more and even higher mountains, back into Pennsylvania, where the lovely hillsides was all blacked by the smoke from coke burning and the trees poisoned and stark, and everything dying and blackened wherever the wind carried the fumes, and it wasn't until we descended into Uniontown that I got my poise again, what with piecing facts about Karl Westman and his doctrines together.

And I don't know that the whole country which we had gone through since lunch helped me any—a land of subterraneum dungeons, of fair hills with black holes in them, and men with blackened faces and little lamps on the front of their hats, of grim women fighting to make homes amidst the filtering soot. So this, I thought, is the coal country, where the miners live and we get sore at them when they strike. But look at where they live and what is around them all the time! Only a poet could keep the vision of the industrial prowess of the country of the steel hearths and of the home fires, as things which must be kept burning, before his eyes in this place.

I wanted to stop and get out and talk to these fellows. I wanted to tell them about those great wonderful factories back in Jersey that I had just seen only yesterday, and how they, the miners, was the men behind them, and that they must do their share in our big one-for-all-and-all-for-one job of making America. But I didn't dare. They scared me, they looked so powerful, so sullen and so—dirty! Besides, it was raining harder than ever. And also I was tired. It takes time to get used to these long rides. And then just when I got to the point where I felt I couldn't go even one step further, and we were still almost fifty miles from Wheeling, the car give a snort, snuggled down at the roadside and died. And just as she done so another car containing three men with guns drew up beside us and gave us a hail.

VI

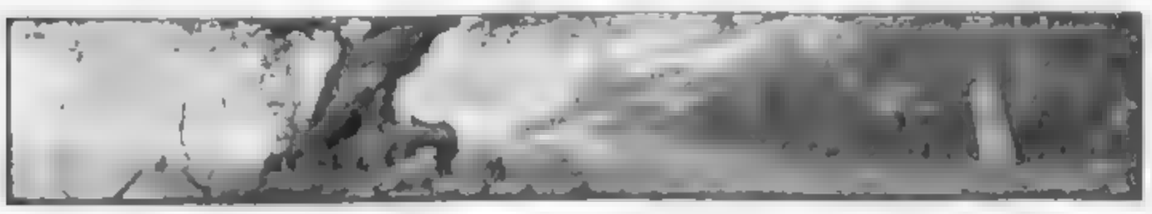
IN THE rapidly gathering twilight one of the men in the strange car leaned forward over the barrel of his gun—a fierce-looking bandit he was—and spoke to Jim. My heart nearly stopped.

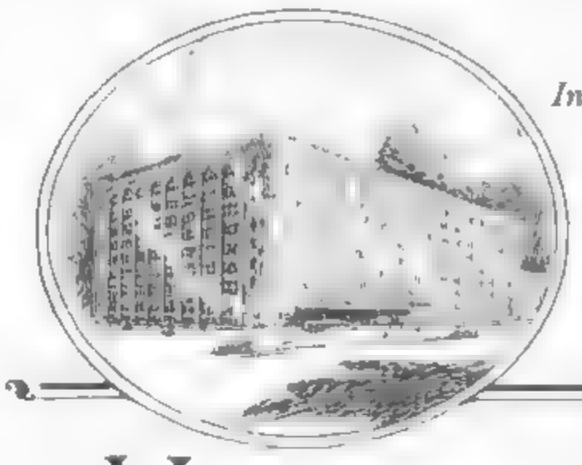
"How far to Uniontown?" he says. "We been out hunting, and I guess we lost our way."

Well, can you imagine the relief of that? I'll say you can't! So we told them how far, and the mighty hunters went on their way, leaving me rejoicing that they were not revolutionists or something, because by that time I was tired enough to imagine any nonsense.

And then both the boys got out and commenced to look under the hood at what was the matter with the car, but couldn't find it, while tourists—happy tourists with nothing the matter with them or their autos—scooted by us in the dusk. Even the three side-car cycles from Jacksonville went by us, and the two boys from Connecticut, and these last yelled could they help, but we yelled no thank you, and so there we stayed, proud but stuck, and the rain getting heavier all the time. I begun to realize what a wicked woman I was ever to of left my home and baby, and then when the boys had pretty near give it up I looked at the speedometer and seen we had run over two hundred and fifty miles that day.

"Say, you wise birds," I called out, "when did you fill the tank last time?"





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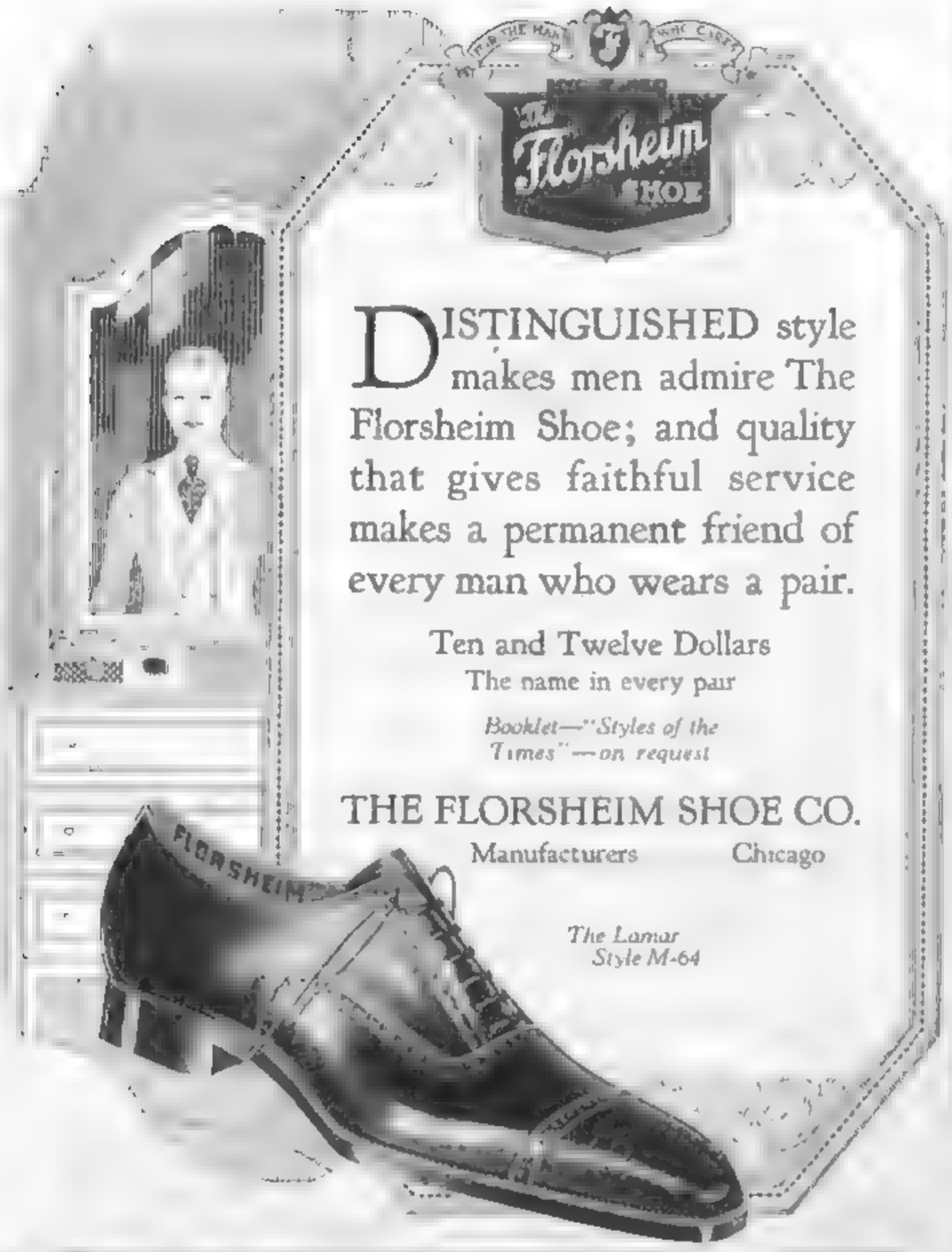
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"Why, nonsense!" says Jim instead of answering me, but speaking to his conscience instead—"why, nonsense! It was filled only this morning."

"But we don't generally run over two hundred miles since morning!" I wailed. "I bet we haven't got a drop of gas!"

But they didn't put up a cent on it, and a good thing, too, because that's just exactly what them two experienced motorists had let happen, and maybe I didn't rub it in about old Mr. Boyd having told me always to carry a five-gallon can—oh, no! And now didn't they wish they had listened to me in the first place, and so forth and ect. with true wifely helpfulness!

Well, they had no comeback to that, but Tom Bygoshski, or whatever his real name was, turned out to be a good sport and not ashamed to be ashamed—if you get me.

"Well," says he, "I'll go back with the next feller that passes to Uniontown for gas," he says, "and hop a ride back."

Well, he did that, and meanwhile I and Jim sat in the car in a silence which fell upon us as soon as we had called each other all the names we could think of, and it's the truth that by five o'clock each night all the way out we was generally not speaking, but at five A.M. next day we was so. Well, anyways, we sat there for what seemed like hours while Tom went away in a side car and finally come back with the juice in a five-gallon can and a charitable flivver. By that time I ached in every bone, both in my body and in my head, and my temper was badly bent. Why anybody ever wanted to do such a crazy thing as drive to California was more than I could see with a periscope, and I expressed my opinion pretty free—opinions being the only things which can be expressed free nowadays. But they put the five gallons in the tank and we slid along, hoping to pretty soon come to a town where a gas station was, but the further we drove the further off the town—any town—seemed to be. I actually got an idea it was moving away from us on purpose.

"The map says forty-five miles," says Jim, "but there must be something wrong—we must of gone fifty by now!"

"Forty, by the speedo," says Tom, cheerful as a duck in the rain.

"Well, I'll bet we been fifty just the same!" snaps Jim. "That speedometer is no good anyways!"

Well, we crept on and on, and still no town, and by now it was absolutely dark, and what with wondering had we taken the wrong turning and would the gas hold out, we were certainly having a pleasure trip—I'll say we were not!

"We'll have to keep on to Wheeling," says Jim, "because we got rooms engaged there. I'd a whole lot rather keep on and get in late to a good hotel than take a chance on a place we don't know about, wouldn't you?"

"Oh, I don't mind if the rest don't!" I says, trying to be a sport, but willing they should draw any conclusions they wanted from that remark. And then at last we see a town ahead! Such a beautiful town with lights and houses and everything! I admit that the next morning the buildings seemed to me to be not quite so lovely as I had at first thought, but coming into Washington, Penn., at nine-thirty and as yet no dinner—well, in my eyes the grandeur that was Rome had nothing on it!

Because we stayed. I'll say we did! When we had got gas our lights give out halfway across the railroad tracks, and with a sigh of relief we give up being good sports and decided the management at the Wheeling hotel would have to bear the disappointment the best way they could. I personally myself would of gladly slept in the car if permitted. But I didn't. I slept on the crease in a davenport sofa in a rooming house right over the nice choo-choo trains, because, believe me, it had rained not alone the gentle stuff from heaven as the poet says, but tourists from all over creation as well, who had the same bright original idea of staying right where they was for the night instead of going on, on account of the wet, but had decided it several hours earlier than we did.

Just the same, I wasn't really sorry, but ate a T-bone steak at a hashery just like the old days on the Small Time when Jim and I was dancing for a bare living, and also it give me some interesting dope on where some of the new wealth in the country has come from. I found it out next morning when we paid three-fifty for the accommodations which in the old days would of been worth fifty cents a head.

"I make a pretty fair living," says the landlady, "since the tourists started coming through last year. My beds ain't been vacant more than a night a week since last April. I was pretty near at my wits' end before that. And now I don't need to worry. I certainly do appreciate the man who invented touring cars!"

And I'll say the old lady has sisters in every state! Which was the most important thing about that town excepting that the jars my and other cold cream comes in are made there. Ain't it remarkable the things this country produces?

Well, when we left there I was still looking for my hick town. Because in the ones I had seen so far there was the very same goggles for sale that I had got on Fifth Avenue, and drug stores which put the one where I had got my first-aid stuff to shame. But I, of course, realized we was still pretty far East and sort of unconsciously hoped for the worst.

Well, it was still drizzling rain when we started but at about the same time as not more than fifty other tourists, all apparently going the same way and most of them with banners and California or Bust or some such motto, and mostly in khaki and looking like a bunch of bums that enjoyed it, and I didn't see how they could let themselves go that way, especially if women, because I had not got to feel that way as yet myself.

But the weather being so bad, I decided to put away my hat, which I did, and tied up my head in a veil, and the hat was never the same again, because Jim didn't notice when Welcome went to sleep on it in the tonneau.

"I told you we was starting too late in the year," Jim kept muttering all morning. "We'll hit the California desert just in the rainy season—you'll see! Good night!"

Well, I didn't come back at him, because we was on our way and what was the use? And besides that, the sun come out every once in a while and we would put the top down because we wanted to be hardy guys, and then it would commence raining again and we would put it back.

By this time I had come to realize that there was nothing peculiar about the fellow and sister tourists that I had at first taken for strange specimens. Every mile we went we met more of the same kind—cars hung with junk, crowded with everybody and their dog and most of 'em camping along the way and seeming to enjoy it. We had all of a sudden come upon them in bunches just as if when we left the shore road for the National we had turned out of a quiet street into a busy avenue and joined the California Pilgrims, which are a kind of modern Canterbury Pilgrims.

I seen a set of post cards of these Canterbury Pilgrims one time, and it seems Canterbury was in England, and going there had religion at the bottom of it, only you would hardly notice it, they had such a gay time, meeting up with each other and stopping at the same hotels or camps and exchanging the latest prohibition and flivver stories, and maybe getting to be such good friends that they slipped each other a little nip off the hip and told how they got stuck in the mud near London and how the landlord at Ye Boars Hedd Inn stuck you five berries for a room without a bath, and how gas was sixty cents on the Oxford road and how they was obliged to travel all Saturday night on account of ye highwaymen, and so was two weeks without a bath and so forth and ect. But enjoying it all, including their troubles—after they was over, at least.

Well, such was the Canterbury Pilgrims, who was the fathers of the Pilgrim Fathers, I guess. But a few generations make a lot of difference, and we have grown a good ways beyond Plymouth Rock—I'll say we have! Several miles! And the California Pilgrims was again a friendly people. First thing I knew we was waving to some of the ones we had passed, or which had passed us yesterday, or been at the same restaurants or something, like they was old friends.

Just outside of Wheeling there was an awful stretch of wet clay road, and Tom was driving real well, but skidding because of being too proud to put on the chains, when we skedaddled backward a little and bumped someone that was trying to pass us, the fresh nut, and a regular chorus set up, and there was the Peterkins family fliv, which had thrown a loving front wheel around our hind one.

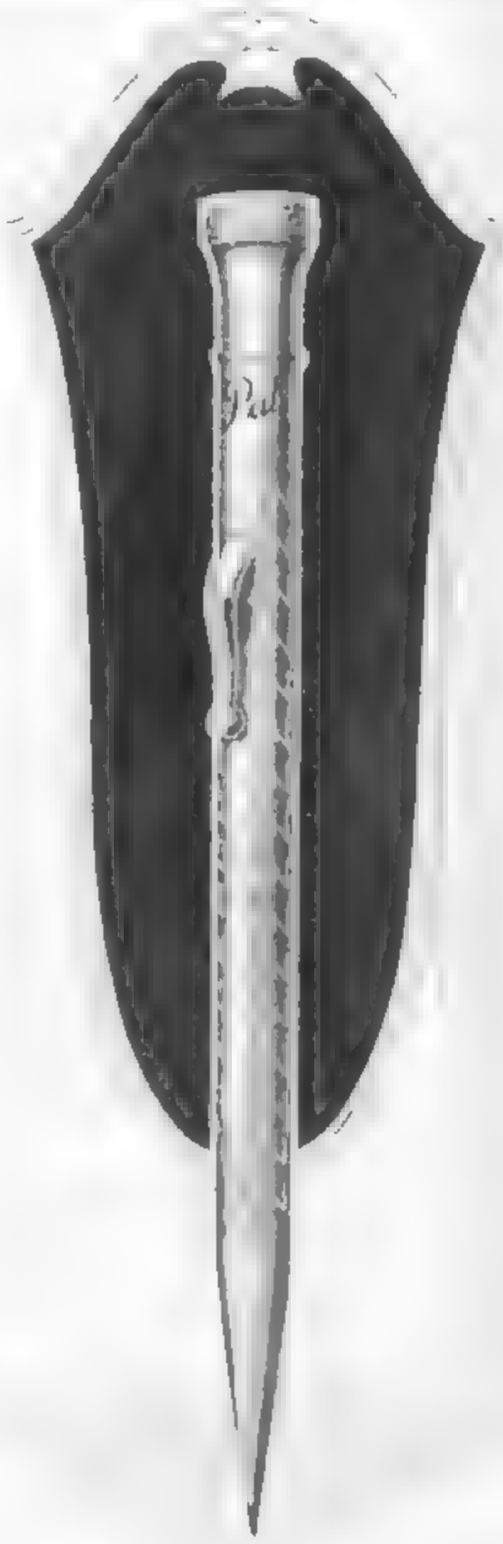
"Hey! Who's road do yer think this is?" says Pa Peterkin.

(Continued on Page 109)

Pal
—the pencil

"A mate, a partner, a chum, an accomplice"—so says Webster of "pal"—and so *is Pal*—the pencil.

Your *mate* because he's steadfast and true. A *partner* who lightens your duties. A *chum* ever at your beck and call. An *accomplice* who will go the limit for you—and never betray you by breaking leads or jamming.



Pal is always pointed, holds leads firmly and feeds them freely. Extra leads come with him.

There's a renewable eraser for that once-in-a-while. And a pocket clip that doesn't wear or tear for all-the-while.

Pal's handsome silver finish is the last word—and it's *lasting!*

TWO STYLES ONLY
—long with pocket clip
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Get yourself
a *Pal*
$1
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Get yourself a Pal at Stationer, Jeweler, Department, Drug, Novelty or Hardware Stores. All makes of leads will fit Pal. Pal leads are either *indelible* or *black* and will fit all pencils. A postal will bring dealers' pamphlet free outlining sales helps.

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Safe to buy; safe to travel with

THE reputation of an Indestructo Trunk is based upon 40 years of successful engineering experience.

The Indestructo plants, processes and trademarks are the sole property of Dodge Mfg. Co., one of America's foremost engineering organizations; and as such, enjoy all of the accrued benefits and prestige that have been generally accorded Dodge products since 1881.

Fifteen years ago, Dodge sought to reach structural perfection in a shipping package—the thought of trunk manufacture came after that perfection had been reached.

Two powerful agents have acted to produce the country-wide acceptance of the famous globe-trotting Indestructo Trunk line:

The radical difference from other trunks in corner-and-edge-construction that adds strength to strength—protection to protection; and

The fact that every Indestructo dealer is authorized to say to the purchaser: "If your Indestructo Trunk is broken while traveling, within five years from the date you buy it, return it to Mishawaka, and if it cannot be completely repaired, you will get a new trunk of equal value without cost to you."

This iron-clad insurance is more than a mere guarantee of quality and workmanship—it is a guarantee of travel-ability—it is the *real* reason why the Indestructo Trunk is the only safe trunk to buy or to travel with.

If you are travel-wise say to yourself: "The next trunk I buy will be an Indestructo." It is sold by better dealers everywhere.

Built in Mishawaka, Indiana, by

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which is Plant No. 2 of Dodge Mfg. Co.

Patented Plywood Corner-and-Edge-Construction

Indestructo Trunks and N. V. P. Trunks (lower-priced models) are built in all reasonable sizes and styles—write for Portfolio of Trunk Portraits and name of dealer nearest you.

INDESTRUCTO TRUNKS

(Continued from Page 106)

"Why don't you look where your going?" says Jim. "Back up, can't you?"

"My engine is willing, but my wheels is sleek," says pa with a grin. "Go on ahead yourself."

Well, by that time about twenty cars of every denomination had appeared from nowheres and started giving advice at the same time we started our engine. But we had to stop again and stop quick or we would all of been over the bank.

"This mud shimmies too fast," says Jim. "We got to get out and lift her over, that's all!"

And that is what they did—just got out and lifted the flivver out of the way—Pa Peterkin, Jim and principally Tom. Anyways, I think Tom principally did, because when he come back there was a marigold missing off the front of the oldest Peterkin daughter's dress and one growing in his buttonhole.

There was one big stiff in a golf suit and a new Colby-Droit—a newer one than ours—who had stood around most helpfully while the other boys was working, and when it was over seemed to think he had done it all. He spoke to me as he waded back to his bus sort of as if he and us was the only speaking-terms people in the bunch on account of our mutual car, if you get me.

"That's the way to do it, eh?" he says. "I could have told them to lift it in the first place."

And then the blockade was broken up and we all started off again.

"They are going to the coast, too," says Tom as the Peterkins passed us. "He's a merchant on a much-needed vacation."

"Yes, I thought she was a mighty snappy doll myself," I came back at him.

Well, he didn't reply to that, but stepped on the bus and off we flew, leaving the calico sunbonnets of Maryland and Western Pennsylvania behind, and skimming over more wet mountains, all with them terrible religious signs on them, only now somebody had also painted "Boner for Coroner" on the bad curves as well, and finally come dashing into Wheeling. That kid sure drove fast!

"Go slow and see our city—go fast and see our jail, Tom," I says, and he slowed up.

I could control him a little, but not much, and he did quiet down enough to let us grab a few sandwiches to take along from a pretty little hotel near a river, and then we crossed the river.

Having dashed through fifty miles of West Virginia—and I was glad, of course, to get this glimpse of the dear old South—we horned into Ohio and at last I felt we was really on our way West; only, also, as if I had been on it three weeks instead of three days.

Then Jim took the wheel, and naturally, he being my husband, I had no influence over him at all, and he drove so I thought we would be killed any minute.

"Aw, shut up or drive yourself!" he says finally, and of course I had no intention of driving down them terrible grades in wet weather, and so I shut up, except for begging him to go into low going down hill, which he wouldn't do because he never had to before, and shrieking at him to please stay next to the cliff and to blow the horn when we come to a curve; and, believe me, I mentally drove every inch of the road with him at sixty miles an hour from Zanesville to Columbus, especially when he nearly sideswiped a big Munson which darted around a curve and tried to bite us. And to this day I believe it was Jim's fault.

"Why, you let that kid drive anyway he wants to without letting out a yip!" says Jim peevishly after this escape. "And yet you pick on me unless I drive like I was going to a funeral."

"Going to a funeral will be right unless you go slow on these grades," I says, and then we was in low but out of speaking for a while.

And now, I thought, we are getting to the farm country, the beginning of the great agricultural belt where the hicks are, where the crops of corn and chin whiskers are to be found, and so I started in to look for them. I may as well add sooner or later that I am looking yet. I saw the cultural part of agriculture—but hicks? Gone are the hicks! All gone! But there was lots of pigs.

I can't, since driving past Ohio, see why bacon is so dear. I'll bet that between Wheeling and Columbus I personally myself saw over one million pigs. Not in styes, but running around in ten-acre lots. I never was so well acquainted with pigs before. I would not of thought that there was room in the entire U. S. A. for the number of pigs I seen in Ohio alone. Also we come by field after field of bright green stuff that they eat, and this was the first time I knew that alfalfa wasn't a college fraternity. There seemed to be no end to the fields of pigs and clover and farmhouses and cows! Oh, my mother, how many cows I seen!

Finally it commenced at last to dawn on me that this was a great country—a wonderful country where there was no horns on the cows, but where they grew their own barbed wire fences out of a stuff called osage orange. God made this land and made it for farming. What is more He divided it up awful even. Why, a mere hick from the city like myself couldn't help but notice how nearly of the one size them Ohio farms was—enormous compared to the East, but size and size alike; and the houses on them the same—good substantial houses set in shade trees and one no bigger than the other. I couldn't see, myself personally, how a soviet could divide them any better, and I wondered how Mr. Karl Westman intended going to work out here. I wondered if he had ever even seen the place and had any idea what he was up against, because where everybody has a good house and lot what are you going to offer to make them give 'em up? And in the whole time I was traveling through this part of the country, meaning from Ohio to Kansas, it's the honest truth I didn't see but two farms that was for sale.

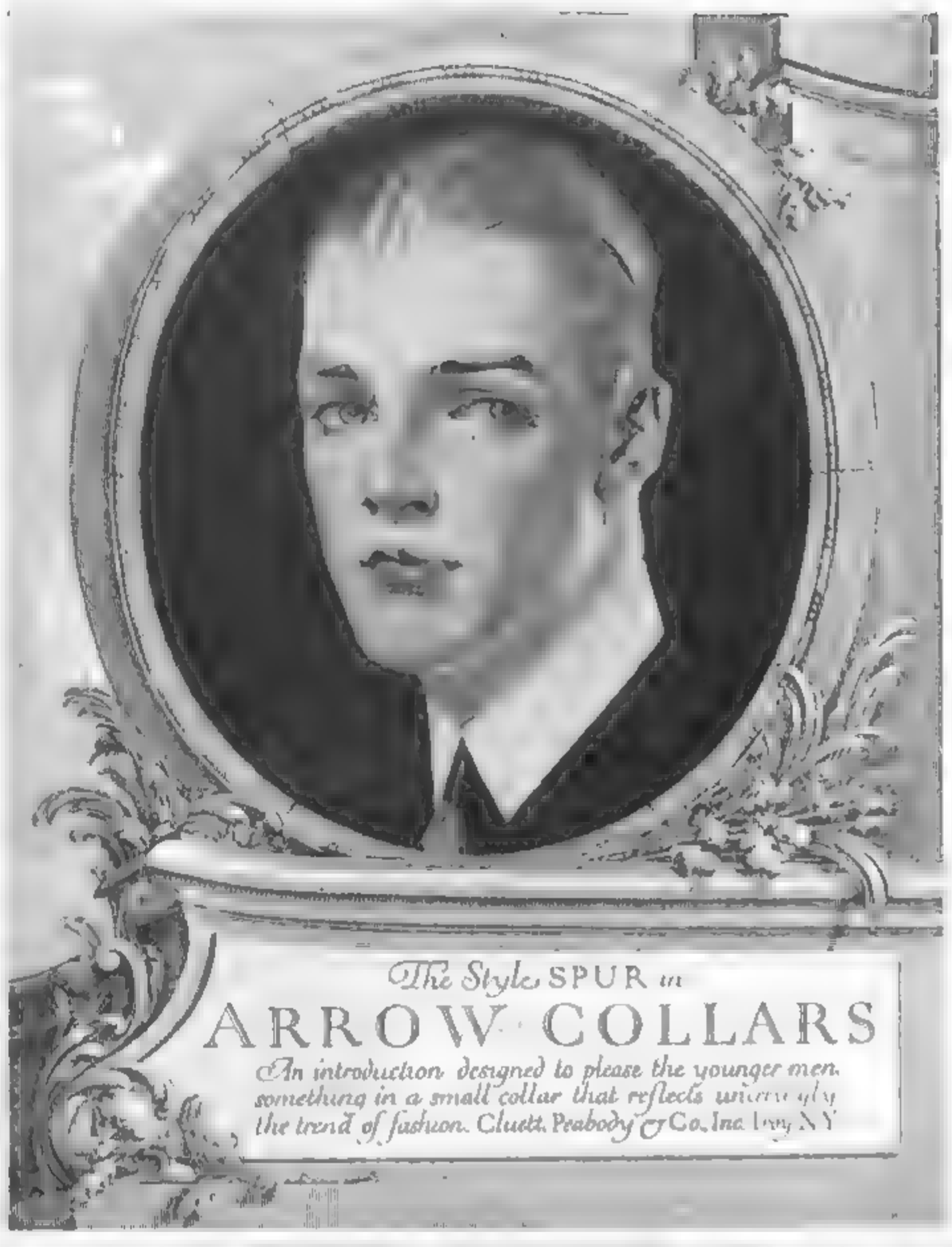
And here's another thing: We practically never seen a farm without at least one car parked in the yard. I'll tell the world that from Zanesville on there begun to creep over me a kind of secondhand pride in these farms that I can't explain exactly, but which I felt all right, all right; and I begun to get a little realization of the fact that this is a mighty big country, a thing I have many times said at Liberty Bond drives without knowing what was I talking about, but now began to see for myself that it was so darn big that I would have to grow some to be equal to the responsibility of belonging to it in the right way. Say, here we had been traveling steady for days, and when I looked at the map I give a gasp, because I see that we wasn't even started!

Well, the farms I had been sort of prepared for, but the cities I was not. There are no towns west of the Alleghanies. They are all cities. And if they don't always have a city population to start with, why, they take no chance about what may happen in the future and start right in to have all the fixings, pavings, artistic street lights that would put your eye out—five lights to a post often; a bank, at least one hotel, and shops like Broadway!

At first I just simply didn't get it, and waited for the next one to be a jay village. But it didn't come along. I saw cootie coops and spit curls on the chickens which had come in off the farms in all four states, and heard the latest jazz on the drug-store records. "But wait," I says to myself, "this can't keep up. Pretty soon now we will hit the haystacks." But by night, when we hit the hay of a standardized mattress in a standardized hotel which might as well of been the Biltmore for all you could tell the difference in Columbus, Ohio, the simple little village had not yet walked onto the part of the map we was traveling across.

Anybody would expect Columbus to be a big city and a live one, but you don't realize until you go out there that it has kittens all over the state. And this went for the next day's travel, too, when we hiked along through farms and farms and pigs and Springfield, and then suddenly no Springfield, but just pigs and pigs and pigs and farms, and got diverted off the main route into Dayton by a flood.

The rain had by now all cleared out of the sky, but it hadn't left us by any means. It was right with us on the floor of Ohio and nobody who hasn't sloughed through it in an underslung car can appreciate the emotions you get by wading through Ohio. We had all unknowingly kissed paved highways good-by for a long time at dear old Christopher's home city, and most of the bridges ahead of us had heard we was coming and left before we got there. It seems it had been raining for a month in these here parts, and parts was all that was left for us to see, and only the parts that was floating at that. In our ignorance we thought it was real mud we was going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ARROW COLLARS
An introduction designed to please the younger men
something in a small collar that reflects universally
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Makes shaving easier

FOR men with heavy, wiry beards and tender skin, here is the *real* beard softener, making shaving a new delight.

You'll experience a genuine surprise when you begin to use Shavaid and you'll join the thousands who wouldn't shave without it.

Lather is doubly effective

Merely cover the beard with Shavaid. Then apply your favorite lather. No other preparations are necessary, no rubbing, no hot water applications, no waiting. Just shave—what a difference!

Shavaid keeps the skin in condition—no after-lotions are necessary. There's no smarting, no "drawn" feeling. Your face will feel cool and velvety. Try a tube.

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QUALITY high. Prices moderate. Comfort unusual. Style authoritative. Service remarkable. Crossett Shoes. For Men and Women.

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The CROSSETT Shoe

FOR MEN AND WOMEN

through, but that was, as the map shows, before we got to Illinois.

Well, anyways, I didn't mind the detours much, because we seen the back country that way, whether we wanted to spare the time or not. But my good nature made no impression on Jim. Having nothing else to pick on me for, he tried to start something because of my not complaining.

"Say, you're a funny bird!" he says. "If I was to take you on five miles of road like this back home you would throw a fit, and here you stand fifty of it without letting out a yell!"

Well, what was the use explaining that there was no object in trying out back roads at home, whereas there was a big Purpose behind this trip, and every bit of road was a link in the chain, as the poet says? He wouldn't of understood my emotion, but only passed remarks on the pancakes I had eat for breakfast, which is his idea of what makes a person soulful.

Well, anyways, we went through the smiling city of Dayton, and aëroplane factories have a more uplifting effect on a city than other industries, and—no kidding intended—the town does look that way. It's a beauty! And pretty soon it was lunchtime, and we was in Richmond, Indiana, and I seen an Indian doll in a window, and so we got out and I sent the doll to Junior from the wild and woolly West, which wildness had so far consisted of smart little Main Streets full of snappy shops with plate-glass windows and at Richmond actually another hat like mine in the lace-trimmed milliner's window.

I don't know did anything on the whole trip impress me deeper than finding that ultra-smart model all along the line. It might not at first seem to be important; but when you look behind the hat and the fact that Jim could of bought his favorite collar or gloves in pretty near any town—I mean citylet—we went through you can begin, if you let your bean work, to get some notion of the breadth of our civilization. And seeing them little things impressed me more with our high standard of living than any amount of Board of Trade statistics.

Another thing which struck me a blow in the preconceived notions was the eats. All of a sudden it come to me how well we was eating, and—no kidding—we could seldom eat over half a dollar's worth. I don't mean because it was poor, but because it was cheap. In Richmond it occurred to me to check up the menu, and on my word the food ran from ten to fifty cents a portion, and this was no greasy vest, but a snappy little fumed-oak tea room, and tea rooms in the West is not the last resort of incompetent gentlewomen, but live business propositions and run by women who deliver the goods as well as the manners.

Listen! Fifteen cents for real he-bean soup in an art bowl! Twenty-five for roast chicken. It's the truth! And slowly I begun also to realize that we had been getting steadily better and cheaper food ever since we crossed the Twenty-third Street ferry. Tom Westman was eating with us now, sort of as a matter of course, in the small places especially, and he couldn't get over the prices.

"Why, you couldn't eat on Second Avenue for that!" he says when he seen the check.

"Sure you couldn't!" I says. "And yet us New Yorkers like to speak of the crude Middle West! Say, what would your brother Karl think if he saw this menu, eh? He couldn't kick on the cost of the poor workingman's food out here, could he? Can he show me a Russian menu with prices like that on it—what? And remember, we are in the swellest joint in town!"

"Well, I'll say I'm surprised!" says Tom, looking over the menu interestedly. "And another thing I notice that is awful strange: The people out here talk friendly notice? No chips around their shoulders."

"They don't need to hafto," says Jim. "The big majority stand on their own feet out here."

And that ain't very clear, but we knew what he meant, and so will any intelligent reader. And then we started off again, traveling all afternoon over what we in our still-Eastern inexperience thought was very bad roads, and through more model citylets, to Indianapolis, which might of been Bridgeport, only it was more so, where I at once fell into bed and into one of them joggling, rumbling, moving dreams which a person gets when they are too tired, and in which they sway with the car all night through rivers and over the backs of thousands of pigs and through millions of avenues of five-pointed arc lights in the latest art model.

And then all of a sudden I woke up, and there was Jim in his dressing gown, but all washed, his hair wet and brushed sleek the way I love it, and a cup of hot coffee, which I also loved, in his hand.

"I thought I'd let you catch up on your sleep," he says. "And here's your coffee and the morning paper. Take your time with them while I do the packing."

And I did, and these are the little tender things which keeps a man and wife together and one of them on Jim's part will last me for weeks.

Well, anyways, I drank the coffee and opened the paper—the first I had seen except little local sheets since we had left New York. And when I done so I let out a holler that brought Jim hopping to my side.

"What is it—scald yourself?" he says

"I don't know but maybe I have!" I says. "Look at that!" and this is what we read

BROADWAY BOMB EXPLOSION NOW LAID TO REDS

NEW YORK POLICE LOOKING FOR RADICAL LEADERS

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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An infinite variety of weights, colors and grains suited to every need is available in *Keratol*.

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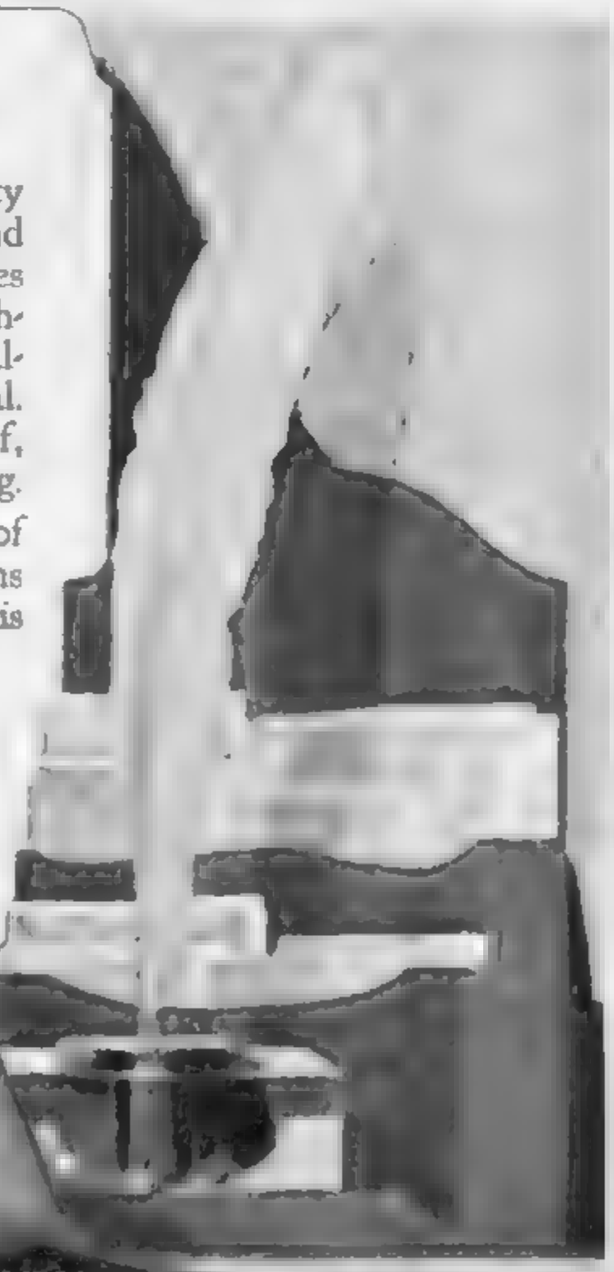

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An advanced service to you —a sign of the manufacturer's feeling of responsibility for giving you full money's worth to the very bottom of the bottle or jar.

Each advertisement can show but a few of the hundreds of nationally popular foods—condiments—salad dressings—hard candies—toilet preparations—household remedies and specialties protected by the Duplex Seal.

Protected by the Duplex Seal

LOOK back to your childhood! Hundreds of things you now use every day you couldn't get at all then. There was no way of preserving them—they spoiled before they could be gotten to you.

Today, because of glass containers, they get to you in perfect condition. But after that—think of the waste in poorly sealed bottles, just because you can't *re-seal* them quickly and *tightly!*

Manufacturers have realized this, but until the advent of the Duplex Seal there was no really adequate way of protecting you. Now—hundreds of the better class of manufacturers are sealing their bottles and jars with this perfect re-sealing top.

The Duplex Seal—complete protection—a seal that really gives you the full goodness of the product you buy down to the very last bit in the jar or bottle.

Off with a quarter turn of the wrist and on again with the same motion, so simple—and yet it seals the bottle or jar perfectly and completely every time you put it on again.

Whenever you see a product sealed with the patented Duplex Seal, you may know the manufacturer means you to get *full value* to the very bottom of the bottle or jar.

The Duplex Seal

A PERFECT SEALING & RE-SEALING CAP FOR GLASS BOTTLES & JARS

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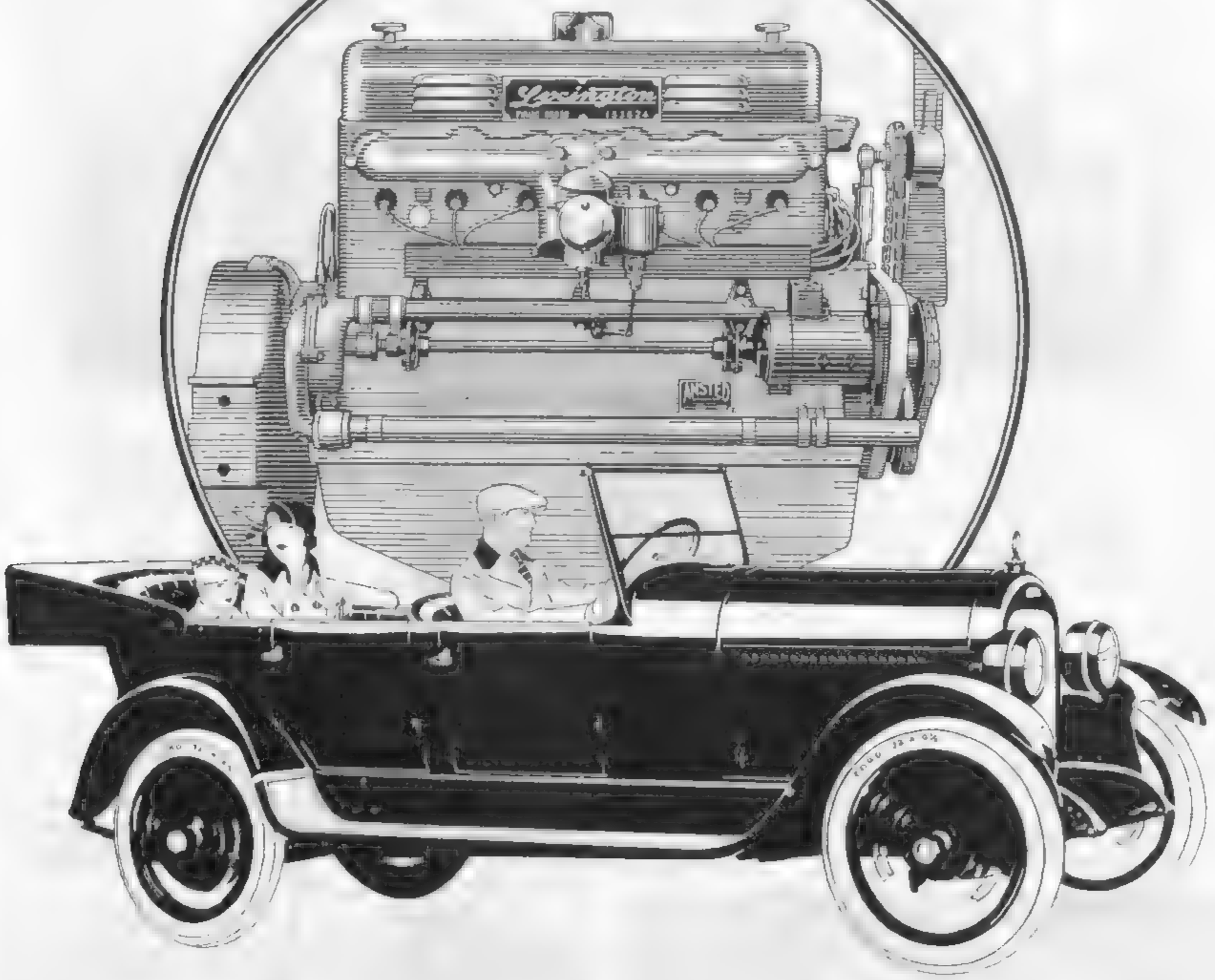
Lexington

MINUTE MAN SIX



Equipped with the Famous Ansted Engine

MAY is the month when the call of the road becomes irresistible. It also marks the beginning of the season's great automobile races, such as the 500-mile classic on the Indianapolis Motor Speedway.

What *high valve lift* has long meant to racing cars in the way of increased efficiency, it now means to *you*.

The Ansted Engine makes *full* use of this great racing principle; gives you *multiplied power*, but does it *without the noise* of racing cars. This epochal engineering improvement is due largely to Lexington's exclusive "rocking chair" rocker arm. Send for our booklet.

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The Ansted Engine gives much more power than conventional engines of much greater piston displacement. And even smaller engines are out-economized!

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It was pioneered and produced in Lexington's own Ansted Engine plant, one of ten affiliated industries whose working alliance and vast manufacturing economies *make possible this unrivalled value.*

We urge you to see this stylish, comfortable seven-passenger Touring Car with its many *exclusive* features, such as 2-Way Head Lamps, and learn why dealers call it the "*unconquered car with the miracle motor!*"

See your Lexington Dealer without delay.

All Series "S" and Series "T" models equipped with cord tires

LEXINGTON MOTOR COMPANY, CONNERSVILLE, INDIANA, U. S. A.

Subsidiary United States Automotive Corporation

BUILDERS OF THE PIKE'S PEAK HILL CLIMB CHAMPION

K I K

(Continued from Page 9)

Whatever the facts, Lone Oak knew one thing for a certainty: The night watchman was rescued next morning from the Widow Chaney's henhouse, and put in a perspiring hour or two trying to convince the widow that his presence there bore no relation to her fryin' chickens. His alibi consisted of a grotesque story of assault while in the performance of duty in keeping the peace, a story involving so many prominent names that a scandal seemed imminent. And then the watchman unaccountably shut up. Not another word could be wrung from him, so everybody naturally jumped to the conclusion that he had been bought off.

It did not seem fair to suspect Doc of participation in this revelry, however, because he was at the store bright and early the following morning, and nobody could remember ever having seen him so spry. When Nadine dropped in about ten o'clock to purchase a stamp Doc was dickering with Charlie Kincaid for a roadster. It was to be a classy little thing with vivid red body and solid baby-blue wheels.

"I aim to get me something that can roll along," he remarked complacently. "Some of these speed boys around here think they're hittin' it up when they touch fifty, but—what did you say this boat'll do, Charlie?"

"Ninety without turnin' a hair," said Charlie, who never let a few miles worry him.

Nadine could hardly believe her ears.

"Why, you always said you wouldn't take an automobile as a gift, Mister Percy. Now didn't you? You said it was too much of a liability."

Doc smiled tolerantly.

"Shucks! I used to have a lot of moss-grown ideas."

"But what changed you so sudden?"

"What's the use of having money if you don't enjoy yourself?" he demanded. "Wire 'em to send that car by express, Charlie. Step lively!"

There was a glint in his eye as he handed Nadine her stamp.

"I sure appreciate your trade, lady. Come again."

With anyone else Nadine would have been quick with a retort, but this sort of thing came so unexpectedly from Doc that she couldn't think of anything timely. So she grew fiery red and went out in a huff. All the way to the post office she was burning with hot resentment. Never had he looked at her like that before. Instead of the adoration she had grown to accept as a matter of course, it—it was more like a buccaneer gloating over a helpless captive. Nadine felt her skin prinkle at the recollection. She longed to beat him with her bare fists.

That afternoon the Palace Drug Store was in charge of Lee Walker, the proprietor being engaged elsewhere. The elsewhere was sixteen miles from town in an abandoned barn in Buzzard Bottom, and Mr. Rainey's mission took the form of chief plunger at a cocking main. Gossip had it that Doc cleaned up eleven hundred dollars from the Oklahoma sports who backed their chickens. At any rate, the Lone Oak contingent returned in triumph, and Tod Yates, the well-known gents' furnisher, whose side line was raising gamecocks, divided popularity for quite a month with Windmill Davis, the redoubtable southpaw of the Lone Oak Wildcats.

Yet the gossip started by this escapade was as nothing compared with the furor Doc's next escapade evoked. He took Maybelle Thomas to the Elks' Ball! He flaunted her there before all the fashionable world!

Perhaps that sounds harmless to you, but there's more to tell. Alas, yes—much more. Maybelle was a married woman. You may still entertain no expectation of the heavens falling. If so, it's because you live in New York or Chicago or some other den of iniquity. They don't do that sort of thing in Lone Oak—no, sir-ree! There, sturdy old-fashioned American standards still hold sway, thank goodness, and a man doesn't expect to share his wife's company with other males.

The question naturally arises as to the whereabouts of Albert Thomas, that he should have permitted his wife to accompany Doc. Right there is the rub. Albert was out of town on his usual run, he being an engineer on the Katy. At one period of connubial bliss Albert's habit had been to blow a joyous blast to announce his return home, but latterly he had taken to gliding in without warning.

Between you and me, this stunt of Doc's was a bit raw—a little too-too, if you know what I mean. For Maybelle had a way of looking at a man out of the corner of her eye, and the nice women of the place were dubious of her. Doc knew her reputation quite as well as anybody else.

"He's locoed," declared old Judge Ferris. "The boy's off his head. I knew his daddy and his granddaddy before him, and nothing like this ever happened in all their lives. That blow did it!"

His verdict was pretty generally accepted throughout Lone Oak, because most people felt there could be no other explanation. Hadn't Doc led an exemplary life since attaining man's estate? Hadn't he been a model to all the youths of the town? On the other hand there existed a school of thought which stuck its tongue in its cheek, opining that Doc was a wise bird and had merely started in late to make up for lost time. You will always find some persons disposed to judge harshly.

That something was wrong seemed beyond doubt, for Rainey capped this extravagant conduct with the purchase of an aëroplane. As though his new roadster, in which he defied the speed laws and carried destruction to all the barnyards within a radius of twenty miles—as though this red demon were not sufficiently exhilarating, he had to go and buy a plane and hire a pilot to teach him how to fly it.

They went up and up, about halfway to Mars, then descended to do a loop-the-loop and a few tail spins, with Lone Oak getting stiff neck in the square a thousand yards below. On the third day Doc essayed to take the joy stick himself, and because the pilot admired his nerve and had taken a slug in the Palace before going to the field he let him. They shaved the weather vane off the Baptist church, swung around and threatened the county hospital's water tower, and finally plunged, nose down, in a cotton patch on the Banty place, to the consternation of the Banty children and fowls. Even the Banty mule appeared mildly interested and sauntered over to the fence to gaze at the wreck.

Neither of the occupants was hurt beyond a shaking-up; but the plane netted a total loss, and the pilot returned to his home that night. He announced that Doc was a wonder and he respected and admired him, but it seemed plain to him now that the pharmaceutical profession was Doc's natural calling.

"Shucks!" said Rainey in disgust. "You're a fine guy, you are! I bet that wouldn't happen again once in a month."

The very next day Albert Thomas called at the Palace Drug Store. He had been home more than a week since the Elks' ball, but until the previous night had received no hint of his wife's attendance there. His expression was grim and purposeful as he opened the screen door and strode toward the partition behind which Doc was busily putting up prescriptions. Rainey glanced up from his task, saw who it was and nodded carelessly.

"Hello, Albert," he said. "How's the boy?"

The engineer halted at the counter.

"Cut out that bunk, Rainey," he said in a low, deadly tone. "I'm here to settle with you."

"Is that so?"

Doc wiped his hands on a towel and came from behind the partition. He now faced Thomas across the counter.

"Let's see," he continued, rubbing his chin reflectively, "it can't be more'n a few dollars. There's no hurry, Albert."

Maybelle's husband scrutinized him a moment, the breath whistling in his nostrils.

"You know what I mean, you dirty hound!" he burst out suddenly, his face white and his whole frame shaking.

His hand moved swiftly toward his pocket, but before he could draw Doc placed both palms on the counter and swung with his feet at the engineer's neck. The right caught Thomas just under the ear and he knocked off for the day.

"Now, listen here, Albert," said Rainey after he had revived him and led him to a chair beside the back door, "you've made a sure-enough fool of yourself."

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"Well, you leave Maybelle alone. She's my wife, ain't she?"

"Sure she is! Who said I didn't aim to leave her alone?"

"But you done took her to the ball! You don't deny that, do you?"

"Aw, forget it, Albert! That was only a little joke, kind of. You know Maybelle don't give that for me," and he snapped his fingers. "The only reason she went was because she'd heard you'd been cavortin' round yourself in San Antone."

"Somebody went and lied to her then—that's all I got to say. And that's no reason for your doin' me that way, Doc."

The druggist scrutinized him a moment before answering.

"No, it ain't. I'll tell you something if it won't go any further. I done took Maybelle to that dance because Nadine wouldn't go with me. She had a date with Henery Dawes."

The other's brain was still reeling, he was shaken and weak, and his only answer was a sound between a snort and a whimper.

"How do I know it ain't all a lie? How do I know you won't pester her again the minute my back's turned?" he inquired almost tearfully. Then his mood changed to rage, and he cried: "If I ever catch you so much as lookin' sideways at my Maybelle again, Rainey, I'll ——"

"That'll do!" Doc broke in. "That'll be about all of that kind of talk! Now you listen to me, Thomas! I don't want any trouble with you, but if you're out for it you can get a plenty. Understand? If the truth was known, you ain't half good enough for Maybelle—oh, I got your number all right, and I know a thing or two myself, so if you take my advice you'll go home and treat her right after this."

"Huh!" said Albert. "You know a lot, don't you?"

"Yes, and I mean it. If you was anything like the man you ought to be you wouldn't need to tote a gun to hold her. That's the loser's way. Now you get this out of your fool head and lay off of me."

"And you'll keep away from Maybelle? You promise?"

"Of course I promise. And say, if anybody wants to know what ails you, tell 'em you fell off a church steeple or something."

"All right," agreed the engineer. "What was that you hit me with?"

This encounter was mercifully hidden from Lone Oak, so that no poisonous whispers circulated to mar Albert's reconciliation with his wife. And Doc Rainey was providing new sensations with such prodigal hand that the incident of the ball speedily faded from the public's mind.

It stuck in Nadine's, however. She could forgive all the rest, but not that. Doc's reputed indulgence in stud poker at the Alamo Hotel might be an offense against morals; his crap-shooting triumphs in the back room of the Kandy Kitchen might brand him as a worthless rake; but at least they were not offenses against her. Even Henry Dawes' recital of a session with some visiting oil speculators left her cold.

"And when this Oklahoma guy shoves seven hundred into the pot and says, 'It'll cost you that to see mine,' ol' Doc never bats an eye," Henry unctuously told her. "He just takes another peek at his cards and re-marks: 'Well, I'm kind of 'fraid to raise on this, but I'll tilt you three thousand.' And dog-gone if the Oklahoma guy didn't lay down three kings, while all Doc holds is a pair of nines."

Howsoever much the solid God-fearing element of Lone Oak might be horrified by these performances, Nadine was not especially appalled by them. It was his parade in public with Maybelle that rankled. She could not think of it without gritting her teeth. True, she had not the slightest claim on Doc; but no matter how scant her regard for an admirer, no woman will sit idly by and let another snare him. Not much! And she knew what kind of a creature that Maybelle was too. Nobody could tell her anything about the hussy! Doc was a fool, the great big baby, not to see how everybody was laughing at him. The more she pondered the situation the more firmly grew Nadine's conviction that Doc needed her, and she felt an urge to protect him. The first opportunity she got to corner Doc, which happened to be in the gloaming at a picnic, she went straight to the point.

"You remember what you said to me, Mister Percy?" began Nadine with sweet seriousness

"When?" inquired Doc. "I've got off a lot of hot air in my day."

A ragged start, but she continued.

"I mean—you remember—when you asked me to marry you."

"Shucks, that was a long while back! Don't you worry about it any more, Nadine. I ain't."

"But," she persisted, "did you really mean it?"

Doc glanced at her quickly, and something like panic showed in his face.

"Now you mustn't feel sorry for me any more, Nadine," he said. "I'm gettin' along great. This bachelor life suits me fine. So you just forget what I said an' let's be friends like we've always been."

It was lucky for him that Nadine did not have a knife handy.

"Perhaps a girl doesn't always know her own mind," she answered, still speaking with a gentle gravity.

"No?" said Doc, kicking at a twig with his toe. "Well, let's not talk about it now. I about made up my mind never to get married. So you mustn't think I'm feelin' low or anything."

A strained silence ensued. None of the other picnickers was in sight. Nadine was gazing straight in front of her through the live-oak grove. Her face was a warm, soft red, her breath came quickly, and he could see the flush spreading to the milky whiteness of her neck. Doc's eyes began to kindle and he came closer.

"I'll say this," he told her huskily. "You're the prettiest thing I ever laid eyes on," and before she could move he seized her in his arms

"How do you like that—and that—and that?" he panted.

She struck him across the cheek and mouth and tore loose, but on thinking it over later Doc could have sworn that her lips did not feel hostile. He followed at her heels when she rejoined the others. He suffered no remorse, and it never occurred to him to offer an apology. Instead, his feeling was one of wild exultation and a sort of conquering anger. Only for the presence of the others he would have kissed her again. This mood still held him next day, and though he tried to drive Nadine out of his thoughts and get down to business, the memory of her warm lips persisted.

"I aim to go get me that girl right now," he said in a rasping voice about three o'clock, and called in Lee Walker to take charge of the Palace.

Nadine was rocking in the hammock under the chinaberry trees of the Allen home when the red roadster with the baby-blue wheels drew up at the gate.

"Get your hat and come on for a ride," Doc called to her.

"I don't need any hat."

"Best fetch it along. We mayn't be back for a few hours," he answered, so she obediently ran indoors.

When she was seated beside him Doc stepped on the gas and they went storming out of town. It was the first time he had ever asked her to take a ride, and she surveyed him curiously. She noted that his eyes were almost unnaturally bright, but his manner was cool and purposeful.

"Where are you going?"

She had to shout to make herself heard above the rushing wind and the booming of the motor. The telegraph poles beside the road looked like a fine-tooth comb.

"Leave that to me. You're mine now," was the answer, and he suddenly turned his head to stab her with a glance. The buccaneer again! Ye gods!

"Do you understand?" he yelled. "You're mine—mine!"

Nadine nestled down close to his shoulder.

"You silly boy!" she said cozily. "What do you want to carry me off this way for? We could be married just as well at home."

"Who said anything about getting married?"

This was a jolt, and for an instant she grew panicky. Then she got her breath back and laughed.

"Don't be foolish, dear," she said, adding uncertainly, "Then where are you taking me?"

"The ol' Higgins place. Nobody ever goes within five miles of there, and they won't bother us."

Persuaded now that he was wholly mad, she tried to banter him into acting sanely.

"Cave-man stuff, hey? Well, well!" And she actually laughed. It had no effect

"And what do you suppose they'll do to you if you try to hold me at the Higgins place? That's kidnaping. They'd lynch you for that as quick as wink."

"Let 'em try!" he answered grimly.

(Continued on Page 116)

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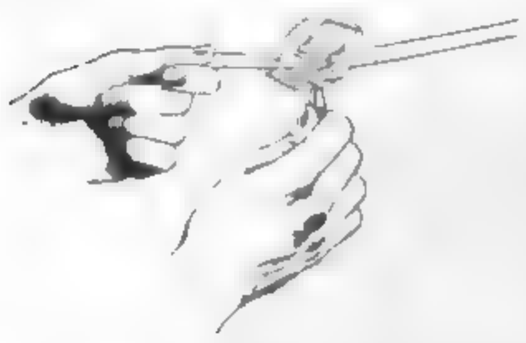

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(Continued from Page 114)

Plainly she was on the wrong tack. Opposition only drove him on. Nadine snuggled closer and clasped his arm softly with both hands.

"Surely a great strong man like you wouldn't hurt a poor weak little thing like me!" she cooed. "You're only joking, aren't you, Percy dear?"

And the simple rustic fell for it—he did. The guileless cave man was undone: His steering grew erratic, the wheel wabbled. He slowed down. Either the speed had taken some of the fire out of him or her appeal had brought him out of his trance, for he said with a marked diminution of authority: "All right. If you want a parson I reckon I'm agreeable."

"That's sweet of my great big boy," she replied tenderly, and after that he would have jumped through a hoop.

At the next crossroad he turned meekly to the right and they drove to Badger. There Doc routed out an official whom he knew, and before the evening shadows fell all the necessary formalities had been complied with. They were married before a justice of the peace.

"Well, that's settled," the groom remarked with a sigh of relief as they came out, "so let's go."

Nadine considered him. He seemed tame enough at the moment, but she was not disposed to chance it. She had done a good day's work and had no mind to invite a return of primitive bride-snatching and a honeymoon at Higgins' place by going back in the car with Doc. Here she felt secure. At the first symptom of cave-man methods she had only to scream and help would come surging out of every store and office and dwelling in the place.

So she smiled adorably and replied, "I think I'll go back on the 7:10. It stops here. And you come around to see me to-morrow morning and we'll talk it over."

He pondered this, analyzing it carefully. She could see he was furious, but all he said was, "You're the boss—now. I'll drive home in the ol' boat and call for you to-morrow," and so they parted.

Next morning he did not repair to the Allen home as she had expected but fooled aimlessly around the store, undecided whether or not to regard himself as a duly married man. Shortly after the courthouse clock struck twelve Doc decided that he was, and made preparations to be absent from business a while. While he was thus engaged a dilapidated, mud-incrusted flivver ambled into town with five men in it.

Lone Oak had quit work to go to its midday meal, and the square was almost deserted. The flivver pulled up near the corner occupied by the First State Bank, and four of its occupants alighted. The fifth remained in the car and kept the engine running. The four separated, strolling around the square. One of them entered the Palace Drug Store.

"Hello, Doc!" was his greeting.

"Howdy, T-Bone?" replied Rainey, for it was the eldest of the Dill boys from Buzzard's Bottom. "What's doing?"

"They tell me you're stepping out these days, Doc," remarked Mr. Dill with a laugh. There was a slightly jeering note in it which the druggist resented.

"Oh, I dunno," he said.

"I been hearin' you was just awful tough," continued T-Bone. "Eat 'em alive and yell for more."

Rainey moved nonchalantly along the counter until he had reached a certain drawer.

"I reckon now you and your brothers think you're terrible hard-boiled, don't you?" he inquired in a drawl.

The other eyed him watchfully, and seemed on the point of further repartee, but thought better of it and laughed.

"Well, I just dropped in to say hello. We come to town for some chuck. So long."

"So long. Take care of yourself."

The bootlegger departed. Five minutes later shots rang out from the square, their echo drowned instantly by the clamor of a racing motor, and before Doc could reach the door the flivver flashed past, heading out of town. He caught a confused glimpse of the occupants crouching in the seat and the driver leaning over the wheel. Then they disappeared into Crockett Street.

A second, and the square was alive with running men and boys. Some women clerks emerged from the Bon Ton Dry Goods Store and screamed. Charlie Kincaid dashed up to Rainey, crying: "The bank's been robbed, Doc! The Dill boys've robbed the bank and killed Ike Sparger and a nigger."

Without waiting for details the druggist rushed back into the store, grabbed an automatic .45 out of a drawer and ran as fast as he could leg it to the garage around the corner where he kept the red roadster.

"Come on!" he yelled to Kincaid and the garage man. "Bring your guns and let's go!"

They piled in, and the roadster took the curve into the street on two wheels. Other cars were coughing and sputtering and thundering behind them. Lone Oak was humming like a prodded hive.

"If this baby don't pick 'em up within five miles I'll leave her in the ditch," Doc announced as he stepped on the throttle.

The chase led out past the ball park and along the rutty red-sand road which ran to the Oklahoma border. Almost before they lost sight of town Doc had shaken off the other pursuers. Another three minutes and they espied far ahead a cloud of swirling dust.

"Best have them irons handy," he remarked quietly.

He shot gas to the machine and it responded like a thoroughbred to the touch of the spur. They went leaping over holes and dips; they careened dizzily off the deep ruts; the fine sand rose in a smother, blinding and choking them. Doc never faltered, but woke the countryside for miles with the screech of his siren to warn chance wayfarers from the crossroads. Suddenly the windshield crashed.

"Some bump!" shouted Kincaid.

"Bump nothing! They've opened up. You boys'd better get down low."

They were gaining on the robbers. The grinding roar of the flivver was plainly audible through the deeper boom of their own motor, and although the sand clouds obscured them the trio could plainly see the flash of guns. Kincaid started to answer this fire.

"Don't waste 'em!" bellowed Doc. "You couldn't hit a barn, moving like this!"

And then a terrific crash ahead, and directly in front a commotion amid the dust clouds. With a desperate turn of the wheel he avoided collision and rocketed across the ditch at the right, tearing through a barbed-wire fence and bringing up in a field. The engine raced madly a moment and died. The three sprang out.

Two figures were running across the cotton patch on the other side of the road. In the opposite ditch lay the flivver, a mass of twisted metal. As they looked it caught fire and began to burn furiously. Three of its late occupants were strewn along the highway.

"Never mind those!" cried Doc, pausing long enough to take a futile shot at the fleeing men. "Let the others 'tend to 'em. Come on! They're fixing to hide out in Turpin's shack."

A crazy frame cabin showed amid the cottonwood trees a few hundred yards distant, and thither the desperadoes were heading. They reached it far in advance of Doc and his companions, who thereupon halted, for open ground stretched between them.

"You might as well come on out and save trouble, T-Bone!" yelled Rainey, warily taking up position behind a stump.

"It's right nice where we are, thank you, Doc," came the answer. "If you want us so bad, why don't you come and git us?" A bullet cracked over the druggist's head.

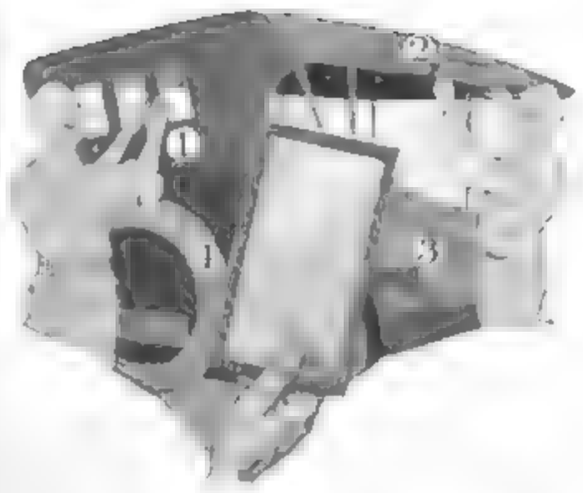
Other cars from Lone Oak were now arriving. The men in them picked up the three unconscious bandits from the road and sent them back to town. Then they crept cautiously forward until they could take counsel with Rainey.

"Let's blow 'em out of there," suggested the sheriff, an old-timer who was strong on stand-up fighting.

At his words scores of rifles and shotguns and automatics and ancient six-shooters commenced pouring a volley into the cabin. The reply was feeble; but when the sheriff, followed by Doc and several others, attempted a rush a brisk fire burst out, and two of the attackers had to withdraw from the fight, one of whom was seriously wounded.

"I got a hand grenade here," spoke up the garage man who had accompanied Rainey. "Done had it ever since I come back from France."

Its possession raised a momentary hope, but when it was pointed out that nobody could gain nearer than two hundred yards to Turpin's shack without being picked off



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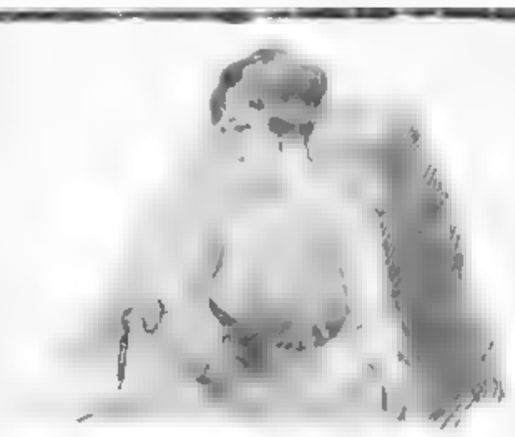

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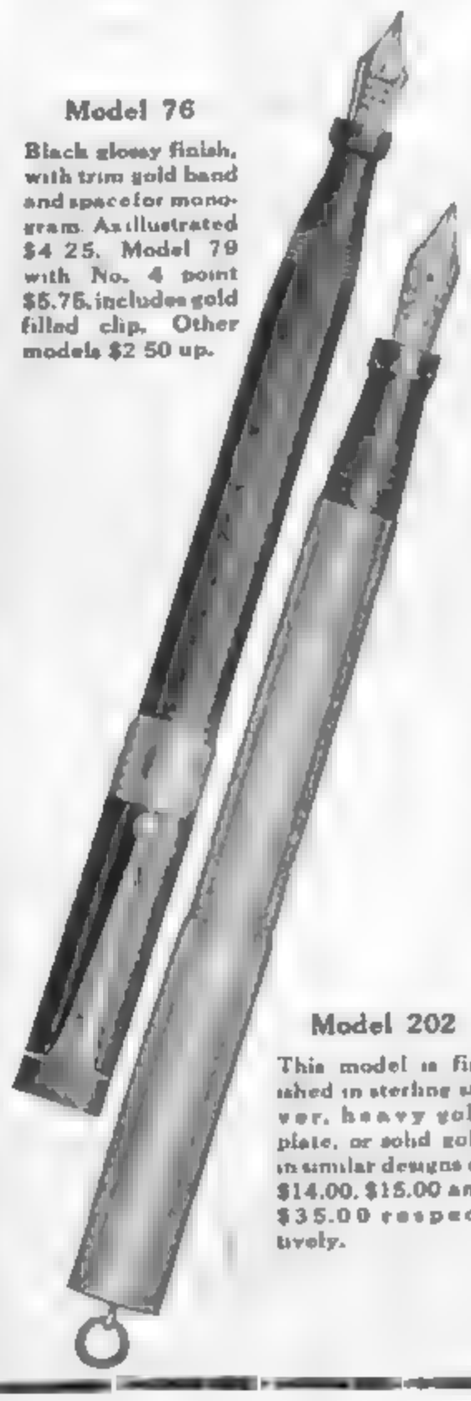

Model 76

Black glossy finish, with trim gold band and space for monograms. As illustrated $4 25. Model 79 with No. 4 point $5.75, includes gold filled clip. Other models $2 50 up.

Model 202

This model is finished in sterling silver, heavy gold plate, or solid gold in similar designs at $14.00, $15.00 and $35.00 respectively.

its employment had to be abandoned for the time being.

"Let's smoke 'em out," was the next suggestion.

"How're you going to get near enough?" demanded Doc, and that, too, fell through.

After a long conference apart the sheriff and Rainey and two or three others agreed that there was nothing to do but wait for nightfall. Then they could attempt what Rainey had proposed. So they settled down to bide their hour.

Through the long afternoon they waited under cover, with somebody now and again taking a crack at the house just to let the occupants know that the pursuers were on the job. A cordon had been thrown around the entire farm. Hundreds of men now composed the posse, and more were arriving every minute. It seemed as if all of Lone Oak and the county must soon be on the ground. There were even some women spectators in cars well back along the road, and among the men who lay waiting for darkness were at least a score who carried stout ropes.

From time to time the bandits let fly at a moving figure, but during the greater portion of the afternoon a curious quiet reigned. It was an unnerving quiet. With every tree and stump and rise of ground hiding an armed man, the tense stillness became sinister, more menacing than the crash of firearms.

It must have driven the robbers to desperation, for about sundown the back door of the cabin opened stealthily and one of them tried to sneak out and make a run for it. He had not gone ten steps before a couple of rifles barked and he wheeled and dashed back. His companion, who had apparently waited to see the success of the venture, opened the door for him and slammed it shut. A fusillade from the watchers followed this sally, but so far as could be discerned it got no results.

So they settled down again. The shadows slowly lengthened, the blackbirds went noisily to roost. At long last the sun set in a riot of gold and blood-red cloud. Still they waited—waited until darkness stole over woods and fields and a pale moon rose. Its light was wan and uncertain.

"All right," said Doc, "let's go! After I start you turn loose with that ol' grenade."

He disappeared, and immediately afterwards the garage man crept forward on hands and knees until he was close enough to hurl the bomb. It exploded in front of the door with a flash that blinded the watchers. To their ears came a jangle of breaking glass as those windows in the shack that still boasted panes were blown out. A shout from one of the occupants, some spasmodic firing, then silence again.

Doc went forward on his belly until he reached the cottonwoods surrounding the cabin. One of the trees overhung the roof, its lower branches being on a level with an upper window, and that window was devoid even of frame. The negro, Turpin, used only the lower floor since his wife had left him, and the stair itself had fallen in.

Rainey gained the shelter of the giant tree and laboriously climbed up. He could hear the inmates of the cabin barricading the battered door and talking excitedly. Evidently the grenade had scared them and they expected a rush. Once among the lower boughs, he walked upright along one by supporting himself with the branch above and feeling for each step until he reached the window.

Then he took a deep breath, swung outward from the limb he clutched and landed lightly on the sill.

What happened after that became history in Lone Oak. The watchers outside saw nothing of it, but they heard a shout from Doc, a loud oath bitten off short and then Rainey's voice again, yelling, "All right, boys! Come and get 'em!"

And when a few ran nervously, jerkily forward, the sheriff in the lead, they found the two Dill boys with their backs against the wall and their hands high above their heads. Turpin cowered in a corner, fearful for his life lest they suspect him as an accomplice; but Doc paid him not the slightest attention. He was watching the two white men with hawklike vigilance, his automatic level with their midsections. A wide opening in the ceiling where the stairhead had been showed his means of entry.

Well, the entire posse tried to horn into the shack after that, and for years every man who was present told how he had taken the Dill desperadoes single-handed. At least that is the point at which they all finally arrived. At each telling the tale grew, but it is a curious fact that not one of them could ever be brought to admit he had anything to do with the prisoners after their capture.

Possibly the explanation of this reticence lies in events immediately subsequent. For although the sheriff started with his prisoners for town to lodge them in the county jail, he reached Lone Oak without them. A party of masked and armed men in automobiles met him on the road and, with apologies and a decent consideration for the sheriff's feelings, but firmly withal, took T-Bone and his brother from custody; and they held a little necktie party that night at the high bridge over the Salt Fork.

A lot of citizens became heroes to their unsuspecting womenfolk and children from this affair, but Doc Rainey was hailed a hero by the whole community. A perfect procession of Lone Oakers came and went from his store next day, and everybody wanted to shake his hand or clap him on the back. And Lon Shortridge, who was ever a forward thinker, declared they ought to run him for Congress next time.

Doc said "Shucks!" to one and all, and looked foolish. But that he was not insensible to the triumph he had achieved seems evident from his remark to Charlie Kincaid, whom he led into the back part of the store in order to exhibit a prize of victory.

The Window Arch—Cañon de Chelly, Arizona

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The germ is mightier than the wound. In little injuries it is the microbe to be feared, not the hurt itself.

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Germs are everywhere. Wounds are their fertile field. New-Skin will protect the injured place while nature heals. See directions on circular.

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The liquid New-Skin forms a transparent film, waterproof and flexible, which is clean and sanitary and keeps out the germs.

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Be sure you get New-Skin, not an inferior substitute

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In addition you will be paid a monthly bonus, based on your production. This alone may run as high as $200.00 a month.

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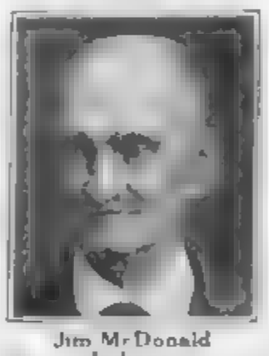
Every order that you receive can bring you additional profits year after year. The same commissions and bonus are paid for renewals that are ordinarily paid for new orders.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Less than 4 a week bring you	9.00
Less than 1 a day brings you	14.00
Less than 10 a week bring you	24.00
Less than 16 a week bring you	44.00
Less than 3 a day bring you	60.00
Less than 5 a day bring you	94.00
Less than 7 a day bring you	125.00
Less than 1 each working hour brings you	150.00
Less than 10 a day bring you	200.00
Less than 12 a day bring you	235.00
Less than 14 a day bring you	273.00
Less than 2 each working hour bring you	327.00

*For *all three* publications.

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New Hampshire

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"Look what I done lifted off of T-Bone!" he confided gloatingly. "A whole quart of hooch—double-distilled."

He was late in closing the store that night, for half the town tried to jam into it to hear the tale from his own lips. Constant talking wearied Doc's throat and made him thirsty, so just as he was locking up he opened a drawer and took a hearty pull at T-Bone's bottle.

The bandit's brew was more deadly than his gun. He accomplished in death what he had failed to do alive. It didn't hit Doc for about five minutes, but when he did get an answer it was final. He had about reached the Allen gate, which he had to pass on his homeward way, when a thick black pall shut down on his vision. His limbs stiffened and jerked, his eyes bulged, and after walking aimlessly in a circle he suddenly doubled up and fell forward on his side, and further happenings of the night interested him not at all.

A couple of brothers of the Owl fraternity, wending to their little cots after a hard evening at their mystic rites, discovered Rainey and carried him into Nadine's home. At first it was supposed that he had been wounded and had not divulged it. Then when no trace of a wound could be found the theory was advanced that local allies of the bootleggers had waylaid Doc in revenge. But the arrival of the doctor dissipated this notion. He pronounced it to be a case of ptomaine poisoning, and added that if he had not been called when he was, the patient would inevitably have gone from our midst. Wonderful how a doctor always gets there in the nick of time!

"Now you mustn't talk," said Nadine softly as Doc opened his eyes after a short sleep and gazed at her with the first sign of recognition.

"How—how did I get here?" he asked feebly.

"The doctor said you must keep quiet," she replied with gentle firmness not unmixed with satisfaction. "You're going to get all right again, but you've got to behave and do what you're told."

To tell the honest truth, Doc looked as though he would. There was not the faintest suggestion of a rebel about him, and he appeared to be about the last person in the world to try any domineering. In fact, he was staring at Nadine with the old sick-calf expression.

"All right, I will," he assented. "But there's one thing I want you to promise."

"What's that?"

"I want you to marry me, Nadine." His eyes were closed and a tear of weakness slowly trickled down his cheek. "I reckon I've wanted that more than anything else ever since you came home from school. And if we aim to get married ever we ought to do it quick."

Puzzled, she gazed at him intently. Then she bent over his pillow, hesitated, and kissed him. Naturally Doc tried to put his arms around her.

"Now, don't be silly!" she whispered tenderly, and as she saw him wince, "and don't worry. We'll be married again. I know just how I want the church to look." Which mystified him, but he seemed satisfied.

And he recovered in an astonishingly short time, considering the wrench to his system. But he was a changed man—or no, I'm wrong. He became exactly the man he had formerly been. During the wedding ceremony Doc looked scared half to death, and trembled in every limb. If Nadine had not retained a vivid recollection of the Higgins-place project she would have thought he lacked spunk.

A few weeks after their return from the honeymoon a Mrs. Moore arrived on a visit to relatives in Lone Oak. She and Nadine had been schoolmates, and they had a lot to say to each other.

"Well, I'll never get over it," declared Mrs. Moore after observing things in the Rainey home a while. "If anybody had told me so I couldn't have believed it."

"What's that you couldn't believe?"

"Why, the way Percy acts, Nadine! Everybody said he was such a ring-tailed snorter, and the way the papers went on about that fight with the Dill boys. I made sure he lived on raw meat. But now—land's sake, he's as meek as Job."

"He's nothing of the kind!" cried Nadine angrily. She might have occasion to jump on Doc, but nobody else should. "That's just his manner."

"But," persisted her girlhood friend, "you always liked the live ones! I just can't get over it! Don't you ever sort of feel like you would enjoy a little more excitement, Nadine?"

"I do not!" And she seemed perfectly certain of it. "After a woman's married, Lou, she'd rather feel safe and sure. Besides, you ought to have seen that boy when he was going good. Wow-ee! If Doc never did another thing for the rest of his born days he'd still have a dandy average."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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How the American boy taught everybody a new comfort in summer footwear

The complete line of canvas rubber-soled shoes for men, women and children developed from the "tennis shoe" you wore as a child

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A popular sport shoe in the Keds line

Excellent for tennis, canoeing, sailing and all kinds of sports. A popular variation of the universally worn tennis shoe—of sturdy canvas with smooth or corrugated rubber soles.

One of the favorite Keds for children

This little pump is light and cool. There are also oxfords, sandals and high shoes for children.

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Keds

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